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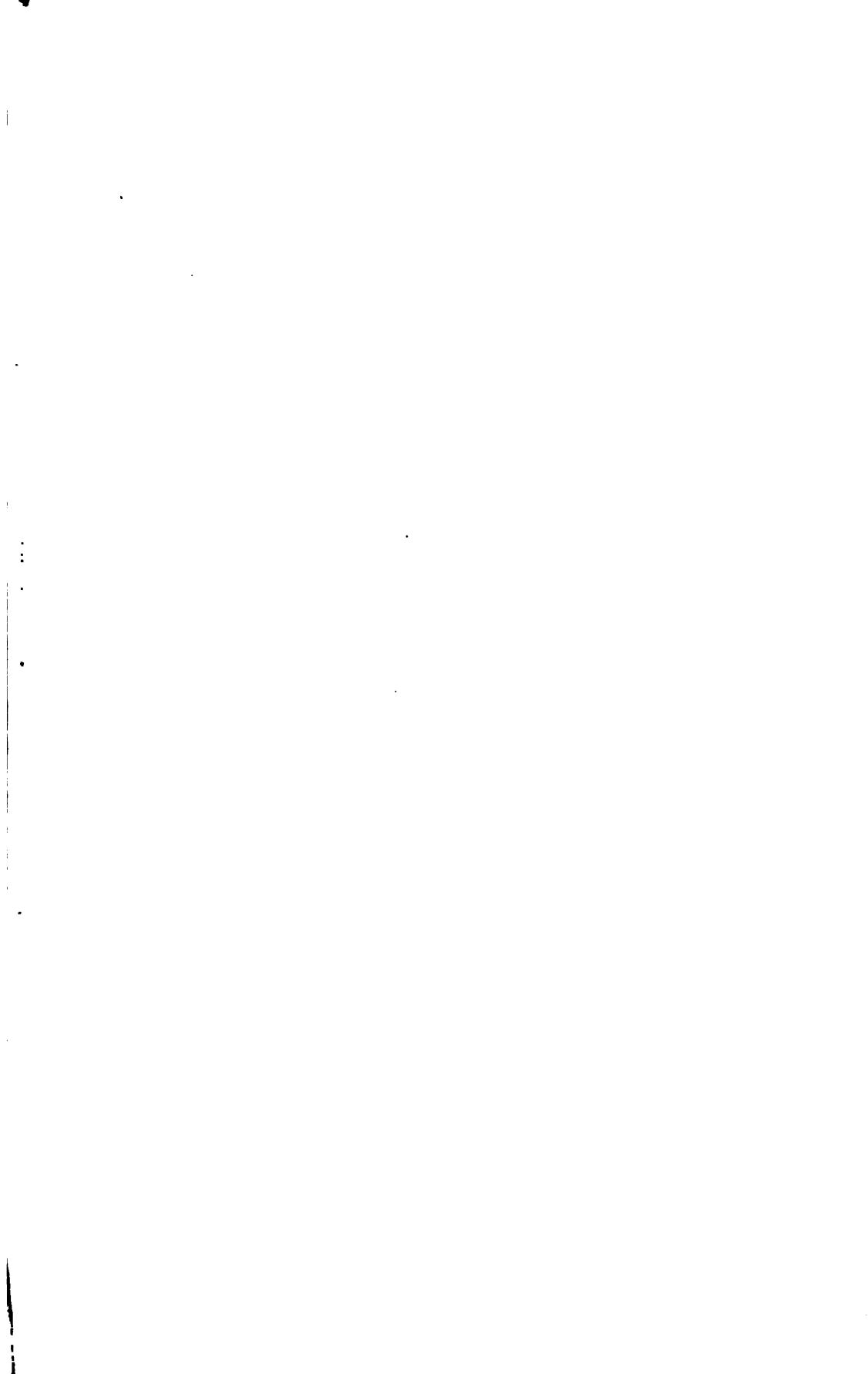
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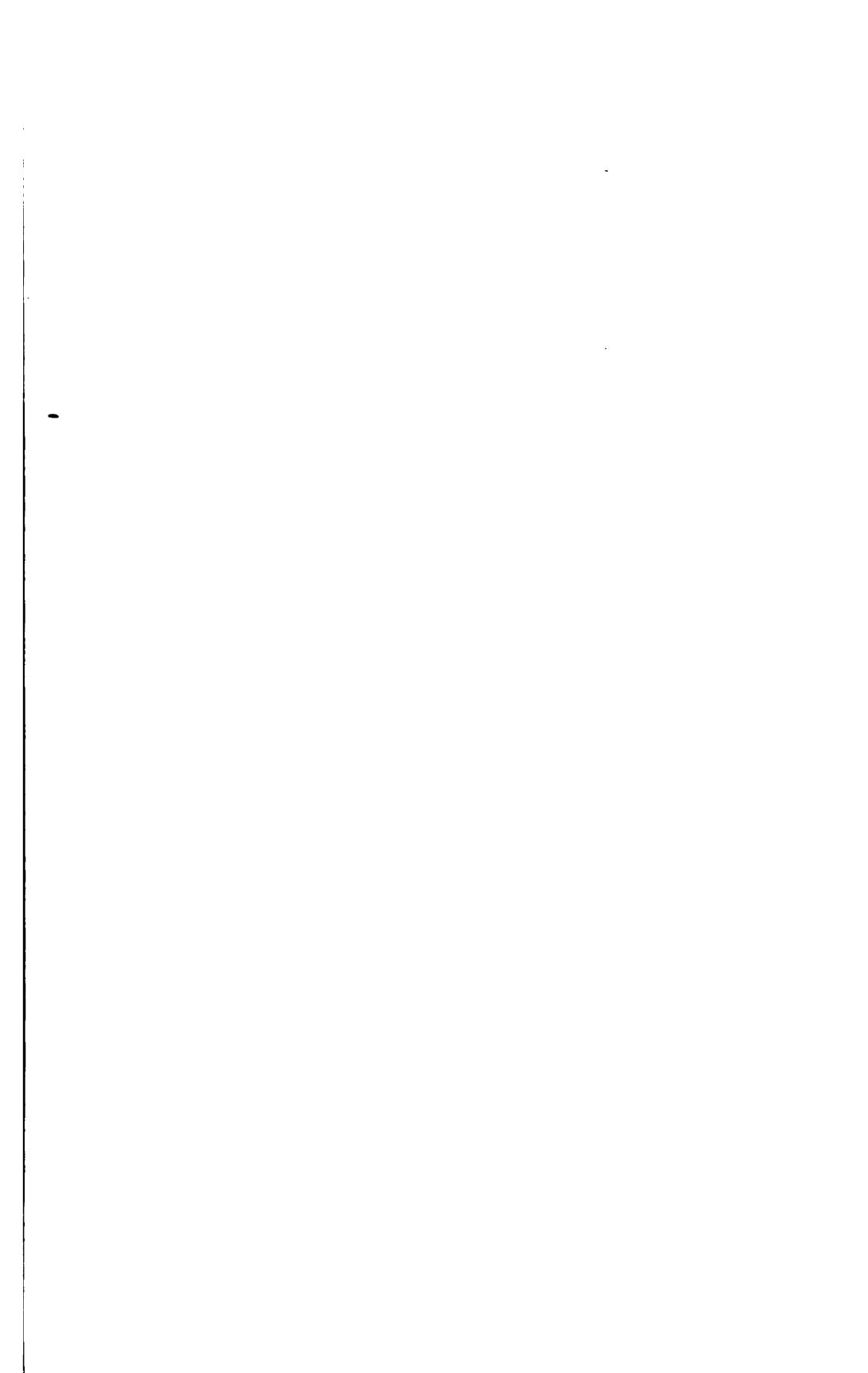
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SARGENT'S

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SCHOOL MONTHLY,

FOR

HOME AND SCHOOL USE;

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL DIALOGUES; PIECES FOR READING AND DECLAMATION; CHOICE
MORAL STORIES; STUDIES IN BIOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY,
GRAMMAR, ETC.; HINTS ON EDUCATION; GYM-
NASTICS, CALISTHENICS, ETC.

EDITED BY

EPES SARGENT,

AUTHOR OF THE "STANDARD SPEAKER," THE "STANDARD SERIES OF READERS," ETC.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED

WITH

UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED WOOD ENGRAVINGS.



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PHILLIPS, SAMPSON & COMPANY,

18 WINTER STREET.

MDCCLIX.

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Educ P 228-2
FROM THE GIRL OF
CHARLES HERBERT THURBER
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SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

NO. I.—JANUARY, 1858.—VOL. I.



THE BOY CRUSADERS.

THAT spirit of mingled superstition and enthusiasm which gave rise to the Crusades showed itself, in the year 1212, in a form as strange as it was unlooked for. While the nations and warriors of Christendom were busied with various crusading projects, a number of boys in France and Germany formed the wild scheme of marching to rescue the Holy City from infidel hands. Incredible as it may seem that such a plan could be carried out, its rise and subsequent history are so well attested by historians that no doubt can be thrown upon its truth.

If we consider the romantic spirit of the times, when the golden light of chivalry shone on every adventurous enterprise, we may imagine that the recital of the misery and oppression endured by pilgrims to the land of promise, and the solemn calls to the liberation of the holy sepulcher, and the repeated processions held with reference to that subject, may all have so worked on youthful imaginations, as that they should deem it practicable to execute a work which had fallen unaccomplished from the hands of princes and kings.

The originator of this juvenile band was

a peasant-boy named Stephen, of a village of Vendôme, in France. Like Joän of Arc in after years, he gave out that he had seen heavenly visions—that the Saviour himself had appeared to him in the guise of a poor pilgrim, and given him authority to preach the cross. In a short time he was surrounded by a large number of young followers. Soon afterwards he removed from his native village to St. Denis, where the credulous populace honored him as a worker of miracles, and his companions daily increased.

When his fame got bruited abroad, several other young enthusiasts started up in various parts of France, and drew after them many followers; but all honored the shepherd-boy of Vendôme as their superior, and were fully persuaded that under his command they should obtain a glorious victory over the Saracen's arms. They revered him as a saint, and that one was thought happy who could obtain a fragment of the garments worn by the holy youth.

It might naturally be supposed that immediate and adequate measures would be taken to suppress such a movement: but nothing shows more strongly the superstitious spirit of the age than that King Philip Augustus thought it necessary to summon the professors of the University of Paris, and consult them on the propriety of interfering with the young crusaders. After serious deliberation, they pronounced it expedient to do so. The greater part of the ecclesiastics deemed the movement to be the effect of witchcraft. A royal edict was accordingly issued, commanding the boys to return to their homes and useful employments.

This mandate was obeyed by some; but, as no steps were taken to enforce it, the greater number held together as firmly as before. They constantly formed processions through the towns and hamlets, bearing banners, censers, and tapers, and singing hymns suitable to their enterprise; and, so far from being molested, were followed by admiring crowds, even laborers leaving their work to join the train. They were

abundantly supplied with provisions and money, and when asked whither they were going, they would reply, "We go to seek the Holy Cross beyond the seas."

The same spirit spread rapidly through Germany, where the standard of the cross was followed, not only by boys of humble rank, but by some of noble families, who resisted all the efforts of their friends to restrain them. The German boys, several thousands in number, clad in long pilgrim robes marked with a cross, and bearing scisps and staves in their hands, commenced their march toward Italy across the Alps; but their fanatical illusions were destined soon to give place to hardships and sufferings of the most pitiable description. Many perished in traversing the rugged and desert mountains; some from excessive fatigue, others from hunger and privation.

The expedition of Stephen of Vendôme and his young crusaders was destined to meet with a termination still more deplorable than that of their German imitators. About thirty thousand in number, they marched toward Marseilles to embark for Palestine, headed by Stephen, who rode in a tip'es-tried chariot, attended by armed satellites. Their dreams of glory faded very quickly.

A more atrocious plot is not recorded in history than that laid for those simple-minded children, on their arrival in Marseilles, by two slave-merchants of that city. These traders offered them the use of their ships to convey them to Syria without remuneration, pretending to rejoice in such an opportunity of aiding a pious enterprise. The unsuspecting boys accepted the offer with joy. Convinced that Providence had favored them, and would soon crown all their hopes, they embarked in seven vessels. After two days' sail, a violent storm swept the Mediterranean; two of the vessels were wrecked on the west coast of Sardinia, and all on board perished. In after years, a church was built upon the coast in memory of the New Innocents, as they were termed, and the bones of those washed on shore were shown as sacred reliques.

The other five ships escaped the storm; but, instead of landing in Syria, the ruthless merchants, who accompanied their prey, sailed for Egypt, and sold every one of their helpless victims in the slave-market of Alexandria. The merchants took care that not one should remain to return to Europe with the tale of their base treachery. After eighteen years had passed away, one poor captive escaped to his native land. He related the sad story, and told that several hundred boys had been purchased by the Governor of Alexandria, and were passing their days in servitude; eighteen had been tortured to death at Bagdad for refusing to embrace the Mahometan faith; while four hundred had been bought by the Caliph, and humanely treated.

While pitying the superstition which for a moment tolerated so wild and calamitous an enterprise as the crusade of the children, we might reflect with profit on the energies put forth in that chivalrous age in pursuit of the imaginary and unattainable, so much greater than the efforts made in the cause of truth and righteousness by those who now walk in the full noon tide of gospel light.

The *ch* in *chivalry* has the sound of *sh*. For what were the *Crusades* undertaken? Pronounce *toward* to rhyme with *board*. Find *Marseilles* on the map, and trace the voyage of the Boy Crusaders to Egypt. A *satellite* is an attendant.

ON READING FOR INSTRUCTION.

THE object of all reading should be instruction. If you do not grow wiser, in some way, by what you read,—that is, if you are *only* amused, and not instructed, by what you read,—you are throwing away the greater part of the time spent in reading. To gather instruction from the pages of a book, you must understand them; and you can not understand without consideration and thought. While it is desirable that you should select such books and publications as you can master, it is indispensable that you should exercise the powers of your own mind, and be determined to master them.

Do not complain of the words of many

syllables that a writer uses, so long as he speaks to you in fair and honest English. It is better for you—better a thousand times—that you should come upon a word or a phrase, now and then, the meaning of which you should have to seek out by inquiry, or by the help of the diction-



ary, than that you should be written to in such words and forms of expression only as you are already acquainted with. If authors were to write down to the comprehension of the lowest intellects, they would never succeed in raising them to a respectable standard; and instead of promoting the popular improvement, they would retard it.

It is an old saying, that if you wish to make a person a dunce, you have only to treat him as a dunce, and he is sure to become one. There is much truth in this, and it is not less applicable to a class than to an individual. If the uninstructed classes are written down to, be sure of one thing—they will be kept down.

When a man or a lad acquires a taste for reading, he makes a grand discovery; he enters upon a new world—a world as new to him as America was to Columbus when he first set foot upon it—a world full of marvels and mysteries, and, what is better than these, full of a wealth of wisdom of which he may help himself to as much as he can carry away, and make it honestly his own.

The great drawback is, that he finds he can not carry much of it. The land of literature is to him a strange land, and its

language, to a considerable extent, a strange language. In this dilemma he is apt to make the mistake of supposing that if simpler language had been used, he should have understood the subject at once, and enriched himself by a new possession. In the present day this idea is generally without foundation.

There was a time when knowledge, which was not thought good for the common people, was boxed round with a kind of learned ped'ant-ry which rendered it accessible only to a few; but that time has gone by, and the best writers now address themselves to the largest classes—for a very sufficient reason, namely, that in these days, when books are sold so cheap, it is only from the patronage of the multitude that they can hope for adequate remuneration. It is the interest of all popular writers to simplify their propositions, whatever they may treat of, as far as possible; but this practice of simplifying can only be carried out to a limited extent, after all, for a reason which, on a moment's consideration, will be obvious.

What are words? Words are nothing more nor less than the names of ideas; if any combination of letters of the alphabet suggests no idea to the mind, such combination is mere gibberish, not a word. All the words that an illiterate man is acquainted with have their corresponding ideas in his mind; and all the ideas in his mind have their corresponding words in his memory.

Now, if he turn the faculties of his mind to a new subject,—a subject entirely different from anything which has before occupied his attention,—it is as certain that he will meet with new words as that he will meet with new ideas; and, simplify as much as we may, it is not easy to perceive how he is to make himself master of any new subject through his old stock of words. Thus, in order to get new ideas, you *must* get new words; and in the proportion that you master their meaning will be your knowledge of the subject to which you turn your attention.

To profit by literature, then, you must learn its language. All that has been done, or can or will be done, in the simplifying processes, will never do away with that necessity. Remember that the language you have to learn is your mother-tongue; that the words whose signification puzzles you are on the lips of your fellow-countrymen every day and all day long; that you have a living dictionary in your teacher or parent, who will help you; that you can buy a Webster's pocket dictionary for a quarter of a dollar; and remember, too, that every step you advance will render the next step easier.

Take advice, if it suits your case. Select a volume of average reading; you may as well make it a history of the United States. Begin the perusal of it with a determination to understand the whole before you have done with it. Do your best with every sentence, using your dictionary with discretion. A sentence which may not be plain enough on the first reading may be so on the second or third. By this means you will learn the meaning of thousands of words which you did not know before.

The language of literature once acquired, the world of literature is before you. It is a boundless field of delightful and exciting inquiry, if you make the right use of it. We will not promise that it shall lift you to worldly prosperity, but it shall build you up to a nobler state of being, and make you a credit and an ornament to any position you may be called upon to fill.

A FIRST LIE.

BY A LADY.

I SHALL never forget my first lie, although it happened when I was a very little girl. My younger sister had a farthing, with which she wished to buy a fig; and, being too ill to go down to the shop herself, she engaged me to go. Accordingly I went. As I was returning with the fig nicely done up in a small paper, suddenly the thought occurred to me that I should like to look at the fig. So I very carefully opened the paper, when the fig looked so

very tempting, I thought I could not help tasting it a little at one end. I had scarcely dispatched that bit before I wanted it all, and without much more thought I ate up the whole fig.

Then, when the fig was all gone, and I had nothing to do but to think, I began to feel very uncomfortable—I stood disgraced before myself. I thought of running away off somewhere, — I did not know exactly where, but from whence I should never come back. It was long before I reached home, and I went as quickly as I could, and told my sister that I had lost the farthing. I remember she cried sadly, but I went directly out into the garden, and tried to think of something else; but in vain—my own guilt stared me steadily in the face, and I was wretched.

Although it wanted a few minutes to our dinner-hour, yet it seemed very long to me. I was anxious some event might intervene between me and the lie I had told. I wandered about the garden with a very heavy spirit. I thought I would give worlds if it had not happened. When the dinner-hour came, I was seated in my high chair at my father's side, when my sister made her appearance, crying, and looking very much grieved.

My father immediately inquired what the matter was. Then my mother stated the story, the conclusion of which was, that I had "lost the farthing." I can never forget the look of kind, perfectly unsuspecting confidence with which my father turned to me, and, with his large blue eyes full in my face, said, "*Whereabouts* did you lose the farthing? Perhaps we can find it again." Not for a single instant could I brave that tone and that look, but, bursting into tears, I screamed out, "O, I did not lose the farthing; I ate up the fig!"

A silence, as of the grave, ensued. No one spoke. In an instant I seemed to be separated at an immense distance from all the rest of the family. A great gulf yawned between us. A sense of loneliness and desolation came over me, the impression of which, I presume, will go with me

for ever. I left the table, and all that afternoon, the next day, and during the week, my feelings were melancholy in the extreme. But, as time wore away, and my father and mother, brothers and sisters, received me back to their love and favor, my spirits recovered their wonted tone. The whole event left an indelible impression on my mind and heart. It convinced me that the way of the transgressor is hard.

For Declamation.

EXECUTION OF ANDREW HOFER.

ANDREW HOFER, a gallant leader of the Tyrolese, was shot by his country's oppressors, February 20th, 1810.—In pronouncing *Tyrol*, put the accent on the last syllable.

At Mantua, in chains,

The gallant Hofer lay;

In Mantua, to death,

The foe led him away;

Right bravely had he striven,

In arms, to make a stand

For freedom and Tyrol,

His own fair mountain land.

His hands behind him clasped,

With firm and measured pace,

Marched Andrew Hofer on:

He feared not death to face.

"Tyrol", I hoped to see

Your sons and daughters free!

Farewell, my mountain land!

A last farewell!" said he.

The drummer's hand refused

To beat the funeral march

While Andrew Hofer passed

The portal's gloomy arch:

He on the bastion stood,

The shackles on his arm,

But proudly and erect,

As if he feared no harm.

They bade him then kneel down:

Said he, "That will I not!

Here standing will I die,

As I have stood and fought!

No tyrant's power shall claim

From me the bended knee;

I'll die as I have lived—

For thee, Tyrol, for thee!"

A grenadier then took

The bandage from his hand,

While Hofer breathed a prayer,

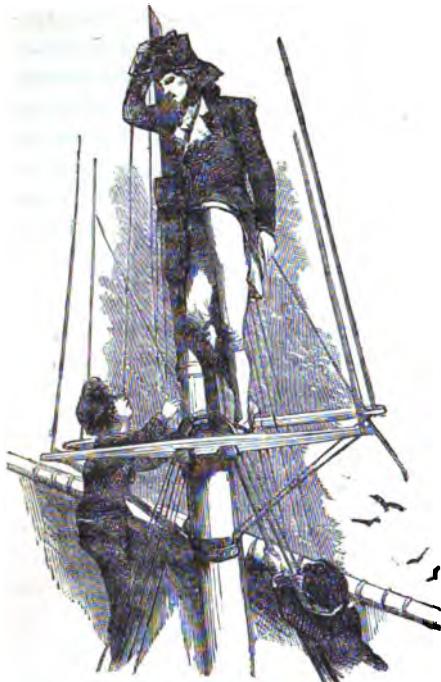
His last on earthly land:

"Aim well, my lads!" said he:—

The soldiers aimed and fired.

"For thee, Tyrol, I die!"

Said Hofer—and expired.



LEARNING TO CLIMB.

HORATIO NELSON, the most distinguished of England's naval heroes, was born in the county of Norfolk, England, the 29th of September, 1758. As a boy he was very brave and persevering, and as a man he showed that in the discharge of his duty he could defy danger, and banish fear.

We do not propose to give a life of Nelson, but only to mention a single trait in his character. When he became a great captain, and had a large number of midshipmen under him, he used to treat them with much kindness and care. A midshipman is a young officer, generally a mere boy, on board a ship of war.

Frequently a midshipman would come on board Nelson's ship, and show himself so timid as to be even afraid to go up the mast. On such occasions, Nelson, instead of being harsh with the lad, or calling him a "lubber" and a "coward," as some captains would have done, would say to him, in a friendly manner, "Well, sir, I am going on a race to the masthead, and beg that I may meet you there."

The poor little fellow would instantly

begin to climb, and get up the best way he could; — Nelson never noticed in what manner, but when they met at the top would speak cheerfully to him, and would say how much any person was to be pitied who fancied that getting up the mast was either dangerous or difficult.

Every day Nelson would go into the school-room, to see that the midshipmen were pursuing their nautical studies; and whenever he paid a visit of ceremony, some of these youths would accompany him. He would say to his host, " You must excuse me for bringing some of my midshipmen. I make it a rule to introduce them to all the good company I can, as they have few to look up to, besides myself, during the time they are at sea."

The example of Nelson carries an admonition to all who have charge of the young, not to ridicule their fears, or heedlessly rebuke their incapacity, but to encourage them with loving words, and cheering incitements to duty. Teachers have much to try their patience, but, if they will win the attachment of their pupils, like Nelson, they will often find their labors lightened.

After being several times wounded in naval battles, Nelson at length received his death-wound from a musket-ball at Trafalgar, in the autumn of 1805, in an action with the combined French and Spanish fleets. Almost his last words were, " Thank God, I have done my duty."

For the School Monthly.

WHAT WILL PEOPLE SAY?

"WHAT will people say?" That was the imaginary rock ahead which poor Oliver was continually steering to avoid. That was the bugbear which kept him from doing what he was often prompted to do by right feeling. "What will people say?" Far would I be from counseling a selfish indifference to the world's opinion. The reasonable respect for the comfort and even the opinions of others, which politeness exacts, is right and proper. The youth who is careless of what good men may think or say of him lacks one of the great incentives

to honorable endeavor. But when we make duty secondary, and a fear of "what people will say" paramount, then may we be sure we are on the wrong track.

There was a marked contrast in the characters of my schoolmates Oliver Wilson and Henry Prime. I will illustrate it by an incident. As Oliver was returning home from school on a warm summer afternoon, through the fashionable street of one of our eastern cities, he met an old lady with a carpet-bag, who accosted him with the inquiry, "Can you tell me, young gentleman, the way to Mount Vernon place?"

Oliver told her to take the first turning on the right, after she had passed two squares. The old lady (Mrs. Manners was her name) thanked him, and then, looking wistfully at him a moment, timidly said, "Would it be requesting too much of you to ask you to help me carry my carpet-bag a short distance?" — "Do you take me for a porter, old lady?" retorted Oliver, turning on his heel, and walking away.

Now, Oliver was not naturally a disobliging boy; but he was over-sensitive to what he fancied to be the world's opinion. I say *fancied*; for, in nine cases out of ten, he attributed to the world an opinion with the entertainment of which the world did not trouble itself. In this instance he thought to himself, "What if I should meet the stylish Misses Leroy, while I was carrying a carpet-bag, and waiting upon that poorly-dressed old woman? They would surely never bow to me again." And so Oliver, with a curl of his lip, turned away, and left the old lady to her meditations at the corner of the crowded street.

While she stood there, looking first in one direction and then in another, Henry Prime came along, and, supposing that she wanted to stop an omnibus, inquired if he could assist her. "Indeed you can, young man," said Mrs. Manners; "I quitted the omnibus just now, thinking I could carry this carpet-bag to Mount Vernon place; but I find it is too heavy, and, if you could assist me to —"

Before she could finish the sentence Henry had taken the carpet-bag, and swung it over his shoulder, and then courteously telling the old lady that he would escort her with pleasure, he led the way. She seemed highly pleased with his brisk, pleasant compliance, so different from the rebuff she had just experienced.

As they passed along, who should approach in an opposite direction but the Misses Leroy, the young ladies of whose critical observation poor Oliver had stood in so much dread. Instead of shunning their glance, as Oliver would have done under a similar encounter, Henry touched his hat, without a thought that they would think the worse of him for seeing him with a carpet-bag, escorting a plain old woman.

They had hardly returned his salutation when, with an ejaculation of surprise, they ran toward his companion, exclaiming, "Why, aunt! Aunt Manners, is this you? When did you come to town? — and how long have you been here? — and why did you not write us that you were coming? — and why did you not take a carriage? — and why —"

"There, that will do, girls," said Mrs. Manners, returning their embraces. "I will not undertake to answer all your questions. I came to the city without informing you because I did not make up my mind to come till this morning. I omitted to hire a carriage because I chose to give the money it would have cost to a poor woman, and to take the omnibus. But I found my carpet-bag too heavy, and I do not know what I should have done if this polite young gentleman, whom you must help me to thank, had not offered to bear my load, and show me the way."

"Indeed, Mr. Prime, you have done a good deed, and my father will be very much obliged to you," said the elder Miss Leroy. — "A good deed!" said Henry, laughing; "well, good deeds are cheap, if this is one." — "The service may be a slight one, but the manner of it pleased me, young man," said the old lady, "and I shall not forget it."

"If you have made Aunt Manners your friend, you will get along," said one of the young ladies. — "I did not dream of making a friend," replied Henry; "I assure you I should have done the same service for the poorest and humblest female in the street." — "That makes it all the better," said Mrs. Manners. "You are no flatterer, I see."

As the conversation ended, the party reached Mr. Leroy's house; the bell was rung, and Henry, having deposited the carpet-bag in the hands of a domestic, bowed and took his leave. What would poor Oliver have given to have been in his shoes! He had long been wishing to make the acquaintance of Mr. Leroy, who was one of the foremost merchants in the city, and in whose counting-room Oliver was ambitious to establish himself on quitting school. A fear of what people would say had deprived him of a rare opportunity of a favorable introduction.

The future career of the two schoolmates may be briefly traced. Old Mrs. Manners kept her promise, and did not forget the little service which Henry had rendered. At a suitable age he accepted an offer of being taken into Mr. Leroy's counting-room. Here, when there was a question of duty, or of promoting the interests of his employer, he never stopped to consider "what will people say." What his conscience told him was right, that he did. Such was his fidelity that he rose to be a partner in the firm, and was able to render liberal assistance to others who were struggling for a comfortable footing in the busy world.

As for Oliver, kept back, as he was, by a cowardly solicitude as to what people might say, he made little progress. Fearing to wear a patched coat, lest "people" might remark it, he ran in debt to tailors. The pride which made him shrink from a patch did not prevent his buying clothes which he had no certainty of being able to pay for. A gentlemanly outside was more important in his eyes than that true gentility of spirit, which makes a man submit to any privation rather than do a mean act.

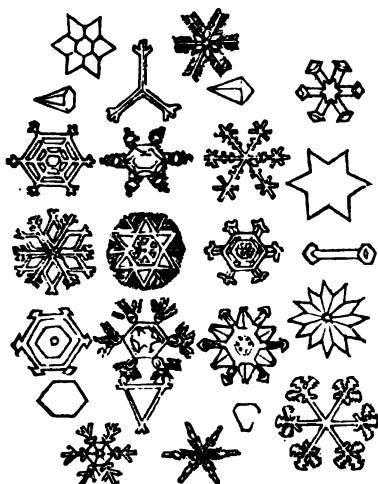
An opportunity was offered him of entering a wealthy banking-house as an under clerk; but the gentleman at the head of it had risen to his commanding position from the lowest beginnings. He had swept the counting-room and carried bundles, and he was not disposed to receive any boy who was not willing to begin business in the same humble way. "No, no," thought Oliver, "what would people say if I were seen with a broom or a bundle in my hand?"

What would people say, indeed! Little would people care what he did, so he was honestly employed. It was a wretched blunder of his self-conceit that made him continually imagining that people would say this and say that. People were too much occupied all the while about their own affairs to concern themselves about his; to notice whether it was a broom or a cane which he was carrying, or whether he had on an old coat or a new.

Too poor to live without employment, and too proud to devote himself to any occupation from which he may derive a support, Oliver has become, at length, a tax upon his friends, and a complaining, discontented man about town. In his fear of what people would say, he has lost the respect of all who know him, and has grown up without steadfastness of purpose, or any true manliness of character. He not unfrequently drops in upon his old schoolmate, Henry Prime, to borrow a fifty-dollar bill, which he has no intention of repaying, and for which he is sure of not being dunred.

The last time he did this, one of Henry's partners remarked, as Oliver quitted the counting-room, "Why do you help to maintain that proud pauper in his idleness?" — "I fear I am doing wrong," replied Henry; "but he was a schoolmate of mine, and I can not bear to see him suffer. Poor Oliver! his fear of the world's opinion has been his ruin. *What will people say* has been his bane. Ah! if he only knew what people do really say, at last, perhaps he would see what a life-long mistake has been his!"

A. B. I.



SNOW-CRYSTALS.

WHAT is snow? Snow, we reply, is the moisture of the atmosphere frozen into minute crystals. These are formed independently in the upper regions of the air, are united in groups as they descend, either by its agitations or by striking against one another, and thus compose the flakes which reach the ground.

Generally, the snow-crystals which fall at the same time have the same form; but if an interval elapse between the consecutive showers, the forms of the second are observed to differ from those of the first, though alike among themselves. Star shapes are the most common, and are usually connected with moderate degrees of cold.

If a tolerable microscope is at hand, the examination of some flakes of snow is always an interesting and profitable employment for an hour of winter leisure. The minute vegetable and animal substances prepared for the microscope do not more perfectly exhibit wonderful regularity and simplicity of structure in their minutest parts than does the snow-crystal, which amazingly illustrates the boundless influence of the law of order in inanimate matter.

An almost endless variety exists in these crystals, and the observer is at a loss to say which are the most delicate in their ele-

mentary forms, or the most perfect in their combinations. Attempts have been made to classify the crystals of snow; but the forms are so numerous, and the differences so minute, that students have found the task more than usually difficult.

But, if it be perplexing to classify the forms of snow-crystal, it is at present impossible to determine the cause by which their endless modifications are produced. The temperature and density of the atmosphere in which they are formed have doubtless an influence upon their structure; but beyond this probable conjecture we can scarcely be said to have any knowledge of the conditions which determine their crystallization. Man has investigated the order and arrangement of planetary systems, the distances, orbits, and velocities of worlds, the laws which sustain their conditions and regulate the recurrence of their phenomena, but he is not yet able to give a satisfactory reason for the varieties of form in a snow-crystal.

Accent *mi-nute'*, when an adjective, on the last syllable. *Con-sec'u-tive*, following in a series. The *i* in *first* has the sound of *er* in *her*; the *e* in *leisure*, that of *e* in *me*. Sound the aspirate in *exhibit*. Remember that *phe-nom'na* is the plural of *phenomenon*: we say *these phenomena*, but *this phenomenon*.

GYMNASIICS.

THE benefits of exercise to those whose occupation does not lead them to make any physical exertion can not be too highly estimated. The body must undergo a certain amount of fatigue to preserve its natural strength, and maintain all the muscles and organs in proper vigor. This activity equalizes the circulation, and distributes the blood more effectually through every part. Cold feet, or a chill any where, shows that the circulation is languid there. The muscles, during exercise, press on the veins, and help forward the currents by quickening every vessel into activity. The valves of the heart are in this way aided in the work of sending on this stream, and relieved of a certain amount of labor.

When exercise is neglected, the blood gathers too much about this central region,

and the oppression about the heart, difficulty of breathing, lowness of spirits, anxiety and heaviness, numerous aches and stitches, are evidences of this stagnation. People are afraid to take exercise, because they fancy they want breath and feel weak. But the very effort would free the heart from this burden, by urging the blood forward to the extremities; it would ease their breathing, by liberating the lungs from the same superabundance; it would make the frame feel active and light, as the effect of equalized circulation and free action.

The important position which physical education should occupy in the education of youth has attracted the attention of philosophers and lawgivers, from the earliest ages. It was provided by one of the laws of Solon that every Athenian should be taught to read and to swim. The regular liberal education of a Greek youth consisted of three parts, grammar, music, and gymnastics;* but the latter occupied as much attention as all the others put together.

From the age of sixteen to eighteen, the youth of ancient times devoted themselves exclusively to gymnastics. The academy and the lyceum, names which among us are associated with intellectual culture, were originally gymnasia, theaters of strenuous bodily discipline, as well as scenes of intellectual exercise.

In modern times physical training has been strangely neglected. It is erroneously assumed that the natural instincts of the young will lead them to take as much exercise as they require. If they dwelt out of doors, like the lower animals, this might be true; but how often are the more studious detained by an entertaining book, or some other in-door attraction, from taking the proper amount of exercise in the open air! We stimulate our youth to study, but offer no inducement to them to attain "a sound mind in a sound body," by a wholesome gymnastic training.

* The term *gymnastic* is from a Greek word signifying naked, the *ath-lo'te*, or young persons who practised bodily exercises in the public a-re'na or gymnasium of ancient Greece, being nearly in a state of nudity. The more gentle kind of gymnastics for females are termed *cal-is-hen'ics*, from words signifying elegant or graceful exercises.

A recent writer upon this subject in England, Mr. Hopley, remarks: "Only let it become a part of ordinary school-training to acquire a knowledge of the laws of health, and how can we over-estimate the value of the consequences? Instead of traveling through life with vague ideas of the right way,—vague notions of the importance of exercise, circulation, and diet,—our youth would grow up with sound opinions; they would perceive not only why exercise is conducive to health, but why without due exercise the main'tenance of health is utterly impossible.

"And further—and I beg particular attention to this fact—all those to whom the training of children is intrusted would perceive that, so often as they permit those children to pass *one single day* without due muscular exercise, so often do they permit them to inflict an irrecoverable wrong upon their systems. The omission of a single day's due muscular exercise, even though it occasion no feeling of discomfort, is a wrong inflicted on the growing system which can never be expiated; for *a day's development is sacrificed*.

"The Creator, be it remembered, has designed the first thirty-five years of human life for the development of the system. For thirty-five years the creative power exceeds the disorganizing power. Day by day, during the whole of that period, man might, by constant obedience to the Creator's laws, be growing stronger and stronger, throughout his entire organization. Let these facts be considered, and then reflect what man's prime might be, and what it too frequently is."

We are glad to see that some of our teachers and students have been roused to a sense of the importance of bodily training as a branch of education. The students of Miami University, in Oxford, Ohio, have recently formed a gymnastic association, procured the requisite apparatus, and hired a teacher of the art from Cincinnati to instruct them. We hope the example will be widely followed. A gymnasium fitted up on a moderate but sufficient scale is not a costly affair.

Excessive exercise should always be avoided ; for — though less frequent — instances are not uncommon where undue exertion has produced effects scarcely less injurious than those which result from inactivity. The existence of either class of evils is sufficient to prove that gymnastics should form a part of the education of youth. Some general system should be established in all schools, by which one sex may be preserved from the evils of deficiency, and the other from those of excess, in exertion.

In England the gymnastics introduced by Philip Henry Ling, a Swede by birth, are now taught in several of the first-class seminaries for both sexes. Some facts and diagrams illustrating his system will be given in the next School Monthly. This system now forms part of the educational course in the best schools of Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and Austria ; and the profession of teaching it is becoming profitable. We hope that in the United States the subject will claim the attention which its importance merits.

THE EXCELLENT MAN.

They gave me advice and counsel in store,
Praised me and honored me, more and more ;
Said that I only should "wait a while,"
Offered their patronage, too, with a smile.

But, with all their honor and approbation,
I should, long ago, have died of starvation,
Had there not come an excellent man,
Who bravely to help me along began.

Good fellow ! he got me the food I ate,
His kindness and care I shall never forget ;
Yet I can not embrace him, though other folks can,
For I myself am this excellent man.

HEINE.

SCENE IN A FRENCH COURT.

A RECENT French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy. "Does any one claim you ?" asked the magistrate.

"Ah, my good sir," said she, "I have no longer any friends. My father and mother are dead — I have only my brother

James ; but he is as young as I am. O, sir, what can he do for me ?" — "The court sends you to the House of Correction," said the judge.

At this moment a childish voice was heard from the other end of the court, exclaiming, "Here I am, sister ! here I am ! Do not fear !" At the same instant a little boy, with an animated expression of countenance, started forth from amidst the crowd, and stood before the judge.

"Who are you ?" asked the judge. — "James Rome, the brother of this poor little girl." — "Your age ?" — "Thirteen." — "And what do you want ?" — "I come to claim my sister." — "But have you the means of providing for her ?" — "Yesterday I had none, but now I have. Don't be afraid, sister."

"O, how good you are, James !" exclaimed the little girl. — "Well, let us see, my boy," said the magistrate. "The court is disposed to do all that it can for your sister ; but you must give us some explanation."

"About a fortnight ago, sir," commenced the boy, "my poor mother died of a bad cough, for it was very cold at home. We were in great trouble. Then I said to myself, 'I will become an artisan, and when I know a good trade I will support my sister.' I went apprentice to a brushmaker. Every day I used to carry her half of my dinner, and at night I took her secretly to my room, and she slept on my bed, while I slept on the floor. But it appears she had not enough to eat. One day she begged in the street, and was taken up for it by the police. When I heard that, I said to myself, 'Come, my boy, things can not last so ; you must find something better.' I soon found a good place, where I am fed and clothed, and have twenty francs a month. I have also found a good woman, who, for these twenty francs, will take care of Lucille, and teach her needlework. I claim my sister."

"My boy," said the judge, "your conduct is very honorable. However, your sister can not be set at liberty till to-mor-

row."—"Never mind, Lucille," said the boy; "I will come and fetch you early tomorrow." Then, turning to the magistrate, he said, "I may kiss her, may I not, sir?" The judge gave his consent, and the noble boy threw himself into the arms of his sister, and both wept tears of affection.

Original.

FRIENDS WITHOUT KNOWING IT.

FARMER READY. | LAWYER SNEAK.
FARMER STEADY. | LAWYER MEEK.
TELEGRAPH BOY.

Enter FARMER READY and LAWYER MEEK, meeting, from opposite sides.

Meek. Ha! Good-morning, Farmer Ready! Glad to see you. (*They shake hands.*) Did you get your hay in before the shower?

Ready. Don't talk of hay, Lawyer Meek!

Meek. Don't talk of hay? Why, what's more important than hay? What would the cattle do without hay — heh?

Ready. I want to talk on business.

Meek. I'm all attention. What's the matter?

Ready. The matter is about the right of way through Rattlesnake Lane.

Meek. Truly a momentous matter!

Ready. That stupid creature, Steady —

Meek. Stupid creature! Do you mean Deacon Steady, your neighbor?

Ready. To be sure, I do. He's as obstinate as a mule, and as stupid as a beetle. He has the outrageous impudence to claim a public right of way through Rattlesnake Lane, on the plea that his great-grandfather gave the right to the town. Ridiculous!

Meek. Well, well, Ready, where's the harm if the town people do use the lane, now and then? Are you afraid of their hurting the rattlesnakes?

Ready. Nonsense! It's the principle of the thing that I look to, Lawyer Meek. Did our fathers of Seventy-six care for a petty tax on tea? No! It was the principle of the tax they abominated.

Meek. Stop! You stole that flourish from Squire Gammon's last stump speech.

Ready. Be quiet, will you? If old Steady did n't claim the right of way as a

right, he might drive his teams through the lane twenty times a day, and I should n't mind. But when he says, "I don't want your leave to do it; it was my great-grandfather's property — and my great-grandfather —" Confound his great-grandfather!

Meek. O! come, Farmer, you are getting too violent. Why, the right of way is n't worth an old horse-shoe!

Ready. I don't care what it's worth; but I'll spend a thousand dollars before I'll let old Steady trample on my right. I'll teach him what's what; and now I want you to carry the case into court.

Meek (laughing). O, nonsense! The court will think it's a joke.

Ready (taking bills out of his pocket, and handing one to Meek). Well, to show I'm in earnest, there's a ten-dollar retaining fee.

Meek. Put it back in your wallet, Farmer; put it back. I'll not touch it.

Ready. What! you refuse it?

Meek. Decidedly.

Ready. A pretty fellow for a lawyer, to refuse a fee! I shall have to go to Sneak. He will take it.

Meek. No doubt. You're sure you want to put the law on the Deacon?

Ready. I've made up my mind to it. He's a provoking old curmudgeon!

Meek. Well, I've some news to tell you about him that will make you chuckle.

Ready. News? What is it?

Meek. Prepare to crow like Chanticleer. You know that the Deacon, like an old fool, put all his money into the hands of that smart son-in-law of his — Kiteflyer, the broker in New York.

Ready (uneasily). Yes, yes; what then?

Meek. Why, then — you'll split with laughter. Suppose, by way of precaution, you tie your handkerchief about your waist.

Ready. No, no. Go on. What is it?

Meek (pretending glee). I've just got a telegraphic dispatch saying that Kiteflyer — that Kiteflyer has failed, and will not pay ten cents on a dollar. Ha, ha, ha! Capital — is n't it? How's this, Farmer?

You don't laugh. I thought you had some relish for a joke — that you would enjoy the news.

Ready (gravely). Failed? — failed? — Did Deacon Steady place every thing in Kiteflyer's hands?

Meek. Every dollar. Was there ever such an old dupe? Come, Farmer, this is not quite fair. Why don't you laugh? That sound was more like a groan than a laugh.

Ready. I'm sorry for the Deacon; and I did n't think, Lawyer Meek, you had such a hard heart.

Meek. Why, what do I care for the old curmudgeon — the obstinate old mule — the stupid old beetle — the —

Ready. Stop there — stop there, Lawyer! He's as honest an old soul as ever drove an ox-team. He has as tender and brave a heart as ever beat. Did n't I see him weep like a three-year-old at the great fire, when the widow Cummings found her baby unsinged? Did n't he get knocked on the head by a blazing beam, while he was trying to find the young one? The poor old Deacon! What will his crippled daughter do, if his affairs have gone to rack and ruin? What will the boy do, who was to be sent to college? What will the sick wife do? (*Wiping his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief.*)

Meek. Why, Farmer, you forget about the right of way to Rattlesnake Lane.

Ready. Confusion on Rattlesnake Lane! What do I care for the right of way?

Meek. On the whole, I'll take that fee, if you've no objection; and we'll harry the old Deacon till he shall cry *peccāti*.

Ready. No, you'll not, unless you want to feel the weight of this stick! I'll go and call on the Deacon. I'll tell him that while I have a loaf in the larder, or a pan of milk in the pantry, he and his shan't suffer. (*Going.*)

Meek. Here comes the Deacon.

Ready. Lawyer Sneak is with him.

Meek. Stand back out of sight a moment.

Enter SNEAK and STEADY, in conversation.

Sneak. But, Deacon, it's an imposition, and you ought n't to submit to it. Contest the case. Let him go to law, if he pleases. You can make a good defense.

Steady. But it's a small business to go to law about.

Sneak. Think of our ancestors of Seventy-six. So it was said to be a small business in them to fight rather than pay a tax on tea.

Steady. It strikes me I've heard that remark before.

Sneak. Sooner than let a fellow like Ready trample on me, I'd spend my last cent.

Steady. In feeing the lawyer?

Sneak. Well, well — in paying necessary expenses. It's a luxury to see the law lay such a fellow flat on his back. What has changed your mind, Deacon?

Steady. Why, you see, Lawyer, I was reading an old-fashioned book last night, and I came across these words: "Blessed are the peacemakers."

Sneak. Well, well; the best way to make peace is to conquer a peace.

Steady. So, to keep a man quiet, you'd knock him down, eh?

Sneak. But Ready is such a presuming, arrogant, obstinate fellow!

Steady. Well, well; Neighbor Ready has his good points. Why, he sent Daddy Carver, the other day, a barrel of flour. He's all the time doing kind things. Besides, Neighbor Ready has had poor luck, lately. His hay is turning out badly. His apple-trees are all eaten up by the canker-worm. His best horse was bitten by a rattlesnake, last month, and killed, in that same lane that he wants to go to law about. Neighbor Ready has had a good deal to fret him, and I'll not add to his troubles.

Sneak. Now, don't be mean-spirited, Deacon. What do you propose to do?

Steady. To go and tell him that I give up all claim to a right of way through Rattlesnake Lane.

Sneak. Then, how will you get at your

chestnut-trees, when you want to cut wood for fencing?

Steady. I'll offer him a fair price for the right of way.

READY comes forward.

Ready. No, you shan't, Deacon Steady, no, you shan't! (*Taking his hand.*) The right of way shall be yours without the asking; and if I ever bother you again about it, set me down as no true man.

Steady. Why, Neighbor—Neighbor Ready, I did n't expect this. I was coming to say I give up the right of way.

Ready. No, you shan't.

(*They go up the stage and converse in dumb show.* *MEEK comes forward.*)

Sneak. Well, brother Meek, this is all your work, I suppose—this grand reconciliation.

Meek. Why, yes, brother Sneak, I've done my best to prevent litigation between the parties.

Sneak. Done his best to prevent litigation! And he confesses it as coolly as if it were a merit! Sir, you are a scandal to the profession! I'm boiling over with virtuous indignation! The lawyer, sir, who discourages litigation takes bread out of the pockets of the profession at large. I shall report you, sir, at the next meeting of the bar. I'll have your name, sir, stricken off the list of honest practitioners.

Meek. Keep cool, brother Sneak. Your views of honesty and mine may differ somewhat, but we'll not quarrel.

Sneak. I don't know that, sir. Such unprofessional conduct excites my deepest disgust; and —

Enter TELEGRAPH BOY.

Boy (reading). Here's a dispatch for Deacon J. J. Steady.

Sneak. Give it to me, boy.

Boy. Are you the Deacon?

Sneak. No, but I'm his counsel, and a friend of the family. Why don't you give it up?

Boy. This child has been in a Telegraph

Office long enough to know better than that. Where's Deacon Steady?

STEADY and READY come forward.

Steady. Here he is. What's wanting? *Boy.* Here's a dispatch for you.

(*Hands him dispatch, and exit.*)

Ready (aside). Now comes the bad news about the failure of his son-in-law. Poor Steady!

Steady (reading aloud). "No truth in the report of my failure. Yours, Kitefyer."

Ready. Hurra! Deacon, your hand! (*Shakes hands with STEADY.*) I was afraid the news was bad. But it's all right. Hurra! We'll have a merry tea-party tonight. You must all come to my house.

Sneak (aside). Abominable! No chance for a lawsuit. They are all making up. If there's any thing I detest, it is to see people making up. I take it as a personal injury.

(*The others converse in dumb show while SNEAK is soliloquizing.*)

Meek. Come, brother Sneak, this is better than going to law.

Sneak. I protest against the sentiment. It is unprofessional, unlawyerlike, atrocious! There's nothing better than going to law.

Steady. No hard words, Mr. Sneak. This is a day of pacification.

Meek. And such ought every day to be.

Ready. I'll remember the day's lesson. I find that men may be good friends without knowing it till they see each other's heart.

(*Curtain falls.*)

VIRTUE AND ERROR.

MANY there are who of their lot complain ;
Many there are who rail at fate in vain ;
But on himself weak man should vent his rage,—
Error in youth must lead to gloom in age.

Many there are content in humblest lot ;
Many there are, though poor, who murmur not :
Write, then, in gold on their recording page,—
Virtue in youth must lead to bliss in age.

T. H. BAYLY.



THE ESQUIMAUX KAYAK.

The little skiff in which the Esquimaux (pronounced *E's-ke-mo*) hunts the seal is called a *kay-ak*.

Over the briny wave I go,
In spite of the weather, in spite of the snow :
What cares the hardy Esquimaux ?
In my little skiff, with paddle and lance,
I glide where the foaming billows dance :
And when the cautious seal I spy,
I poise my ready lance on high,
And then like lightning let it fly.

Round me the sea-birds dip and soar ;
Like me they love the ocean's roar.
Sometimes a floating iceberg gleams
Over me with its melting streams.
Sometimes a rushing wave will fall
Down on my skiff, and cover it all.
But what care I for the waves' attack ?
With my paddle I right my little kayak ;
And then its freight I speedily trim,
And over the waters away I skim.

Ye who lead a delicate life,
Far from the ice and the billows' strife,
What would ye think to be with me
One hour upon this desolate sea ? —
To glide where the young seals rise to breathe ;
Where ridges of foam about them wreathes ;
To stand on the ice where the walrus plays ;
Or, hungry and savage, the white bear strays.
O ! how would ye fancy sport like this ?
Yet to me, ye men of the city, 'tis bliss !

OSBORNE.

THE BEAR AND THE HORSE.

* * * This bear was slowly climbing out of the ravine, and when I first saw him was dragging his huge body over the escarpment of the cliff. In a moment he stood erect upon the open plain. I was filled with a new consternation; I saw too surely that he was about to attack my horse.

The latter had already observed the bear's approach, and seemed to be fully aware of his danger. I had staked him at the distance of about four hundred yards

from the barranca,* and upon a lasso of about twenty in length. At sight of the bear, he had run out to the end of his trail rope, and was snorting and plunging with affright.

This new dilemma arrested my steps, and I stood with anxious feelings to watch the result. I had no hope of being able to yield the slightest aid to my poor horse—at least, none occurred to me at that moment.

The bear made directly toward him, and my heart throbbed wildly as I beheld the fierce monster almost within clawing distance. The horse sprang round, however, and galloped upon a circle of which the lasso was the radius. I knew, from the hard jerks he had already given to the rope, that there was no chance of its yielding, and setting him free. No; it was a raw-hide lasso of the toughest thong. I knew its power, and I remembered how firmly I had driven home the picket-pin. This I had now cause to regret. What would not I have given to have drawn the blade of my knife across that rope !

I continued to watch the struggle with a painful feeling of suspense. The horse still kept out of reach by galloping around the circumference of the circle, while the bear made his attacks by crossing its chords, running in circles of lesser diameter. The whole scene bore a resemblance to an act at the Hippodrome, the bear taking the part of the ring-master.

Once or twice, the rope circling round, and quite taut, caught upon the legs of the bear, and after carrying him along with it for some distance, flung him over upon his back. This seemed to add to his rage, and after rising each time he ran for the horse with redoubled fury. I might have been amused at the singular spectacle, but my mind was too painfully agitated about the result.

The scene continued for some minutes without much change in the relative position of the actors. I began to hope that the bear might be baffled, after all, and,

* A mountain ravine.

finding the horse too nimble for him, would give over his attempts, particularly as I noticed the latter administer several kicks that might have discomfited any other assailant; but these only rendered the bear more savage and revengeful.

Just at this moment the scene assumed a new phase, likely to bring about the dénouement.* The rope had once more pressed against the bear; but this time, instead of trying to avoid it, he seized it in his teeth and paws, I thought, at first, he was going to cut it, and this was exactly what I wished for; but no—to my consternation, I saw that he was crawling along it by constantly renewing his hold, and thus gradually and surely drawing nearer to his victim. The horse now screamed with terror.

I could bear it no longer. I remembered that I had left my rifle near the edge of the barranca. I ran forward to the cliff, and dashed madly down its face; I climbed the opposite steep, and, clutching the gun, rushed toward the scene of strife. I was still in time; the bear had not yet reached his victim, though now within less than six feet of him. I advanced within ten paces, and fired. As though my shot had cut the thong, it gave way at the moment; and the horse, with a wild neigh, sprang off into the prairie.

I had hit the bear, as afterward ascertained, but not in a vital part, and my bullet had no more effect upon him than if it had been a drop of snipe-shot. It was the strength of despair that had broken the rope, and set free the steed.

It was my turn now; for the bear, as soon as he perceived that the horse had escaped him, rushed forward upon me, uttering, as he did so, a loud cry. I had no choice but fight. I had no time to reload. I struck the brute once with my clubbed rifle, and, flinging the gun away, grasped the readier knife. With the strong, keen blade—the knife was a bowie—I struck out before me; but the next moment I felt myself grappled and held fast. The sharp

claws tore up my flesh; one paw was gripped over my hips, another rested on my shoulder, while the white teeth gleamed before my eyes. My knife-arm was free—I had watched this when grappling, and, with all the energy of despair, I plunged the keen blade between the ribs of my antagonist.—*Mayne Read's "War-Trail."*

A TENDER REPROOF.—A little boy had one day done wrong, and was sent, after parental correction, to ask in secret the forgiveness of his heavenly Father. His offense had been passion. Anxious to hear what he would say, his mother followed, and heard him in lisping accents ask to be made better, never to be angry again; and then, with childlike simplicity, he added, “*Lord, make ma's temper better too.*”

THE WORDS OF HOPE.

I SAY to thee,—do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet,
In lane, highway, or open street,—

That he, and we, and all men, move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above :

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain ;
That death itself shall not remain :

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth we may thread,
Through dark ways under ground be led ;

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way,
Shall issue out in heavenly day ;—

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house, at last !

And ere thou leave him, say thou this
Yet one word more : they only miss
The winning of that final bliss,

Who will not count it true that Love,
Blessing, not cursing, rules above,
And that in it we live and move :—

And one thing further make him know :
That to believe these things are so,
This firm faith never to forego,—

Despite of all which seems at strife
With blessing, all with curses rife,—
That this is blessing, this is life.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

* Pronounced *dā-noo-mong'*.



THE GOLDEN MADNESS.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Mr. Mackay, a popular poet and song-writer, is now (December, 1857) on a visit to the United States. In the following poem he shows that the passion of avarice, if indulged, may lead to madness. In the illustration of the poem, the artist (Mr. John Gilbert) imagines a good angel as looking sorrowfully on the old lunatic.

By the roadside there sat an aged man,
Who all day long, from dawn into the night,
Counted with weary fingers heaps of stones.
I spake him kindly, saying, "Why this toil?"
He made no answer, but went counting on,
Mumbling and muttering slowly to himself,
Clinking the stones with melancholy sound.

There came a stranger by the way. I asked
If he knew aught of this forlorn old man.
"Right well," he said; "the creature is insane.
He first went mad for greediness of gold."

"Know you his story?" — "Perfectly," said he.
"Look how he counts his miserable flints

And bits of slate. Twelve mortal hours each day
He sits at work, summer and winter both.

'Mid storm or sunshine, heat or nipping frost,
He counts and counts; and, since his limbs were

young,

Till now that he is crooked and stiffened old,
He hath not missed a day. The silly wretch
Believes each stone a lump of shining gold,
And that he made a bargain with the fiend,
That if he'd count one thousand million coins
Of minted gold, audibly, one by one,
The gold should be his own the very hour
When he had told the thousand millionth piece;
Provided always, as such bargains go,
The fiend should have his soul in recompense.

"Unskilled in figures, but brimful of greed,
He chuckled at his bargain, and began;
And for a year reckoned with hopeful heart.
At last a glimpse of light broke on his sense,
And showed the fool that millions—quickly
said —

Were not so quickly counted as he thought.
But still he plies his melancholy task,
Dreaming of boundless wealth and curbless power,
And slavish worship from his fellow-men.

"If he could reckon fifty thousand stones
Daily, and miss no day in all the year,
'T would take him five-and-fifty years of life
To reach the awful millions he desires.
He has been fifty of these years, or more,
Feeding his coward soul with this conceit.
Exposed to every blast, starved, wretched, old,
Toothless, and clothed with rags and squalidness,
He eyes his fancied treasure with delight.

"Look at his driveling lips, his bloodshot eyes,
His trembling hands, loose skin, and own with me
That this man's madness, though a piteous thing,
Deserves no pity, for the avarice
So mean and filthy, that was cause of it."

Original.

THE RIVAL GLADIATORS.

Enter PHILO and FABRICIUS, from opposite sides.

Philo. We meet again.

Fabricius. But not, I hope, in anger.

Phi. Why didst thou assail me yesterday, disarming me, and hurling me to the ground?

Fab. 'Twas done to show thee who was likely to prove the victor in the amphitheater to-morrow.

Phi. A valiant reason, truly! Thou wouldst weaken my arm by robbing me beforehand of my confidence. But count not upon that. Despair may give a strength you dream not of. Better had you left me ignorant of your superiority.

Fab. What I did was in friendship.

Phi. Make it appear.

Fab. For months we have known that our haughty masters would in the end set us against each other in mortal combat in the a-re'na. They have arranged for that, at last. All Rome is in an ecstasy of impatience for to-morrow's fight.

Phi. Let it come on! Think not I fear thee. In spite of thy mastery yesterday, I defy thee!

Fab. There was no witness of our encounter. For months I have seen thee measuring, with stolen glances, my bulk and sinews. Thou hast felt that life and death were in the scale.

Phi. Enough. If I play the coward to-morrow, hack me in pieces and spare not.

Fab. I know thee brave and generous.

Phi. Then why — why attack me as you did?

Fab. For this: that you might not suspect that what I now propose is the prompting of fear lest in to-morrow's fight *my* life-blood should wet the sand. Philo, you know me not.

Phi. I know thee as Rome's foremost gladi'ator, whose sword has spilt blood enough to float a galley.

Fab. The thought is hateful to me. Listen, Philo. When Rome first tried to force me to this business, I defied our tyrants — I rebelled — I refused to fight. In vain they starved me — scourged me — tortured me; — for a time I would not fight. At length, driven to frenzy by their goadings, I stood up in the arena, sword in hand. A madness seized me. Why, thought I, should I not send these poor gladiators to a better world, where Roman tyranny can not reach? I fought — I prevailed. I was merciful, too; for I did not merely wound — I killed. No man could stand against me. So certain was my arm that for two years I have had a respite from fighting, until now a match for me in you, as they think, has been found. But Rome shall be disappointed to-morrow. I fight no more except *against* my tyrants. No more *for* them — no more *for* them!

Phi. How! You will not fight? They will scourge you to death.

Fab. If — if they *find* me. Are you a man?

Phi. A fearless one, I hope.

Fab. Fearless? Have you no fear of Rome?

Phi. Not fear, but dē'estation, is the word to speak the feelings which the name of Rome calls up within — how bitter!

Fab. Well said! You have a father?

Phi. Ay, and a mother too, in Thrace. Speak not of her — remind me not of my home — or you will quite unman me.

Fab. No! The thought shall make you

yet more a man. Philo, you shall see father and mother again. Before sunrise I escape. Will you follow me?

Phi. To freedom? Ay, even though death oppose.

Fab. Your hand upon it.

Phi. (giving hand). There!

Fab. My plot is this: The pre'tor, who has bet upon me largely, has given consent I should refresh my limbs to-night by bathing in the Tiber. You can obtain the same privilege, and go with me. We'll swim across the stream. The unsuspecting guards will dream no harm. Once on the other side, I know where two fleet horses in their stalls stand ready for us. We mount them, and are free — free as the winds upon the hills of Thrace!

Phi. O, joy! I shall see Thrace again — my mother — sister! But should we fail —

Fab. What then?

Phi. Fail? We'll not fail — for death will not be failure — and they shall not take us alive.

Fab. You echo my own thoughts. But we'll not be baffled, Philo. My plans are surely laid. The pre'tor's absolute trust in my appearance will check pursuit. To-morrow's sun shall find us freemen.

Phi. Then speedily shine, O Sun! Take thou my hand, and lead me where thou wilt.

(*Exeunt hand in hand.*)

In dialogues the speakers should occasionally change places, to give animation to the scene. The places for such changes should be carefully decided on beforehand. The *ph* in *amphi-the-a-ter* has the sound of *f*. *Glad'i-a-tor* is from the Latin *gladius*, a sword (*sword*). In *again*, *against*, *ai* has the sound of short *e*. A *pre'tor* was a Roman magistrate. *Exeunt*, a Latin word, means *they go out*.

For Declamation.

GALILEO.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Gal-i-le'o was born at Pisa (pronounced Pe'za), in Tuscany, on the 15th of February, 1564. He believed, with Coper'nicus, that the earth is a sphere, and moves round the sun. For maintaining this, he was condemned by the Inquisition, and persecuted both by the Francis'cans and Domin'cans, who were orders of priests, so called from the names of their founders. Galileo died in 1642.

THERE are occasions in life in which a great mind lives years of rapt enjoyment

in a moment. I can fancy the emotions of Galileo, when first raising the newly-constructed telescope to the heavens, he saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Coper-nicus, and beheld the planet Venus crescent like the moon. It was such another moment as that when the immortal printers of Mentz and Strasburg received the first copy of the Bible into their hands, the work of their divine Art; — like that when Columbus, through the gray dawn of the 12th October, 1492, beheld the shores of San Sal'vedor; — like that when the law of gravitation first revealed itself to the intellect of Newton; — like that when Franklin saw, by the stiffening fibers of the hempen cord of his kite, that he held the lightning in his grasp; — like that when Leverrier received back from Berlin the tidings that the predicted planet was found.

Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. *It does move.* Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves nevertheless. Yes, the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves ever onward and upward to higher facts and bolder theories. The Inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth pro-pounded by Copernicus and demon'strated by thee, than they can stop the revolving earth.

Close now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye: it has seen what man never before saw; — it has seen enough. Hang up that poor little spy-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschel nor Rosse has comparatively done more. Francis'cans and Domin'cans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred obser'vatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace, great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted,

broken-hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!

For the School Monthly.

THE REWARD OF COURTESY.

A TRUE ACCOUNT.

A FEW years since, on a radiant spring afternoon, two men, who from their conversation appeared to be foreigners, stopped before the gate of one of the large workshops in Philadelphia for the manufacture of locomotive engines. Entering a small office, the elder of the two men inquired of the superintendent in attendance if he would permit them to inspect the works.

"You can pass in and look about, if you please," said the superintendent, vexed, apparently, at being interrupted in the perusal of his newspaper. He then scanned the two strangers more closely. They were respectably but plainly clad, and evidently made no pretension to official dignity of any kind.

"Is there any one who can show us over the establishment, and explain matters to us?" asked Mr. Wolf, the elder of the strangers.—"You must pick your own way, gentlemen," replied the superintendent; "we are all too busy to attend every party that comes along. I'll thank you not to interrupt the workmen by asking questions."

It was not so much the *matter* as the *manner* of this reply that was offensive to Mr. Wolf and his companion. It was spoken with a certain official assumption of superiority, mingled with contempt for the visitors, indicating a haughty and selfish temper on the part of the speaker. "I think we'll not trouble you," said Mr. Wolf, bowing; and, taking his companion's arm, they passed out.

"If there is any thing I heartily dislike, it is incivility," said Mr. Wolf, when they were in the street. "I do not blame that man for not wishing to show us over his

establishment; he is no doubt annoyed and interrupted by many heedless visitors; but he might have dismissed us with courtesy. He might have sent us away better content with a gracious refusal than with an ungracious consent."

"Perhaps," said the other stranger, "we shall have better luck here;" and they stopped before another workshop of a similar kind. They were received by a brisk little man, the head clerk, apparently, who, in reply to their request to be shown over the establishment, answered, "O, yes! come with me, gentlemen. This way!" So saying, he hurried them along an area strewn with iron bars, broken and rusty wheels of iron, fragments of old boilers and cylinders, into the principal workshop.

Here, without stopping to explain any one thing, he led the strangers along, with the evident intention of getting rid of them as soon as possible. When they paused at a place where workmen were riveting the external casing of a boiler, the clerk looked at his watch, tapped his right foot against an iron tube, and showed other signs of impatience; whereupon Mr. Wolf remarked, "We will not detain you longer, sir," and then, with his friend, took leave.

"That man is an improvement on the other," said Mr. Wolf; "but all the civility he has is on the surface; it does not come from the heart. We must look further." The strangers walked on for nearly half a mile in silence, when one of them pointed to a humble sign, with a picture of a locomotive engine and a train of cars under-



neath. It overtopped a small building not more than ten feet in height, communicating with a yard and work-shop. "Look," said the observer; "here is a machinist whose name is not on our list."—"Probably it was thought too small a concern for our purpose," said his companion.—"Nevertheless, let us try it," said Mr. Wolf.

They entered, and found at the desk a middle-aged man, whose somewhat grimy aspect and the apron round his waist showed that he divided his labors between the workshop and the counting-room. "We want to look over your works, if you have no objection," said Mr. Wolf.—"It will give me great pleasure to show you all there is to be seen," said the mechanic with a pleased alacrity, ringing a bell, and telling the boy who entered to take charge of the office.

He then led the way, and explained to the strangers the whole process of constructing a locomotive engine. He showed them how the various parts of the machinery were manufactured, and patiently answered all their questions. He told them of an improved mode of tubing boilers, by which the power of generating steam was increased, and showed with what care he provided for security from bursting.

Two hours passed rapidly away. The strangers were delighted with the intelligence displayed by the mechanic, and with his frank, attentive, and unsuspicious manners. "Here is a man who loves his profession so well, that he takes pleasure in explaining its mysteries to all who can understand them," thought Mr. Wolf.—"I am afraid we have given you a good deal of trouble," said the other stranger.—"Indeed, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your visit," said the mechanic, "and shall be glad to see you again."—"Perhaps you may," said Mr. Wolf; and the strangers departed.

Five months afterward, as the mechanic, whose means were quite limited, sat in his office, meditating how hard it was to get business by the side of such large establishments as were his competitors, the two strangers entered. He gave them a hearty welcome, handed chairs, and all sat down. "We come," said Mr. Wolf, "with a proposition to you from the Emperor of Russia to visit St. Petersburg."—"From the Emperor? Impossible!"—"Here are our credentials."—"But, gentlemen," said the now agitated mechanic, "what does

this mean? How have I earned such an honor?"

"Simply by your straightforward courtesy and frankness, combined with professional intelligence," said Mr. Wolf. "Because we were strangers, you did not think it necessary to treat us with distrust or coldness. You saw we were really interested in acquainting ourselves with your works, and you did not ask us, before extending to us your civilities, what letters of introduction we brought. You measured us by the spirit we showed, and not by the dignities we could have exhibited."

The mechanic visited St. Petersburg, and, soon afterward, removed his whole establishment there. He had imperial orders for as many locomotive engines as he could construct. He rose rapidly to opulence. He has lately returned to his own country, and is still receiving large returns from his Russian workshops. And all this prosperity grew out of his unselfish civility to two strangers, one of whom was the secret agent of the Czar of Russia!

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

I.

We often hear persons speak of "*an* use," "*an* union," etc. As properly might they say "*an* year." When *u* at the beginning of a word has the sound of *yoo*, we must treat it as a consonant, and use *a* instead of *an* before it. So in the word *one*, the vowel sound is preceded by the consonant sound of *w*, as if it were *wun*; and we might as properly say "*an* wonder" as say "*such an* one." Before words commencing with *h* silent *an* must be used; as "*an* hour," "*an* honest man," etc. Before words commencing with *h* aspirated we use *a*; as "*a* hope," "*a* high hill," "*a* humble cot," etc. Do we aspirate the *h* in *humble*? Yes. So say Webster and the most modern authorities.

II.

It is a common mistake to speak of "a disagreeable *effuvia*." The word is *effluvium* in the singular, and *effuvia* in the plural. A similar form should be observed

with *autom'aton*, *arca'num*, *erra'tum*, *pheno'menon*, *allu'verium*, and several other words which are less frequently used, and which change the *um* or *on* into *a*, to form the plural. In *memorandum* and *encomi-um*, usage has made it allowable to form the plural in the ordinary way, by the addition of *s*. We may say either *memorandum-s* or *memoranda*, *encomium-s* or *encomia*. A man, who should have known better, remarked, the other day, "I found but one *errata* in the book." *Erratum*, he should have said; one *erratum*, two or more *errata*.

III.

There is an awkwardness of speech prevalent among all classes of society in such sentences as the following: "He quitted his horse and got *on to* a stage-coach;" "He jumped from the counter *on to* the floor;" "She laid it *on to* a dish;" "I threw it *on to* the fire." Why use two prepositions where one would be quite as explicit, and far more elegant? Nobody, in the present day, would think of saying, "He came up to the city *for to* go to the exhibition,"—because the preposition *for* would be an awkward superfluity; so is *is to* in the examples given. There are some situations, however, in which the two prepositions may with propriety be employed, though they are never indispensable; as, "I accompanied such a one to Bridgeport, and then walked *on to* Fairfield." But here *two* motions are implied, the walking onward, and the reaching of a certain point.

IV.

There seems to be a natural tendency to deal in a redundancy of prepositions. Many people talk of "continuing *on*." I should be glad to be informed in what other direction it would be possible to *continue*.

V.

It is illiterate to put the preposition *of* after the adverb *off*; as, "The satin measured twelve yards before I cut this piece *off of* it;" "The fruit was gathered *off of* that tree;" "He fell *off of* the scaffolding."

VI.

There is an inaccuracy connected with the use of the disjunctive conjunctions *or* and *nor* by persons who speak in the following manner: "Henry or John *are* to go to the lecture;" "His son or his nephew *have* since put in *their* claim;" "Neither one nor the other *have* the least chance of success." The conjunctions disjunctive *or* and *nor* separate the objects in sense, as the conjunction copulative unites them; and as, by the use of the former, the things stand forth separately and singly to the comprehension, the verb or pronoun must be rendered in the singular number also; as, "Henry or John *is* to go to the lecture;" "His son or his nephew *has* since put in *his* claim;" "Neither one nor the other *has* the least chance of success."

VII.

Many people improperly substitute the disjunctive *but* for the comparative *than*; as, "The mind no sooner entertains any proposition, *but* it presently hastens to some hypothesis to bottom it *on*." — *Locke*. "No other resource *but* this was allowed him;" "My behavior," says she, "has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault *but* that of loving me too much." — *Spectator*.

VIII.

Sometimes a relative pronoun is used instead of a conjunction, in such sentences as the following: "I do not know but *what* I shall go to New York to-morrow;" instead of "I do not know but that," etc.

IX.

Never say "Cut it in half;" for this you can not do, unless you could annihilate one half. You may "cut it in two," or "cut it in halves," or "cut it through," or "divide it;" but no human ability will enable you to *cut it in half*.

X.

There are speakers who are *too refined* to use the past (or perfect) participle of the verbs "to drink," "to run," "to begin," etc., and substitute the *imperfect tense*;

thus, instead of saying, "I have *drunk*," "He has run," "They have begun," they say, "I have *drank*," "He has *ran*," "They have *began*," etc. Some of the dictionaries tolerate *drank* as a past participle; but *drunk* is unquestionably correct English. Probably it is from an unpleasant association with the word *drunk* that modern refinement has changed it to *drank*.

XI.

It is very easy to mistake the nominative when another noun comes between it and the verb, which is frequently the case in the use of the indefinite and distributive pronouns; as, "One of those houses *were* sold last week;" "Each of the daughters *are* to have a separate share;" "Every tree in those plantations *have* been injured by the storm;" "Either of the children *are* at liberty to claim it." Here it will be perceived that the pronouns "one," "each," "every," "either," are the true nominatives to the verbs; but the intervening noun in the plural number, in each sentence, deludes the ear; and the speaker, without reflection, renders the verb in the plural instead of the singular number. The same error is often committed when no second noun appears to plead an apology for the fault; as, "Everybody has a right to look after *their* own interest;" "Either *are* at liberty to claim it." This is the effect of pure carelessness.

XII.

There is another very common error, the reverse of the last-mentioned, which is that of rendering the adjective pronoun in the *plural* number instead of the singular, in such sentences as the following: "These kind of entertainments are not conducive to general improvement;" "Those sort of experiments are often dangerous." This error seems to originate in the habit which people insensibly acquire of supposing the prominent noun in the sentence (such as "entertainments" or "experiments") to be the noun qualified by the adjective "these" or "those;" instead of which, it

is "kind," "sort," or any word of that description *immediately following* the adjective, which should be so qualified, and the adjective must be made to agree with it in the singular number. We confess, it is not so agreeable to the ear to say "*This* kind of entertainments," "*That* sort of experiments;" but it would be easy to give the sentence a different form, and say "*Entertainments* of this kind;" "*Experiments* of that sort;" by which the requisitions of grammar would be satisfied, and those of euphony too.

Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. If our native language is worth studying, it is worth speaking well. *Youth* is the time for forming correct habits of speech.

EXTRACT FROM A PROLOGUE.

The following lines, from a prologue written for a private representation of a play, happily satirize the character of most stage representations. The lines are by Dr. O. W. Holmes, and appeared in the new *Atlantic Monthly* for December.

WHAT is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach
Pro means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.
'T is like the harper's prelude on the strings,
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings.

"The world 's a stage," — as Shakspeare said,
 one day;

The stage a world, was what he meant to say.
The outside world 's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here.
Here every foundling finds its lost mamma;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;

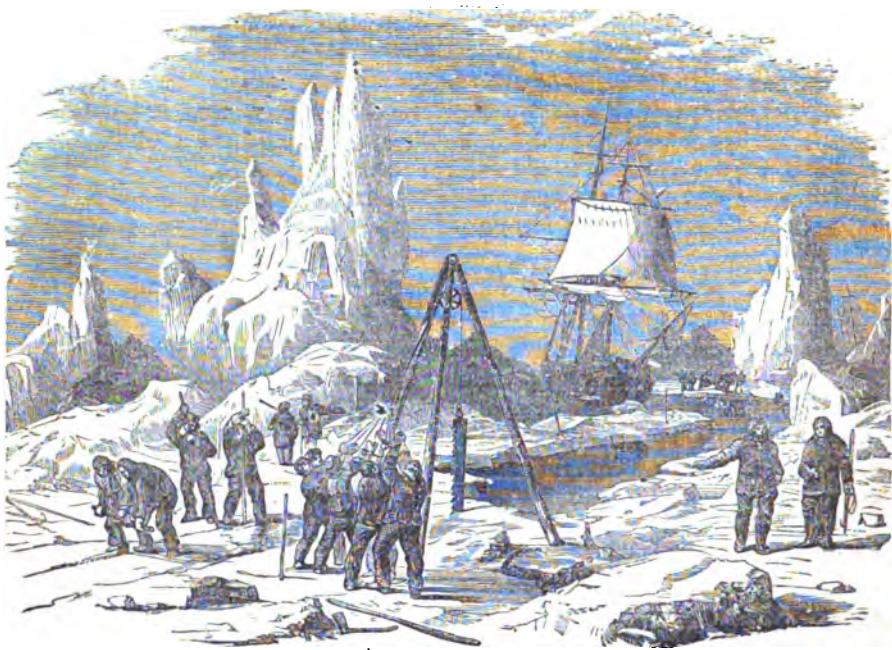
One after one, the troubles all are past,
Till the fifth act comes right side up, at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, so happy, at the curtain's fall!

— Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
When the lörn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy peach,
Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon
 her knees

On the green baize beneath the (canvas) trees,
See to her side avenging Valor fly: —

"Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Teraitor, yield or
die!"

— When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,
Clasps the young scapgrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, "My boy! My boy! My Boy!"



Sawing a Channel.

AN ARCTIC SCENE.

THE picture illustrates a scene in Parry's first Arctic exploration. Having sailed up Baffin's Bay and into Lancaster Sound, his ships *Hecla* and *Griper* reached the longitude of 110 degrees west on the 4th of September, 1819. They still pushed forward, but soon found their course arrested by an impenetrable barrier of ice. In the hope of overcoming it they waited nearly a fortnight, till, about the 20th, their situation became alarming. The young ice began rapidly to form on the surface of the waters, retarded only by winds and swells, so that Parry was convinced that in the event of a single hour's calm, he would be frozen up in the midst of the sea.

No option was therefore left but to return, and to choose between two apparently good harbors which had been recently passed on Melville Island. Not without difficulty Parry reached this place on the 24th, and decided in favor of the more western haven, as affording the fullest security; but it was necessary to cut his way

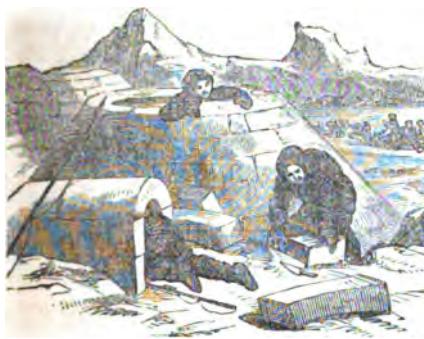
two miles through a field of ice which obstructed the entrance.

To effect this arduous operation, the seamen marked with boarding-pikes two parallel lines at the distance of somewhat more than the breadth of the larger ship. They then sawed, in the first place, along the path tracked out, and afterward, by cross-sawings, detached large pieces, which were separated diagonally, so as to be floated out; and sometimes boat-sails were fastened to them, to take the advantage of a favorable breeze.

After two days' hard work, the channel was cut, and the ships were floated through to within a cable's length from the beach of the island. Here Parry and his men passed the long and dreary Arctic winter. But when the thermometer was down to forty degrees, or even fifty degrees, below zero, the men could walk an hour or two on the ice without experiencing much inconvenience from the intense cold, provided always that there was no wind. The least breeze made the exposure intolerable. It was not till the month of August, 1820,

that Parry's ships were released from their icy fetters, and he set sail on his return to England.

In a second voyage made to the Arctic Sea by Parry, he encountered a number of Esquimaux, as the natives of these polar regions are called. He visited some of their snow-houses. Imagine a house in which no material is used but snow and ice! A low arched passage leads to a small circular apartment, the roof of which is a perfect arched dome. Here is a picture of an unfinished snow-house, and of the arched passage leading to another.



For Declamation.

VIRIATHUS TO THE LUSITANIANS.

Viriathus, a Lusitanian shepherd, having escaped the massacre of his people by the proconsul Galba in the year 150 B. C. (before Christ), roused and rallied round him his countrymen, and for eight years carried on a war disastrous to the Romans. At length Rome was humbled, and compelled to make peace; but she soon effected by treachery what she could not do by force. Assassins were hired, who murdered the brave Viriathus in his tent. Lusitania comprised the country now known as Portugal.

Pronounce *massacre*, mäss'a-ker; *wound*, woond; *none*, nün.

Who speaks of Roman pledges? Hear me, Lusitanians! Fresh from a spectacle of Roman perfidy, cowardice, barbarity, I can tell you a tale which will send the blood boiling in torrents of indignation to your hearts. Lured by the pledges of Sulpicius Galba, the Roman *pré'tor*, we descended, some thousands of us, from our mountain villages, with our wives and children, and gave up our arms, under a promise of receiving grants of land.

Fatal confidence! No sooner had we

parted with our weapons than the savage tyrant, the in'famous Galba, ordered a general massacre of our people. Brutally was the brutal order carried out. Old men, women, children, the gray-haired, the feeble, the unresisting, were slaughtered in cold blood, with every aggravation of cruelty. My own father, the aged Vir-i-a'thus, was stricken down at my side. I saw the wound on his venerable head, — the streaming, precious blood. With dying breath, " Fly," said he, " if not for life, for vengeance!"

That last word compelled me. I wrested from one of the coward murderers his reeking sword — hewed for myself a lane through the confounded soldiery — sprang on a fleet horse — escaped — and here I am, with my story of wrong and outrage. Well may ye clench your hands! O, let them not be empty! Let them close on the handles of your good blades! Rise, my countrymen! Throw off the yoke of Rome! Arm, and follow me to the field!

Who croaks to us of the power of Rome? The power of Rome lies in her audacity. She dares — and *does*! Let us imitate her in this. Do we not outnumber her legions ten to one? Have we not had enough of Roman extortion — of Roman perfidy? Let the name of Galba be the answer! Rome is an abyss which no treasures, wrung from plundered provinces, can fill up. Her *pré'tors* come, not to govern us justly and humanely, but to amass wealth for their private coffers, without scruple as to the means; and when we will not give up all our possessions, even to the poor means of subsistence we share with the beasts, then — then a perfidious massacre is the result.

Rome has driven us to the brink. We must turn upon her, or leap into the gulf. We will turn, my countrymen — shall we not? Why, a rat will turn, even against desperate odds, when he is cornered. And shall we — men, Lusitanians, the sons of brave sires and chaste mothers — shall we stand panic-struck while Roman ruffians slay and give no quarter — none even to our wives and little ones?

Ask ye for a leader ? I claim that office.
My claim is in my wrongs. Not one of all
my kindred has Rome spared. So now I
am all my country's—every sinew, every
pulse, every desire of my heart, and thought
of my brain;—devoted, body and soul, to
the utter extermination of Roman power
from the land. Arm, then, Lusitanians,
arm, and follow me !

Original.

cultivated in Hindostan are indigo, which
produces a blue dye known all over the
world ; and rice, which is the chief article
of food among the Hindoos. Both indigo
and rice are largely exported to Europe.

The wild animals of Hindostan are so
numerous that it would be impossible to
mention them all. The most remarkable
are the lion and tiger. This last, which,
from its size and beauty, is often called the
royal tiger, is so ferocious that it is an ob-
ject of the greatest dread to the inhabit-
ants. The elephant, which you know is
the largest and also the most sagacious of
quadrupeds, is common in India, and is
greatly prized by the rich Hindoos, who use
it to ride upon, and sometimes also as a
beast of burden.

The Hindoos are in many respects a
highly civilized nation, but they have many
barbarous customs, and are, generally
speaking, idolaters, with the exception of
some Mahometans, and of a very few who
have been converted to Christianity by mis-
sionaries.

The Hindoos are remarkable for being
divided into certain classes called *castes*,
which are hereditary : that is, each man
belongs to the caste of his parents. Each
of these has some religious rites of its own,
and even some kinds of food, which are
allowed to one caste, are forbidden to an-
other. Those of the higher castes look
down on those of the lower, as if they were
animals of a different species ; and in gen-
eral a Hindoo is much more attached to
his caste than to his country.

In person the Hindoos are slight and
graceful, with a complexion naturally
brown, but which, in those who are much
exposed to the sun, becomes almost black.
They are very simple in their way of liv-
ing ; rice and other vegetables chiefly con-
stitute their food, and the houses of all but
the richest people are merely composed of
bamboo canes and earth. They dress usu-
ally in long robes of cotton or muslin.

The manufactures of Hindostan are nu-
merous ; one of the most celebrated is that
of muslin, which is far superior even to that

THE WAR IN INDIA.

INDIA, or, as it is also called, Hin-dos-
tan', is separated from the table-land of
Thibet by the Himalaya Mountains. Some
of these stupendous mountains are among
the highest in the world. A peak to which
no name has yet been given has been re-
cently found to be twenty-nine thousand
and two feet above the sea-level ; so that
this peak is higher, by eight hundred and
forty-six feet, than the mountain usually
set down in school geographies as the high-
est in the world.

The rivers of Hindostan are not less re-
markable than its mountains. The most
famous is the Ganges, which takes its rise
in the snow of the Himalayas, and flows
across the vast low plains of Bengal, re-
ceiving numerous tributaries in its course.
These, during the rainy season, inun'date
the whole country, and convert it into a
vast lake, extending for hundreds of miles
in every direction. Boats are then seen
sailing through the rice-fields, in which the
ears of rice appear above the waters.
Nearly the whole sea-coast of Bengal con-
sists of extensive salt-marshes, formed by
the Ganges, which enters the sea by eight
mouths. On one of them stands Calcutta,
the capital of British India.

Hindostan abounds in immense forests,
which contain a great variety of trees.
One of the most remarkable is the teak-
tree, much used in building ships ; its leaves
are a foot and a half in length. But few
Indian trees are so curious or so valuable
as the palm, of which there are several
species.

The plants which are most extensively

produced in England. The Indian shawls are also remarkable for their beauty.

The population of India subject to or dependent on the British sway amounts to nearly one hundred and fifty millions. The British East India Company first obtained a footing in India about the year 1611; and by a succession of wars the English established their dominion over the native authorities, and became masters of the immense territory. They took into their service some two hundred thousand native soldiers, known as Sepoys.

In the summer of 1857 great numbers of these Sepoys mutinied, and committed horrible cruelties, even murdering women and children. At Cawnpore, on the Gangea, the English garrison surrendered under a solemn promise from Nena Sahib, the Hindoo leader, that they should be dismissed in safety. But no sooner had the ruthless Hindoo obtained possession of the city, than the English soldiers were put to death, with hardly an exception, and the women and children were made prisoners, and afterward massacred. The English have since retaken Cawnpore, and retaliated fearfully on the natives.

The war in India was still going on in the autumn of 1857; but the English were recovering possession of the country, and punishing the insurgents. The great city of Delhi, on the western bank of the River Jumna, in which a native king resided, and which was the head-quarters of the rebellion, was recaptured, on the 20th of September, by the English, after hard fighting, in which they lost more than a thousand men. The old King of Delhi, said to be ninety years of age, surrendered, and his life was spared; but two of his sons and a grandson were captured and shot.

The ugliest feature of war is, that it makes those who retaliate as savage as those who give provocation. At Cawnpore the English seventy-eighth regiment put to death not fewer than ten thousand people. At Dinapore some of the Sepoys who, at great personal risk, had remained faithful to the English, and refused to march with

the mutinous regiment, were killed by the Queen's tenth regiment, simply because they were countrymen of the insurgents. Such is war! Innocent and guilty must suffer alike; and all that is good and generous in human nature must be shocked by atrocities worthy of fiends.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

We have spoken in the preceding article of the war in British India. Lucknow is a large city on the bank of the River Goomty. It was garrisoned by British troops in the summer of 1857, and besieged by the native mutineers, in a largely outnumbering force. On the 25th of September the garrison was relieved. The *London Times* of November 14th, 1857, has the following eloquent account of the event :

The invincible fortitude of the garrison of Lucknow, and the intrepid resolution by which its relief was at last accomplished, will bear a comparison with the most famous examples of history. Seldom, indeed, if ever, has a siege been sustained on such terrible terms. The little band of Britons within the weak defenses of the Residency were not holding out for a point of honor, or a maxim of military punctilio. Theirs were no civilized or chivalrous enemies, content to gain possession of the place, and ready to accord generous treatment after a brief discussion of conditions. What they fought for was not the right of marching out with colors flying, or retaining their side-arms, or preserving their baggage. They knew — knew from evidence before their eyes — that in the surging swarms of rebels around them every man was thirsting for their blood, and that the moment of their expiring strength, when at length it might come, would deliver them, their wives, and their children, into the gripe of miscreants whose least atrocity would be murder.

With this dreadful prospect incessantly before them, they endured to the very end, though how human minds or mortal bodies could support such a strain appears impossible to conceive. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the long-looked-for relief was delayed, prevented, intercepted, or driven back; and in its stead

there arrived only the ghastly news of massacres and butcheries foreshadowing their own. When, at last, the Cawnpore column actually advanced to the rescue, the work proved beyond its strength; and no wonder, for the road before it was nothing less than one continuous field of battle fifty miles long. Still the heroic garrison held out, availing itself of every chance and resource which events permitted, and fortifying itself on its little raft of safety, although the friendly sail had appeared in sight only to disappear again.

At length the fatal moment was approaching, for the rebels had succeeded in undermining the weak defenses of the place, and a few hours more would have blown into the air the slender cover of the garrison, and left our countrymen and country-women exposed to the diabolical barbarities of the fiends around them. Providentially, at this supreme moment, the relief was approaching too. Undismayed by the aspect of a kingdom in arms against them, General Havelock and his comrades once more crossed the river to fight their way to Lucknow, and this time victoriously. They carried every hostile position by storm, hewed their passage through the rebel masses up to the very walls of the Residency, and snatched their countrymen from the indescribable horrors of their impending fate. For the whole work they had but two thousand five hundred men, and of these one fifth were struck down in battle.

A MAGPIE AT CHURCH.

THE following story, which was communicated to *Fraser's London Magazine* by a clergyman, proves the truth of the Rev. Sidney Smith's observation, that, whatever powers of oratory a parson may have, all command over the attention of his audience is at once lost when a bird makes its appearance in the church. Such, certainly, was the case with Jack, a magpie, well known in a village in the county of Kent, in England, for his mischievous propensities, and who entered the village church in the afternoon of Sunday, July 25th, 1852, during the time of divine service.

Our friend hopped quietly in at the open door, and, for a time, surveyed the congregation, recognizing many a friend who was wont to greet him with words of kindness

and familiarity; but on this occasion Jack was surprised at finding that no notice was taken of him. At last he seemed determined that he would not be thus overlooked, and down the middle aisle he marched, knocking at the door of each pew, and announcing his arrival to the inmates, with a clear, loud, "Here am I." This move had the desired effect, for in a very few moments every eye was turned upon our hero.

The worthy parson, finding himself in a decided minority, and perceiving broad grins coming over the before solemn faces of his flock, at once stopped the service, and desired the clerk to eject the intruder. But the order was more easily given than executed. Jack was determined not to leave, and so, finding himself pursued, took refuge in a forest of legs belonging to his young friends, the school-children, who did not appear at all unwilling to afford him shelter.

The clerk rushed on, intent upon catching the enemy, and putting an end to this unorthodox proceeding; and over, first a bench, and then a child, he stumbled, in his attempts to pounce upon the fugitive, who easily evaded his grasp, and always appeared just where the clerk was not, informing him ever and anon of his whereabouts by the old cry, "Here am I." At last, with the help of two or three of the congregation who had joined in the pursuit, a capture was effected, and Jack was ignominiously turned out, and the door closed upon him.

After the lapse of a few minutes, order and solemnity were restored in the church; and the prayers were commenced and ended without further disturbance. The parson, in due time, ascended to the pulpit. He gave out his text, and commenced a discourse calculated, no doubt, to be of much benefit to his hearers; but he had not proceeded far when he was interrupted by a loud noise, accompanied by rapping at the little window at the back of the pulpit.

Turning round to ascertain the cause, he beheld our friend Jack pecking away at

the window, flapping his wings against it, and screaming, at the top of his voice, "Here am I! here am I!" — a fact which no one could gainsay, or resist laughing at. The worthy parson, finding his own gravity, and that of his congregation, so entirely upset by what had occurred, brought his sermon to a speedy conclusion, and dismissed the congregation. Sentence of death was recorded against the offender, but, upon the petition of a number of the parishioners, it was commuted to banishment for life from the precincts of the church. Such is the story of friend Jack.

OUR LANGUAGE. — Dictionary English is something very different not only from common colloquial English, but even from that of ordinary written composition. Instead of about forty thousand words, there is probably no single author in the language from whose works, however voluminous, so many as ten thousand words could be collected. Of the forty thousand words there are certainly many more than one half that are only employed, if they are ever employed at all, on the rarest occasions. We should any of us be surprised to find, if we counted them, with how small a number of words we manage to express all that we have to say either with our lips, or even with the pen. Our common literary English probably hardly extends to ten thousand words; our common spoken English, hardly to five thousand. And the proportion of native or home-grown words is undoubtedly very much higher in both the five thousand and the ten thousand than it is in the forty thousand. Perhaps, of the thirty thousand words, or thereabouts, standing in the dictionaries, that are very rarely or never used, even in writing, between twenty thousand and twenty-five thousand may be of French or Latin extraction. If we assume twenty-two thousand five hundred to be so, that will leave five thousand Teutonic words in common use; and in our literary English, taken at ten thousand words, those that are non-Roman will thus amount to about one half.

Of that half, four thousand words may be current in our spoken language, which will therefore be genuine English for four fifths of its entire extent. It will consist of about four thousand Gothic and one thousand Roman words. — *Dublin University Magazine.*

MR. MACAULAY'S MEMORY. — A story, says the London correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, illustrating Mr. Macaulay's tenacious memory and happy application of quotations, is mentioned in literary circles here. At a breakfast recently given at the house of a distinguished authoress, Lord Carlisle and Mr. Macaulay were present. The conversation happened to turn on the catastrophe which occurred some three months ago in Tottenham Court Road, by the falling down of three houses, which buried the inmates in the ruins. The lady, who in her youth professed deism, but who in her senility has degenerated into a sort of atheist, took occasion to talk in a most reprehensible strain with reference to this particular event, to the great discomfort, if not disgust, of the historian. He endured the infliction for a while; but at last, turning to Lord Carlisle, with a ludicrously piteous expression of countenance, he repeated the lines:

"Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead."

The lines are in Johnson's now almost forgotten poem of "London."

HAVE MERCY ON THE CHILDREN. — Children's wills govern too much. If they do not choose to go to bed, they sit up; if they choose certain articles of food, they must have them, parents forgetting that instinct is no safe guide in a child, whatever it may be in an animal. So we see them, in their delicate organization, keeping late hours when they should go to bed with the birds; sleeping often in warm and lighted rooms when they should be cold and dark; and eating hot bread, pudding, and cake, and drinking hot tea and coffee, to the infinite detriment of nerves and stomach.

The injury done can never be repaid; as a machine, if imperfectly constructed at first, can never be made to turn faultlessly.

This is the secret. Parents should know that instinct is no safe guide to a child, particularly when the child is surrounded on all sides with poisonous delicacies. To ask a child at a modern table what it will have, and give it what it asks for, merely because it asks for it, is a very common practice. But it is as foolish as common. Have mercy on the children.—*N. Y. Independent.*

BREVITIES.

HOW TO RUIN YOUR HEALTH.—Punch gives the following rules for ruining your health: 1st, Stop in bed late; 2d, Eat hot suppers; 3d, Turn day into night, night into day; 4th, Take no exercise; 5th, Always ride when you can walk; 6th, Never mind about wet feet; 7th, Have half a dozen doctors; 8th, Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th, Try every new quack; 10th, If that does n't kill you, quack yourself.

A JOKE.—A fellow stole a saw, and on his trial told the judge that he only took it in joke. “How far did you carry it?” asked the judge.—“Two miles,” answered the prisoner.—“Ah! that's carrying a joke too far!” remarked the judge, and the prisoner got three months' unrequited labor.

BY HOOK OR CROOK.—A fisherman being somewhat unsuccessful in his calling, turned shepherd, averring that he'd make a living “by hook or crook.”

NOT EXACTLY.—“Have you been much at sea?”—“Why, no, *not exactly*; but my brother married an admiral's daughter.”—“Were you ever abroad?”—“No, *not exactly*; but my mother's maiden name was ‘French.’”

REDUNDANCES IN SPEECH.—“They are *united together*” should be “They are *united*.” “I shall *fall down*” should be “I shall *fall*:” *down* is superfluous. You do not *lift up*; “to *lift up*” should be “to *lift*;” you can not *lift* a thing *down*.

PROVIDING FOR A RAINY DAY.—“Why have you not brought back the umbrella you borrowed of me, Sam?”—“Because father always told me to lay up something for a rainy day.”

A PUZZLER.—A little friend of ours, a few days ago, while coming down stairs, was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: “Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?”

THE GOLDEN RULE.—“Would you like me to give you a shilling?” asked a little boy of a gentleman in the street.—“To be sure, I would,” was the reply.—“Very well, then,” said the boy; “do unto others as you would others should do unto you.”

PHONOTYPY IMPROVED.—A lazy fellow, named Jack Hole, living near Covington, has adopted a way of spelling his name which throws Phonotypy clear into the shade. He makes a big “J,” and then thrusts his pen through the paper for the “Hole.”

PREFERENCE.—To a fond mother, whose children were at the time making themselves disagreeable, a gentleman observed, “I have a decided preference for bad children, madam.”—“How strange!—and, pray, for what reason?” said she.—“Because they are always sent out of the room.”

APOLOGY-MAKING.—Dr. Franklin, we are told, once had a servant who was never in the wrong. At last, the devices to which the servant resorted to cover up his deficiencies became too much for the philosopher. “My good friend,” was his final reply, “you and I must part. I never knew a man who was good at an excuse to be good at any thing else.”

CANDOR.—A scholar, a little boy in the Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, on being asked a question which he was not prepared to answer, thought for a minute, then wrote on his slate, “Short of information on the subject.” How many might learn from this child!

The School Monthly.

WITH this issue we introduce the *SCHOOL MONTHLY* to teachers and pupils, schools and families. It starts with a large circulation, amply sufficient to insure its continuance. Our subscribers and agents are in all parts of the United States; and we shall aim to make the work an agreeable and useful medium of communication for the advancement of all the widely-extended school interests of our common country.

Most of the periodical publications devoted to the cause of education in the United States are, it is no disparagement to say, limited in their circulation to the State in which they are issued. The present work, comprehending in the class to which it appeals every family which sends a single member to school, as well as every teacher in a school or academy, and being the organ of no local organizations, will reach, we hope, intelligent minds in every part of the Union, and thus enable us to communicate on educational subjects with an almost unlimited number of interested readers. The advantages of a work thus general and extended in its aims, and forming as it were a bond of union between members of the same fraternity separated by great distances, must be obvious.

Although, bearing in mind that we are to be read by the young as well as the adult, we shall deal more in facts and images than in speculations, we still hope to find room for much that shall prove suggestive and valuable to the earnest and inquiring teacher. We ask the coöperation of all such in extending the circulation and consequent means of usefulness of the *School Monthly*: for our object will always be to elevate the schoolmaster's vocation still higher in the public esteem, and to make it at once less burthensome and more remunerative, in making it more generally appreciated.

Do readers sufficiently regard the importance of referring to a dictionary to satisfy themselves in respect to the pronunciation of words? We know a young gentleman, ambitious to be thought a notable elocutionist, and especially proud of his distinct enunciation, who sounds the vowel in the last syllable of such words as *heaven*, *even*, *given*, *basin*, *frozen*, *cousin*, *reason*, &c. To both the *t* and the *e* in *often*, *hasten*, *chasten*, he gives especial prominence. Now, if this young gentleman would take the trouble to consult any good dictionary of the English language, he would find that in all these words the second vowel is unsounded; and that in *often*, *chasten*, *hasten*, the *t* also is unsounded. In regard to certain words in which the vowel sound ought

to be preserved in the unaccented syllables, as in *satin*, *certain*, *bridal*, *idol*, *medal*, *model*, *mental*, *fatal*, *gravel*, *travel*, *sudden*, &c., the same young gentleman is not equally particular. He often makes these words degenerate into *sat'n*, *cert'n*, &c.

Sometimes the pronunciation of a word, with which we may think we are perfectly familiar, will prove, on reference to the dictionary, to be quite different from what we supposed. An eminent American writer, in a recent poem, makes *distiches* rhyme with *breeches*. His dictionary, if not his Greek, would have told him that the *ch* in *distiches* (not *distiches*) has the sound of *k*. A recent orator spoke of the remarks of a political opponent as *jibberish*. He meant *gibberish*, the *g* in which word has the hard sound it has in *give*. He also spoke of *magna charta*, giving the *ch* the sound it has in *chin*, instead of the sound of *k*. Even such common words as *been*, *again*, *against*, *none*, *nothing*, &c., are often mispronounced by persons who ought to know better.

We find the following just remarks on *extemporaneous speaking* in a report of a lecture before the Massachusetts Teachers' Association, by Homer B. Sprague, Esq., of Worcester, at their meeting at Fall River, on the 24th of November, 1857:

"There cannot be much good extemporaneous speaking. What seems so is the utterance of what is dear and long cherished, and so is not extemporaneous. The highest eloquence has for its basis the highest and sincerest labor. The moment a talker ceases to be a doer, his words are chaff, and ought to be. In the glittering firmament of American greatness, Washington, the silent Washington, shines like the moon among lesser fires, for his deeds are more eloquent than words. Words are only valuable when they become deeds. When Chatham said, 'I rejoice that America has resisted,' that was the highest deed. To become truly eloquent, the first, last, constant aim must be to ennoble life in some good cause."

It will be seen that we have adopted the plan of liberally illustrating the *School Monthly*. On this subject of pictures we are disposed to agree with the *Newark Advertiser*, which calls for *more pictures and fewer words*, and says: "We never read long, prosy descriptions, or even spirited sketches of old fashions, of antiquities, buildings, and curious objects of nature and art, but we say, why not give us a drawing of it? Let us only see the picture, though ever so rough, and we shall get a better idea of the thing than by all your verbiage, brilliant or dull, and in a quarter of the time too. What's more, it will last ten times longer. One does not easily forget

what he sees, but what he only hears about is apt to pass into one ear and out of the other. The present style of illustrating books and newspapers is therefore founded in good sense. A great deal of information is thus easily acquired, and as easily remembered." We have in the hands of engravers some very spirited designs for the embellishment of future numbers. We shall endeavor to make this department of our magazine of a character to elevate the taste for art among our youthful readers.

In a recent speech in London Mr. Charles Dickens spoke of the schools he liked, and of those he did not like. Of a school which he once attended, "the respected proprietor of which was by far the most ignorant man he ever had the pleasure to know," he said: "I do not like that sort of school, because I never yet lost my ancient suspicion touching that curious coincidence that *the boy with four brothers to come always got the prizes.*" Of a school which he did like, he said: "It is a place of education where, while the beautiful history of the Christian religion is daily taught, and while the life of that Divine Teacher who himself took little children on his knees is daily studied, no sectarian ill-will or narrow human dogma is permitted to darken the face of the clear heaven which they disclose."

WE fear that the importance to the future welfare of the young of cultivating a taste for literature and scientific pursuits is not enough considered. Most of our youth enter very early in life upon business, when, if they have formed no decided tastes for more purely intellectual occupations, they are likely to be absorbed in the excitements of traffic, or to give their leisure to less blameless recreations than those they could win from a good book. How often do we meet with men who, having given the best part of their lives to making money, find themselves, when the pecuniary object is gained, utterly destitute of those resources that minister to content! In the midst of a well-selected library they are as much at a loss as was *Æsop's hen* when she discovered a pearl, and wished it had been a grain of wheat. Even horticulture and agriculture have no charms for them; and they must continue in business, long after there is need of it, merely for the sake of the employment necessary to their peace of mind.

A striking illustration of the insufficiency of those faculties exercised in money-getting to provide for mental health and contentment, is afforded in the case of the great English millionaire, Morrison, who died in November, 1857, worth twenty millions of dollars. He accumu-

lated this almost fabulous amount himself, and in the regular course of his business, without any extraordinary turn of fortune; yet the following extract from a letter in the *Boston Post* shows how little benefit he permitted himself to receive from all his wealth. "What a satire it is," remarks a contemporary, "upon the exclusive devotion of all the faculties to the mere accumulation of property!"

"Mr. Morrison retired from active business several years since, without withdrawing his capital from the mercantile house; and, though managing his vast funds himself up to the time of his death with all the sagacity of earlier days, he has for the past three years been possessed with the idea that he should come to want. More than two years ago he commenced doing day labor upon a farm held by one of his tenants, for which he received twelve shillings a week, and this he continued up to the time of his illness. For the last eighteen months he has been a regular applicant for relief to the parish, assembling twice a week with the town paupers at the door of the 'Union,' and receiving with each one of them his two shillings and a quartern loaf. His friends have indulged him in these fancies on the ground that it was the best choice of two evils. The truth was, money was his god; and the idea became at last too great for him, and broke him down. And yet he is said to have made a most judicious will, and his investments up to the last are characterized by good sense. The probate duty on his will exceeds £100,000."

In developing and encouraging those faculties that find their enjoyment in acquaintance with the treasures of a pure literature, of poetry, science, art, and in the invigorating pursuits of agriculture and all out-of-door occupations, we hope to make the SCHOOL MONTHLY eminently useful to the young in more ways than one. While we shall present many suitable exercises in declamation and reading, we shall bear in mind that to inculcate a taste for letters that may last through life, a resource at all times, and a joy and an ornament in old age, is no small point gained in education.

WE have received from publishers a number of juvenile works appropriate to the season. The Messrs. Harper have concluded their series of monthly story-books by Abbott, one of the most popular modern writers for the young. From the Messrs. Appleton we have several neatly-illustrated volumes; among them a life of Peter the Great, which will be a welcome contribution to youthful libraries. The new edition of Bryant's Poems is superbly printed and embellished. The catalogue of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co. contains a list of several charming volumes for young persons. Notwithstanding the hard times, there will be no lack of holiday gift-books.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

No. II.—FEBRUARY, 1858.—VOL. I.



Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean.

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

ONE of the most interesting events in the history of America is the discovery of the Pacific Ocean from the hills of Darien, by Bal-bo'a. In the year 1510, this distinguished adventurer had succeeded in establishing a small colony on the Gulf of Darien; and in the course of two years he found himself sufficiently well settled to levy a tribute of gold upon the neighboring native tribes. From one of the chiefs he heard of the existence of another ocean at a short distance, and of a powerful country

on its shore, whence were derived those precious metals for which the Spaniards were so anxiously seeking.

Transported with joy, Balboa imagined that this might be the India of Columbus, and immediately set about his preparations for the journey. This was the first intimation the Spaniards had obtained relative to the Pacific Ocean and the opulent territory of Peru. Having secured the friendship of several native chiefs, and procured a reinforcement of volunteers, Balboa set out on his expedition, which, from the difficulties

to be encountered, was the most adventurous that had yet been undertaken by the Spaniards in the New World.

The portion of the isthmus which these hardy veterans were about to cross was not much more than sixty miles in breadth, but was beset with obstacles and dangers. Those persons who now traverse this tract of country, at their ease, in comfortable railroad-cars, can hardly realize the extent of the obstacles in Balboa's time. Yet, in spite of them all, Balboa pushed on, sharing with his meanest follower the fatigues of the dreadful journey, where mountain, forest, torrent, famine, treachery, climate, and disease, were combined to arrest him, for twenty-six weary days, when he learned from his Indian guides that from the summit of the next mountain the object of his wishes would be visible.

This was on the 29th of September, 1513. The party toiled up the ascent with more alacrity than they had displayed for some time past; and when near the summit Balboa commanded them to pause whilst he proceeded alone to the top, that he might be the first to behold the promised wonders. On reaching the highest peak, all the grandeur of the scene burst upon his view. At his feet lay hill, wood, and valley—a picture of splendor and confusion; and before him spread the placid waters of the Pacific Ocean, stretching into space, and blending with the sky in all the beauty and softness of a southern atmosphere.

Affected at the sight, Balboa fell upon his knees and thanked the Almighty for having made him the instrument of revealing to the civilized world these immense regions. He then cut down a large tree, and, depriving it of its branches, erected a cross upon a heap of stones, and wrote the names of Ferdinand and Isabella on the trunks of several trees round about.

Descending with his companions to the sea-shore, Balboa, in full armor, having in one hand his sword, and in the other the standard of Castile, stood upon the sand until, the tide ascending, the water reached his knees. He then said, in a loud voice,

"Long live the high and powerful King and Queen of Castile! In their names I take possession of these seas and regions; and if any other prince, either Christian or Pagan, should pretend to have any claim or right to them, I am ready to oppose him, and to defend the right of their lawful possessors." A notary then registered this act, by which the Spaniards considered themselves to be the lawful possessors of all that country.

It was at a gulf to the east of Pan-a-ma that the ceremony was performed. Many of the followers of Balboa distinguished themselves on this expedition by their courage and endurance; none more so than young Pizarro, whose name was afterward associated with the history of the southern continent of America.

The intelligence of Balboa's discovery excited a sensation in Spain second only to that caused by the discovery of America. The great object which had so long occupied the imagination of the nautical men of Europe, and formed the purpose of the last voyage of Columbus, the discovery of a communication with the far western ocean, was accomplished.

THE QUARREL OF THE AUTHORS.

Enter BAVIUS and MEVIUS, meeting.

Bavius. Sir, I'm proud to have met you; long have I known your productions, and wished them (how often!) my own. Your verses have beauties in none other found.

Mevius. In yours, sir, the Loves and the Graces abound.

Ba. Your phrases are neat, your style charmingly light.

Me. We find the pathetic in all that you write.

Ba. How sweet your Bu-col'ics! how tender and true! The-o'-ri-tus, surely, was nothing to you.

Me. Your odes have a noble and elegant vein, that even old Horace could never attain.

Ba. Can any thing equal your love-ditties rare?

Me. Can aught with your wonderful sonnets compare?

Ba. If the public could estimate half of your worth —

Me. If merit now met its due honors on earth —

Ba. You would roll through the streets in a carriage of gold.

Me. Every square in the city your statue would hold.— Hem! this ballad of mine (*unrolling a manuscript*) — your opinion upon it. I should like to —

Ba. Pray, sir, have you met with a sonnet on the meeting of Congress —

Me. A sonnet? — Just so. 'T was read at a party, a few nights ago.

Ba. Do you know who's the author?

Me. I know not — nor care; for 't is an exceedingly trifling affair.

Ba. Yet many admire it — or so they tell me.

Me. No matter for that — it's as bad as can be. And if *you* had but seen it, sir, you'd think so too.

Ba. Dear sir, I am sorry to differ from you; but I hold that its merit must every one strike.

Me. May the Muses preserve me from making the like!

Ba. (angrily). I maintain that a better the world can not show: for *I* am the author — yes, *I*, you must know.

Me. You?

Ba. I.

Me. Well, I wonder how that came to pass.

Ba. I had the bad luck not to please you, alas!

Me. Perhaps there was something distracted my head; or else the man spoiled it, so badly he read. But here is my ballad, concerning which, I —

Ba. The days of the ballad, methinks, are gone by; 't is very old-fashioned, and out of date quite.

Me. Yet, even now, many in ballads delight.

Ba. No matter; I think them decidedly flat.

Me. You think them! Perhaps they're no worse, sir, for that.

Ba. For pedants, indeed, they have charms beyond measure.

Me. And yet we perceive that they give *you* no pleasure.

Ba. You give others qualities found but in *you*.

Me. You call others names that are justly *your* due. Go, blotter of foolscap! contemptible creature!

Ba. Go, scribbler of sonnets, and butcher of meter!

Me. Go, impudent plagiariſt! Pedant, get out!

Ba. Go, rascal! Be careful! mind what you're about!

Me. Go, go! Strip your writings of each borrowed plume; let the Greeks and the Latins their beauties resume.

Ba. Go, you, and ask pardon of Venus and Bacchus, for your lame imitations of jolly old Flaccus.

Me. Remember your book's insignificant sale.

Ba. Remember your bookseller driven to jail.

Me. My pen shall avenge me — to your great disaster.

Ba. And mine shall let *you* know, sir, who is your master.

Me. I defy you in verse, prose, Latin, and Greek!

Ba. You shall hear from me, sir, in the course of the week.

Imitated from Molière.

For Declamation.

THE PRINCIPLE OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY ROBERT J. WALKER.

The following passage is from a speech by the Hon. Robert J. Walker, Governor of Kansas, at the dinner of the St. Nicholas Society in New York, Dec. 7th, 1857. — Pronounce *inchoate* (meaning begun, but not completed) *in'ko-ate*.

LET US EVER REMEMBER, GENTLEMEN, THAT THIS AMERICAN UNION OF OURS IS THE BEST, THE BRIGHTEST, PERHAPS THE LAST EXPERIMENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT. AND AS IT SHALL BY US BE MAINTAINED AND PERPETUATED, OR BROKEN

and dissolved, so shall the light of liberty shine upon the hopes of mankind, or be forever extinguished amid the scoffs of exulting tyrants, and the groans of a worldly bondage.

But, gentlemen, let us also recollect that there is a great principle which lies at the base of the American Union — that principle for which our forefathers fought through the war of the Revolution, and for which we, their descendants, have contended, from that period down to the present moment, to maintain. That principle, which not only lies at the basis of that Union, but at the basis of all our institutions, is the principle of self-government. It is the principle that the people, in every State of this Union, and in those inchoate States which, emerging from territorial pupilage, begin to ascend into the constellation of American States, when they form their first constitutions shall, with you, the youngest and the eldest of the American States, enjoy the principle of self-government.

It is a principle, gentlemen, older than the American Union. It is the principle which led to the American Union. For, as to each one of the colonies that subsequently became American States, it is the very principle for which the colonists contended, and which induced them to separate from the mother country upon a question involving, not many dollars and cents, but simply a small tax on tea, that scarcely touched the pocket of a single individual; but, small as the question of money was, the principle was deep, was fundamental, was eternal. The principle for which they contended, and which led to that revolution, was the principle of self-government.

And, gentlemen, permit me to say that the moment when in any one of the States of this Union — either the States now existing or the States inchoate — this principle is in the slightest degree departed from, that moment will introduce the period when will be stricken down the fundamental principles of the American government — the principles which led us to that revolution: and then will have been made the first, and

I fear the last step back to monarchy and despotism. As to myself, then, gentlemen, for that great principle I have contended all my life; for that principle I have lived, and, God willing, if necessary, for that principle I am ready to die!

HOW TO FILL A THERMOMETER.

THE thermometer, as its name indicates, is a *heat-measurer*. It may be that the only peculiarity in a thermometer, as seen by an ordinary pair of eyes, is the existence of quicksilver in a hollow tube of glass, without an orifice. There is a tradition that George the Third of England never could understand by what means the apple got into the apple-dumpling.

The action of the thermometer is referable to the expansion of bodies by heat, and their contraction by cold. In constructing the common thermometer, we must first of all obtain a length of thermometer-tube possessing an equal bore throughout, and quite dry. One end of the tube is next to be fused in a blowpipe flame, and blown into a bulb.

The bulb and about a fourth of the tube are next to be filled with purified quicksilver; but how is that operation to be performed, the aperture of the tube being so small that quicksilver can not be poured in? The operation of filling is, like many other things, simple enough when a person knows the way to do it; which is as follows:

The open end of the tube is plunged into a vessel of mercury, and a spirit-lamp flame



applied to the bulb, by which treatment the air, expanding, forces its way down through

the stem of the tube, and out through the mercury in the wine-glass, or other receiving vessel. The source of heat now being removed, a partial vacuum occurs in the bulb, and mercury rises, taking the place of the air which had been expelled. By this treatment the thermometer-bulb becomes partially filled with mercury, not *completely* filled, however; therefore the operation of heating must be repeated, which causes the mercury to boil, and to expand into vapor, and the latter, escaping down through the open tube, carries with it the remaining portion of atmospheric air.

The flame being now removed, mercury will take the place of the vapor previously expelled. We only require the stem of the thermometer-tube to be about one third filled, however; therefore the superabundant portion must be chased away by heating the bulb. The desired portion of mercury having at length been retained, the next stage of manufacture consists in expelling all the air from the stem, and fusing its extremity.

These two effects are produced by an operation easy enough to describe, but requiring a little address to perform. The operator begins by drawing out the end of the tube into a somewhat delicate point, without destroying the aperture, so that, although pointed, it still remains a tube. He now heats the bulb in a spirit-lamp flame, and exactly at the instant when the mercury has expanded to the very extremity of the point, he melts the latter in a blowpipe jet, and thus, if successful, cuts off all communication between the mercury within and the air without.

It remains now to graduate the thermometer, and this involves the necessity of discovering two fixed points of known temperature between which the tube may be divided by a scale of equal parts. The scale invented by Fahrenheit, a German, who died in the year 1740, is generally used in this country.

"But you have spoken of quicksilver as being used in the manufacture of thermometers," a reader may perhaps say to him-

self; "whereas, I have occasionally seen a spirit thermometer. Why is this?" I will inform the reader. Mercury freezes somewhere about forty degrees below Fahrenheit's zero, and when frozen it is clearly unadapted for being the expansive agent in thermometers. Of course, then, we could not employ mercurial thermometers for indicating very low degrees of cold—not the cold of arctic regions, for example. What are we to do in the latter case? Why, spirit of wine (alcohol) has never yet been frozen by any amount of cold; the instrument-maker, therefore, occasionally employs that liquid.

On the other hand, the boiling point of mercury is somewhat above six hundred degrees of Fahrenheit's scale; consequently, a mercurial thermometer, if long enough in the stem, may be used for indicating temperatures up to that degree, whereas spirit of wine boils at about one hundred and eighty degrees of Fahrenheit's scale, considerably below the boiling point of water; whence it follows that the use of spirit thermometers for upward temperatures is limited.

A TOUGH STORY.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

RUDOLPH, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-
browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lighted with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream;
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
"Why strik'st thou not? Perform thy murder-
ous act,"
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly
cracked.)
"Friend, I have struck," the artist straight re-
plied;
"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."
He held his snuff-box,—"Now, then, if you
please!"
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled—bowled along the floor,
Bounced down the steps. The prisoner said no
more.

Original.

THE THIEF OF TIME.

Two chairs on the stage. MR. FLUENT discovered seated. He has a manuscript and a pencil.

Fluent. There! That will do for the winding up. If this speech does n't astonish my political friends, and gain me the nomination for Congress, then is eloquence no longer a power in the land. (*Rises.*) But I flatter myself this is the thing. (*Looks at his watch.*) Only half an hour before the meeting! I must make the most of my time. (*Paces the stage, studying and gesticulating; then declaims aloud.*) "Never, sir, in the history of this republic, has an act of such unmitigated atrocity been attempted. If the ruling party—if the ruling party—(*Looks at manuscript*)—if the ruling party, I say, shall persist in carrying out this outrage on the liberties of the country, let me tell them that the spirit of Seventy-six is not yet so dormant—so dormant—(*Looks at MS.*)—in the breasts—that the spirit of Seventy-six—"

Enter MR. LOUNGE.

Lounge (applauding). That's it! Don't forget the spirit of Seventy-six. Don't cage the American eagle. Why, my dear Flu-ent, you are coming out strong in the oratorical line.

Flu. Please don't interrupt me just now, Lounge. I told John to say to all callers that I was engaged.

Lounge. Don't blame John. He tried to stop me, but I knew you could n't deny yourself to your old college friend, Lounge.

Flu. (aside). College bore!

Lounge. I knew you'd never forgive me if I were to pass your house without stopping.

Flu. My dear Lounge, any other time I would be delighted to see you; but the truth is, there is a public meeting to-night, at which I am expected to be the principal speaker.

Lounge. O, yes! The meeting at Commonwealth Hall. I saw them lighting it up as I passed.

Flu. Lighting up already? Indeed,

you must excuse me, then. My time for preparation is very brief.

Lounge. What's the use of preparation, my dear boy? Now, I always launch into my subject, without forethought. Forethought always trammels a fellow. I can talk the faster and better without it. The minute I begin to think, to pick and question my words, that minute I am at a loss. Trust to the inspiration of the moment. Don't bother yourself. Premeditation is the thief of success. Meanwhile, sit down with me, and talk over old times.

Flu. (who has been very impatient). I always commit my speeches to memory. I can not trust myself to speak extemporaneously. Now, do leave me to prepare.

Lounge. O, well! I'll not be in the way. Don't mind me. I'll just sit down and amuse myself with my own thoughts, and do you study your speech. (*Sits.*)

Flu. That's right. Keep quiet. You would n't have me make a failure.

Lounge. Speaking of failures, have you heard of poor —

Flu. I'll hear it to-morrow. Spare me now!

Lounge. Enough said. By the way, you'll put on a clean shirt before going to the meeting?

Flu. What's the matter with this? I put it on an hour ago.

Lounge. (Gets up and looks at it through an eye-glass, then reseats himself.) Well, it will do. Now, study for your life.

Flu. (studying). "If the ruling party, I say, shall persist in —"

Lounge. Before I forget it I must tell you a capital joke I made yesterday. Now, do indulge me, and don't fret. It will not take half a minute.

Flu. O! I'm in an excellent mood for hearing jokes. Go on.

Lounge. You remember the line in Mark Antony's address —

"See what a rent the envious Casca made"?

Flu. Yes, I remember.

Lounge. Well, as I was passing with a friend along the street, a nail in a cask

which stood on the sidewalk caught the flap of my coat, and tore it. Instantly turning to my companion, I pointed to the torn place, and exclaimed, "See what a rent the envious *cask has* made!" You don't laugh.

Flu. No, I never laugh at that joke.

Lounge. That joke? You don't mean to insinuate that you ever heard it before? I can show you the torn place that called it forth.

Flu. So Falstaff could show the hacks in his sword. I heard the joke twenty years ago — thought it an indifferent joke *then* — and don't think that you have improved it *now*, in the repetition.

Lounge. O! come, you are getting ill-natured. But I'll not take offense.

Flu. No, that's hopeless.

Lounge. By the way, did any one ever tell you what Bluster says of you?

Flu. No. I hold the man who repeats an offensive remark responsible equally with the originator. Bluster is my political foe. Tell me, if you will, what he says.

Lounge. It's no sort of consequence.

Flu. Then be silent.

Lounge. Well, study your speech. Stop a moment. Are your boots clean?

Flu. What's that to you? Any other inquiry to make?

Lounge. My dear Fluent, it will never do to stand up before an audience with that soiled place on your coat. (*Rises and brushes his coat.*) There! Now it will do. Now you look respectably. No — your cravat —

Flu. Don't touch it, sir! And now, unless you would drive me to desperation, keep your seat and hold your tongue for just ten minutes, while I study my speech.

Lounge. Ten minutes! Why, Fluent, you are behind the time already. Be sure they are shouting your name, and asking for your speech, while you linger here.

Flu. (*looking at his watch.*) Too true. Trifler! Miscreant! Bore!

Lounge. Why, what's the matter, Fluent? Are you delirious?

Flu. Daily perpetrator of petty larceny!

Lounge. Come, now, that's hardly decent!

Flu. Thief! Deliberate, remorseless, cold-blooded thief!

Lounge. Thief? It seems to me you are getting personal. Thief?

Flu. Yes, thief! The man who picks my pocket of my purse containing a dime or two is arrested and put in jail. But you — you — who go round robbing people of what is often more precious to them than money, — of time — golden minutes — minutes on which may hang reputation, advancement, success — you are allowed to go at large, while your victims have no redress! (*Paces the stage.*)

Lounge. Really, this is most extraordinary language.

Flu. It surprises you, does it?

Lounge. Beyond measure, coming from an old friend.

Flu. Well, I'm going to surprise you still more. (*Begins to roll up his sleeves.*)

Lounge. Why, what do you mean, Fluent, by that extraordinary action of rolling up your sleeves? You would n't — eh? — you would n't threaten to —

Flu. You've caught my idea exactly. That way lies the door.

Lounge. Upon my word, this is a positive insult!

Flu. I shall count six, and then — One, two, —

Lounge. Really, Fluent, this is not handsome!

Flu. Three, four, —

Lounge. You are carrying the joke too far.

Flu. Five.

Lounge. Well, good-by. You're excited now. I shall not be affronted if —

Flu. Six. (*Exit LOUNGE.*) O! that I could hand such a fellow over to the police! Now that my blood is up, I feel as if I could venture on a speech without notes. At any rate, I'll try; and, if I break down, why, then I'll hold Lounge responsible, and make a striking example of him (*showing his fist*) as a warning to every bore — to every impudent thief of time.

INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.

SUBMITTING a globule of water to the magnifying glasses of a microscope, we are at once astonished by the multitude and variety of living creatures presented to our notice. What diversity of size and shape! They can only be compared to funnels and cylinders, fans and flasks, tops, bells and trumpets, globes and stars, fruits and flowers, tadpoles, fish, beetles, serpents, etc. Equally varied are their movements. Some creep and drag their slow length along; others sport and dance, or whirl and dart, with amazing rapidity, through the waters of this tiny ocean; and yet they no more interfere with the progress one of another than do the stars in the firmament.



Here is a drop of stagnant water magnified six hundred times its original size. These living beings appear too close together to admit of the existence of a greater number.

and yet it is considered that such a drop contains forms of life which—to whatever perfection microscopic power may attain—human perseverance will never accurately detect. A cubic inch of stagnant water is calculated to contain more than eight hundred millions of living, active, and organized beings.

To add to the astonishment which a contemplation of the vast number of these atoms of life excites, it is to be observed that these creatures are endowed with a diversity of organs. In some a mouth has been discovered, in others digestive apparatus; in some an eye, and in others organs of locomotion. Nor is color wanting: they are either red, green, blue, or black; yellow, scarlet, sandy, lilac, or a mixture of these and other colors.

Some of these little animals are so nearly allied to the vegetable world, that botanists claim them as a part of their system. Indeed, so gradually and imperceptibly do

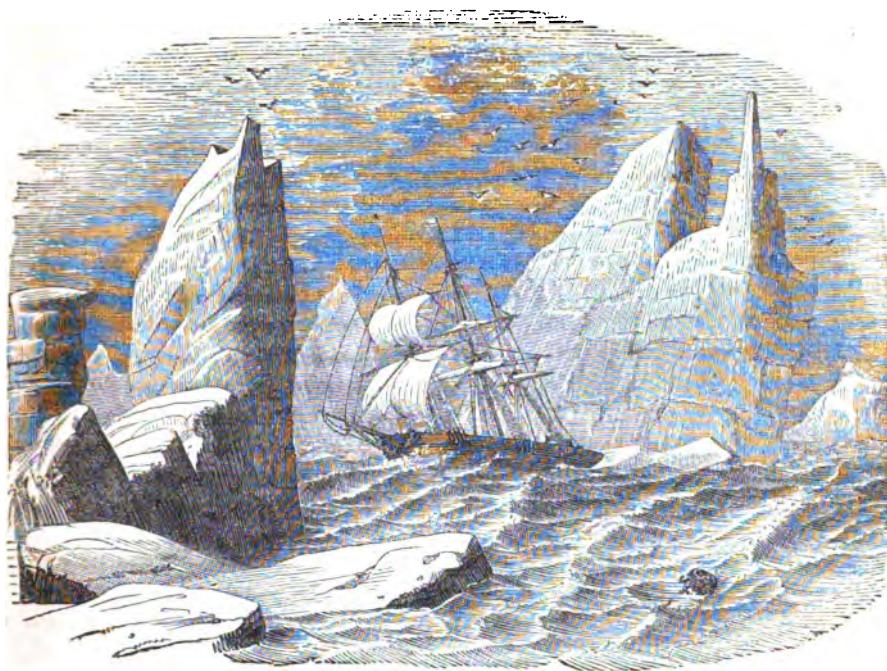
their confines blend, that it is at present utterly impossible to define exactly where vegetable existence ceases, and animal life begins.

The name *animalcules* is given to minute animals of various classes, which require the aid of the microscope in order to be seen distinctly. An interesting fact in reference to the *fossil* or petrified animalcules may here be noticed. The flinty shells of these creatures form indestructible earths, stone, and rocky masses. The greater part of a flinty pebble is composed of the compacted fossil skeletons of animalcules, so minute as to elude our unassisted vision, yet revealed to us, in all their delicacy of structure, on the application of the microscope.

With lime and soda we may manufacture glass out of invisible animalcules. The hone by which we give an edge to the razor and to mechanical tools is composed of myriads of these little beings, in a petrified state. Yea, every grain of dust on which we set our feet may have been a living creature.

Here, then, we pause in our study of these minute beings. We call them minute; but before the eye of Omnipotence all such distinctions vanish. The small and the weak are regarded by Him with the same benignity as the massive and the mighty. We, therefore, have the most powerful inducement to the exercise of an implicit confidence in Him, who not only caused the mountains to rise, the seas to flow, and the planets to revolve in their orbits, but has also created, with various animal functions, *points* of life far beyond the reach of our unassisted vision, and provides them with their daily food.

THE ALPHABET.—The alphabet may be varied so many millions of times that, if a man could accomplish the impossible task of reading one hundred thousand words in an hour, it would require four thousand and five millions of men to read those words, according to the above hourly proportion, in twenty thousand years.



Ship among Floating Icebergs.

ICEBERGS.

ICEBERGS are the masses of ice resembling mountains abounding in the polar seas, and sometimes found floating in the moderate latitudes. In the Arctic regions, the snow which annually falls on the islands or continents, being again dissolved by the progress of the summer's heat, pours forth numerous rills and limpid streams, which collect along the indented shores and in the deep bays enclosed by precipitous rocks.

Here this clear and gelid water soon freezes, and every successive year supplies an additional investing crust, till, after the lapse, perhaps, of several centuries, the icy mass rises, at last, to the size and aspect of a mountain, commensurate with the elevation of the adjoining cliffs. The melting of the snow which is afterward deposited on such enormous blocks likewise contributes to their growth; and, by filling up the accidental holes or crevices, it renders the whole structure compact and uniform.

Meanwhile the principle of destruction is already at work. The ceaseless agitation of the sea gradually wears and undermines

the base of the icy mountain, till at length, by the action of its own accumulated weight, when it has perhaps attained an altitude of a thousand, or even two thousand feet, it is torn from its frozen chains, and precipitated, with a tremendous plunge, into the abyss below.

This mighty launch now floats like a lofty island on the ocean; till, driven southward by winds and currents, it insensibly wastes and dissolves away in the wide Atlantic. Icebergs have been known to drift from Baffin's Bay to the Azores. Being composed of fresh water, the ice is clear and solid; and from their cavities the crews of the northern whalers are accustomed, by means of a hose or a flexible tube of canvas, to fill their casks easily with the purest and softest water.

Some of the masses of floating ice in the polar seas are two miles long, and a mile or more broad. An idea may be formed of the immense depth to which icebergs descend, from the fact that the mass of ice below the level of the water is about eight times greater than that above.

An incident is related by Dr. Kane that shows the wonderful powers of endurance of the Esquimaux. Two of these people were hunting the walrus on the open



ice of the frozen sea, when a north wind broke up the ice, and they found themselves afloat. An iceberg being near, they urged their dogs toward it, and made good their landing on it with them and the carcass of a walrus. It was at the close of the last moonlight of December, a season when day-light is unknown in the Arctic latitudes.

A complete darkness settled around them. They tied the dogs down to knobs of ice, and built a sort of screen from the wind for themselves. The berg drifted toward the south, and here, for a whole month, drifting, drifting along the coast-line of Baffin's Bay, dwelt these two hardy adventurers, wedged in ice, eating their walrus-meat, and sustaining life in spite of the intense cold. At length the iceberg grounded, and they contrived to make their way on a sort of ice-raft to the main land.

FIRST GRIEF.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

THEY tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams ;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems.

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

O ! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—

I shuddered at the sight ;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night !

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan ;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim ;
And one there mourned a brother dead,
Who would have died for him !

I know not if 't was summer then,
I know not if 't was spring ;
But if the birds sang in the trees,
I did not hear them sing.

If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see ;
I looked upon one withered flower,
And none else bloomed for me !

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe ;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appeared to start,
As if recalled in sudden haste
To aid the sinking heart.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his sad face
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
Like odor from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
From this world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life !

His every look, his every word,
His very voice's tone,
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone.

That grief has passed with years away,
And joy has been my lot ;
But the one is long remembered,
And the other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
And leave the faintest trace ;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
No time can e'er efface !

OUR CHRISTMAS PASTIMES.

IN A LETTER FROM A BOY.

I PROMISED to tell you how we spent Christmas at our grandfather's house in the country. We rose early, and found, to our delight, that the weather was clear and bracing. There was no snow on the ground, but the pond in the rear of the garden was frozen. In the forenoon we attended divine service in the village church, and listened to a good sermon. The interior of the church was well ornamented with evergreen bushes and wreaths, which the girls had arranged.

The dinner at grandfather's was a grand affair. Some ten of my cousins were present. Would you like to have the bill of fare? Truly, it would take up too much room in my letter. As I was looking forward to a plenty of out-of-door sport in the afternoon, I was careful not to eat more than would leave my body light, and in good running trim. It is a poor way of celebrating Christmas, I think, to gorge one's self with turkey and mince-pies.

One of the pleasantest sights was that of all the paupers of the village collected in grandfather's great hall, and seated round a long table loaded with viands, to which they were doing ample justice. There was a blazing wood fire on the wide hearth, and it was cheering to witness the sense of comfort and the social good-will that prevailed. One old veteran of ninety proposed grandfather's health (to be drunk in hot coffee), and made a speech, in which due honor was done to the American eagle. The orator was quite upset by the prolonged applause with which we youngsters greeted his strong points. It was his maiden effort, and he felt as if he had only just found out his true vocation.

Off to the pond! Huzza! The ice was like plate-glass; and at first we could hardly stand on it with our skates. In my pair the edge of the iron was plain; but in John's it was fluted. The groove or flute bites into the ice, and gets a good hold. The plain skates are the more difficult to

stand on. John had a tumble at the first start; but I soon felt that I had on my



skating legs, and I glided over the pond in fine style.

We had not skated an hour when our sport was stopped by grandmother's coming down, and begging us to quit. The ice was not very thick, and she was afraid we should break in. To please her, we left the pond, though very reluctantly. To keep warm, I drove hoop; and as there was a



fair wind, I rigged a sail on my hoop, which made it go faster. A silk handkerchief, tied at its four ends on the inner rim, will answer the purpose.

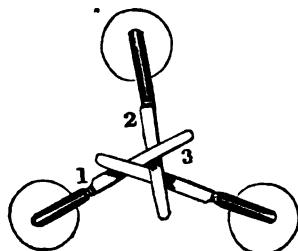
In the evening, after tea, we had a variety of games in the parlor. Our cousin Eugenia showed us several that we had never seen before. I will try to explain a



couple of them. One she called "the handcuffs unfastened." Two persons tie their

hands together with two pieces of string, as shown in the picture, so that the strings cross. The problem is for the persons to free themselves without untying any of the knots. It is done thus: A gathers up the middle part of the string that binds him, and slips it under the noose on B's wrist. Through this noose, if B's hand is put, the handcuffed parties will be free.

The other game Eugenia called "the self-supporting bridge." Set three glass tumblers, or three cups, upon the table, in the form of a triangle, as in the picture,

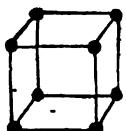


and arrange upon them three knives. Number 1 thus rests upon No. 2; No. 2, upon No. 3; and No. 3 upon No. 1. Such a bridge will bear considerable weight.

After we had had enough of this game, Eugenia produced a small box. On opening it, we found the inside divided into two compartments, one about eight times smaller than the other. The larger one was filled with white peas, and the smaller contained a number of short wires, measuring an inch and a quarter in length, and each wire perfectly straight, and pointed at both ends. The peas had been soaked sixteen hours in cold water to be ready for use.

With the peas and the wires you can form and explain a great variety of figures. To form a triangle, we of course take three of the wires, and begin by inserting the ends of one into two peas about half through their diameters; to this object we insert another wire in the upper pea, and then, by adding another pea and another wire, the triangle is completed. By continuing the sides of the triangle downward, by the addition of two more wires and two more peas, the letter A is formed.

To form those letters or figures which consist of curves, it is necessary to use curved wires also. After making a triangle, Eugenia taught us to build a three or four sided pyramid, and by joining four more wires to its bases, she explained to us that well-known crystal, the octohedron.



After having made a square, she taught us to make a cube, like the dice used in playing backgammon.

We found that with a little practice we could make chairs, baskets, tables, and many other familiar articles, out of the contents of Eugenia's box. So long were we in exercising our ingenuity over them, that the clock struck ten before we dreamed of its being bedtime. We bade one another good-night, well content with our pleasant Christmas at grandfather's.

Yours, HENRY B.

Reading Exercise.

ARNOLD THE TEACHER.

We abridge the following eloquent remarks on Thomas Arnold from the *London Quarterly Review* for October, 1857.

THE career of Thomas Arnold, the distinguished instructor of youth, though teeming with the poetry of common life, was not one of stirring incident, or romance'; it consisted in laboring to his best in his sacred vocation. Born in England in 1795, he was educated at Winchester College, and in 1827 became head-master of Rugby School.

It was now that his professional life began; and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterrupted toil. Holding labor to be his appointed lot on earth, he harnessed himself cheerfully to his work. A craving for rest was to him a sure sign that neither mind nor body retained its pristine vigor; and he determined, while blessed with health, to proceed like the camel in the wilderness, and die with his burden on his back.

His principles were few: the fear of God was the beginning of his wisdom, and his object was not so much to teach knowledge

as the means of acquiring it; to furnish, in a word, the key to the temple. He desired to awaken the intellect of each individual boy, and contended that the main movement must come from within, and not from without, the pupil; and that all that could be should be done *by* him, and not *for* him.

In a word, his scheme was to call forth in the little world of school those capabilities which best fitted boys for their career in the great one. He was not only possessed of strength, but had the art of imparting it to others; he had the power to grasp a subject himself, and then ingraft it on the intellect of others.

The three ends at which he aimed, in the order of their relative importance, were first and foremost to inculcate religious and moral principle, then gentlemanlike conduct, and lastly intellectual ability. To his mind, religion and politics — the going one's duty to God and man — were the two things really wanting. Unlike the school-masters of his early life, he held all the scholarship man ever had to be infinitely worthless in comparison with even a very humble degree of spiritual advancement.

He loved tuition for itself, of which he fully felt the solemn responsibility and the ideal beauty, and which he was among the first to elevate to its true dignity. It was the destiny and business of his entire life. His own youthfulness of temperament and vigor suited him better for the society of the young than of the old; he enjoyed their spring of mind and body, and by personal intercourse hoped to train up and mould to good their pliant minds, while wax to receive, and marble to retain.

He led his pupils to place implicit trust on his decisions, and to esteem his approbation as their highest reward. He gained his end by treating them as gentlemen, as reasonable beings, in whose conscience and common sense he might confide; and to this appeal to their nobler faculties, to his relying on their honor, the ingenuous youth responded worthily.

One of his principal holds was in his boy-sermons; that is, in sermons to which

his young congregation could and did listen, and of which he was the absolute inventor. The secret of that power lay in its intimate connection with the man himself. He spoke with both spiritual and temporal authority, and truths divine seemed mended by the tongue of an expounder whose discourse was a living one — doctrine in action — and where precept was enforced by example.

His was the exhibition of a simple, earnest man, who practiced what he preached, who probed the depths of life, and expressed strongly and plainly his love of goodness and abhorrence of sin. There was, indeed, a moral supremacy in him; his eyes looked into the heart, and all that was base and mean cowered before him; and when he preached, a sympathetic thrill ran through his audience.

GYMNAStic EXERCISES.

GYMNAStics are those exercises of the body and limbs which tend to invigorate and develop their powers. In an ordinary course of living, without due regard to rules for promoting bodily strength, the frame becomes relaxed, the muscles are soft, the circulation of the blood languid, the bones and joints debilitated, and the stomach weakened and dainty. To avert as far as possible these imperfections, gymnastics ought to form a part of education in youth, when the joints and muscles are flexible, and time is permitted for the various kinds of exercises.

It has not been unusual of late years to conduct the gymnastics of schools on an improper scale, by impelling young persons of comparatively feeble frames to undertake feats and exercises which have been at variance with the bodily organization, or at least highly dangerous, and of no practical value. A caution is necessary on this subject.

"It is, no doubt," says Dr. Andrew Combe, "a good thing for a boy to be able to climb up a perpendicular pole or a slippery rope, when no other means present

themselves of attaining an important object at its upper end ; and it is an equally good thing for a young lady to be able to sustain her own weight hanging by one or both hands, when there is no possibility of resting her feet on terra firma ; and where boys and girls are strong enough to take pleasure in such amusements, there is no great reason to hinder them, provided they are impelled to them not by emulation, or any secondary motive which may lead to over-exertion, but by the pure love of the exercise itself. But the case is entirely altered when such extraordinary evolutions are not only encouraged, but taught to all indiscriminately, whether they are strong or weak, resolute or timid.

" In the selection of exercises for the young, we should not be misled by a vain desire of surmounting difficulties and performing feats at the serious risk of inducing aneurism or rupture. We should be always careful to avoid great fatigue, and to modify the kind, degree, and duration of the exercise, so as to produce the desired results of increased nutrition and strength . and to remember that the point at which these results are to be obtained is not the same in any two individuals, and can be discovered only by experience and careful observation."

With the precautions suggested by these observations various gymnastic exercises may be pursued ; some of which we shall describe in future numbers of the SCHOOL MONTHLY.

General Directions. — The exercises are best performed in an open court or piece of ground, firm below, but without any stones to injure the feet or person ; a grass-plot is the most suitable. The fittings are a climbing-stand, vaulting-bar, leaping-poles, &c. The dress of the gymnast is to consist of easy-fitting trowsers, and encircled with a belt or girth. The belt should pass round the loins, and not be too tight. The performances should be in the forenoon, or at least before any heavy meal.

Positions and Motions. — The body must be drilled in the art of standing and throw-

ing out the limbs. In standing properly, the person should be erect, the head held up, and the face looking straight forward ; the shoulders are to be square, with the chest fully exposed, so as slightly to curve the back ; the legs closed ; the heels in a line, and closed ; the toes turned out ; the arms hanging straight down ; the elbows held in to the body ; the hands open to the front ; the little finger touching the legs ; and the thumb flat to the forefinger.

Fig. 1. When perfected in the art of standing in this position, which is called *attention*, as shown in fig. 1, the next thing is to be taught to march or walk, as in the case of a soldier on drill, the feet being alternately thrown out, and both brought together into position, at the order to halt.

The pupil next learns to bend the body, and extend the arms. The first exercise of this kind is to carry the hands to the front, the fingers lightly touching at the points ; now raise the arms, the hands still together, till they are held over the head, as in fig. 2.



Fig. 2.

The second motion is to learn to hold the arms out in front, the tips of the fingers touching, and returning to the position of fig. 1 : this is to be done repeatedly. The third is to extend the hands separately, and raise them over the respective shoulders, the fingers pointing upwards. The fourth.



Fig. 3.

motion is to keep the arms and legs straight, and to bend the body forward, with the head down, and the tips of the fingers toward the ground. This somewhat difficult motion is represented in fig. 3.

A fifth motion is to resume the position of attention, allowing the arms to fall freely to their place, but still without bending the legs. These motions are trying to the pupil, and should be done gradually ; the great object is to exercise the muscles bit

by bit, and perfection is not desirable at first. Then follow other motions, as throwing the arms out in opposite directions, swinging the arms, &c. In these, it is of importance to exercise the left hand and arm more fully than the right, in order to make them as active and strong.

For Declamation.

IN FAVOR OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS.

The following noble and spirited speech is from passages in an address delivered at the Statehouse in Philadelphia, August 1st, 1776 (twenty-seven days after the Declaration of Independence), by Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts. This address seems to have lain neglected from the time of its delivery up to the year 1857, when attention was first called to it and extracts given in Sargent's Intermediate Standard Speaker.

My countrymen, from the day on which an accommodation takes place between England and America on any other terms than as independent States, I shall date the ruin of this country. We are now, to the astonishment of the world, three millions of souls united in one common cause. This day we are called on to give a glorious example of what the wisest and best of men were rejoiced to view only in speculation. This day presents the world with the most august spectacle that its annals ever unfolded: Millions of freemen voluntarily and deliberately forming themselves into a society for their common defense and common happiness! Immortal spirits of Hampden, Locke, and Sydney! Will it not add to your benevolent joys to behold your posterity rising to the dignity of *men*, and evincing to the world the reality and expediency of your systems, and in the actual enjoyment of that equal liberty which you were happy when on earth in delineating and recommending to mankind!

Other nations have received their laws from conquerors—some are indebted for a constitution to the sufferings of their ancestors through revolving centuries:—the people of this country alone have formally and deliberately chosen a government for themselves, and with open, uninfluenced consent bound themselves into a social compact.

And, fellow-countrymen, if ever it was granted to mortals to trace the designs of Providence, and interpret its manifestations in favor of their cause, we may, with humility of soul, cry out, **NOT UNTO US, NOT UNTO US, BUT TO THY NAME BE THE PRAISE!** The confusion of the devices of our enemies, and the rage of the elements against them, have done almost as much toward our success as either our counsels or our arms.

The time at which this attempt on our liberties was made,—when we were ripened into maturity, had acquired a knowledge of war, and were free from the incursions of intestine enemies,—the *gradual* advances of our oppressors enabling us to prepare for our defense,—the unusual fertility of our lands, the clemency of the seasons, the success which at first attended our feeble arms, producing unanimity among our friends, and reducing our internal foes to acquiescence,—these are all strong and palpable marks and assurances that **PROVIDENCE IS YET GRACIOUS UNTO ZION, THAT IT WILL TURN AWAY THE CAPTIVITY OF JACOB!**

Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country, as their last asylum. Let us cherish the noble guests! Let us shelter them under the wings of universal toleration! Be this the seat of **UNBOUNDED RELIGIOUS FREEDOM!** She will bring with her in her train Industry, Wisdom, and Commerce.

Our union is now complete. You have in the field armies sufficient to repel the whole force of your enemies. The hearts of your soldiers beat high with the spirit of freedom. Go on, then, in your generous enterprise, with gratitude to Heaven for past success, and confidence of it in the future! For my own part, I ask no greater blessing than to share with you the common danger and the common glory. If I have a wish dearer to my soul than that my ashes may be mingled with those of a Warren and Montgomery, it is—**THAT THESE AMERICAN STATES MAY NEVER CEASE TO BE FREE AND INDEPENDENT!**



Palace of the King of Delhi.

THE CITY OF DELHI.

DELHI, a city of British India, or Hindostan', situated on the western bank of the River Jumna, has been recently the scene of important events. Made the head-quarters of the rebellion among the native subjects of the north-western provinces, it was recaptured by the British on the 20th. of September, 1857, and the enemy expelled. In the assault of the 14th, the British lost sixty-one officers, and eleven hundred men.

The present city of Delhi was founded by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in the year 1631. The gateways of the city are magnificent, and the principal streets are wide and handsome. Many of the houses are large and high, and the mosques, with their lofty minarets and gilded domes, are numerous; but the most striking and most elevated structure is the imperial palace, of which we give a picture.

This palace is quite a little town in itself, and used to contain, before the mutiny of 1857, full a thousand men, retainers of the King of Delhi, and as many women. It is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, of reddish stone; is built along the banks of the river, and has gardens planted with orange-groves and apricot-trees surrounding it.

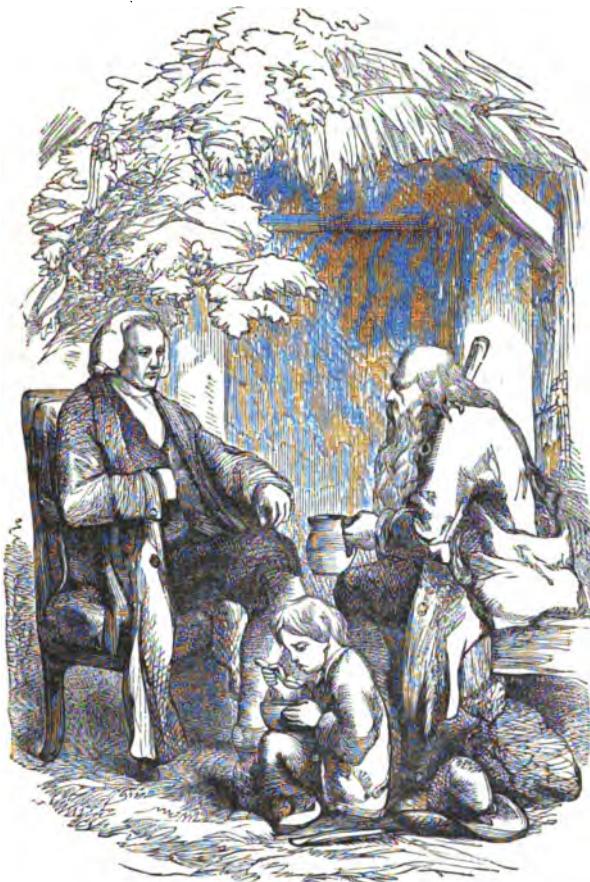
The hall of audience was the chief pride of the palace, and an inscription over the principal gate proclaimed: "If there be an

Elysium on earth, it is this—this is it!" It contained a famous throne which stood on six legs of massy gold, set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, while golden peacocks covered with precious stones and pearls formed its canopy.

Henceforth travelers will be obliged to take for granted the stories of the magnificence of the palace; for by this time its splendors are all defaced or spoiled by war. The titular* King of Delhi, who rebelled against the British, is a captive; and three of his sons have been shot. The last of the Mogul monarchs has taken his seat in the hall of audience; and—in the words of the Persian poet, quoted by Bishop Heber—the spider shall hang her tap'etry in the palace of the Caesars.

Close to the walls of Delhi still exist pillars carved with readable inscriptions of a date 325 B. C. (325 years before Christ). Delhi is a city not of one creed, or of one dynasty. Buddhist, Brahmin, and Musulman monuments are grouped or ruined together. For eight miles to the south of the present city, on an arid plain, along the banks of a brackish and unnavigable river, lie, in the belief of the native, the ruins of five thousand years. These ruins in the merry days of modern Delhi, furnished the object and the scene for thjaunts and picnics of the British residents.

* By a *titular* king we mean one who is king in title or by courtesy only, without the essential power and independence of a monarch.



The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year :
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his
place ;
Unskillful he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour, —
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain ;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,

Claimed kindred there, and had his claims
allowed ;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields
were won.

Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to
glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe :
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's
smile ;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares dis-
tressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Original.

THE DREAMER AND THE DOER.

THERE is a habit of mind to which the fanciful name of "building castles in the air" has been given. At a boarding-school not far from the metropolis I have a young friend who is sadly addicted to this enervating habit. Some few weeks ago, Albert Sloane brought me a letter of introduction from his father, in which the following passages occur :

" You will find Albert an amiable boy, but he allows his imagination to play sad tricks with him, and to occupy too much of his attention with its shadowy creations. Instead of studying his lesson, he will sit and imagine what a capital thing it would be if he could, by some magical process, acquire a knowledge which would enable him to pose and astonish his tutor in construing a Greek sentence, or solving a mathematical problem.

" If he reads in the newspaper an account of the atrocities of the Sepoys in British India in murdering women and children, straightway he imagines himself at the head of a dashing company of cavalry, charging the foe with unexampled bravery,

and putting to the rout, with his handful of men, an army of fifty thousand. He escapes with a slight wound, quells the mutiny by this brilliant action, is covered with laurels, and rewarded by Parliament with a vote of thanks and a grant of a hundred thousand pounds.

" Reading of Walker's surrender at San Juan to Commodore Paulding, Albert imagines that he would have acted very differently from the 'gray-eyed man of destiny.' He would have told the United States marines to advance at their peril, and if they had persisted, he would have swept them into the sea, burnt the United States ships Wabash and Saratoga, retreated into the interior, and established an imperial government, which should soon have comprised under its dominion not only all Central America and Mexico, but Utah and California.

" After his imagination has had a surfeit of military honors, it crowns him with the laurels of a great inventor, or discoverer. He knocks down the stock of the Atlantic telegraph company to nothing, by hitting upon a plan by which he can receive and transmit intelligence between the most distant points, at trifling expense, and without the intervention of wires. Two magnetic needles, as he lucidly explains it, are put in such perfect relation that the least change affecting one in New York is exhibited by the other in Paris. The process by which it is done is a secret which he keeps to himself, and he thus has a monopoly of the entire business of telegraphing, and realizes a colossal fortune every year.

" Occasionally Albert conceives a passion for the stage, and becomes a great actor—in imagination. At his first appearance in Hamlet, such is the excitement of the audience that they call him out at the end of every act, and applaud him till the walls shake. The ladies rise and wave their handkerchiefs, and old gentlemen, with tears in their eyes, declare that George Frederic Cooke and Edmund Kean never, in their palmiest days, could compare with Albert Sloane. Such is the pub-

lic excitement that tickets for the next performance are sold at auction at an enormous advance on the regular prices of admission. The contest for seats is appalling. Pictures of Sloane as Hamlet are at all the shop-windows; and he can not walk the streets without being pointed out as the modern Garrick. At the end of the week he finds that his receipts have averaged two thousand dollars a night; upon which he sends ten thousand dollars to the mayor of the city for distribution among the poor.

"Sometimes Albert rolls his eyes in a fine frenzy at the thought of being a great poet or novelist. He startles the literary world with a production which throws Tennyson and Longfellow entirely into the shade. He puts forth a tragedy which the best critics (including those of Germany) pronounce superior to Macbeth. He composes a humorous novel, so exquisite and superior, that Dickens and Thackeray instantly become mere lesser lights in the literary firmament.

"There is no end to the vagaries of the lad's imagination. Occasionally he turns philanthropist. He goes about rescuing families from want, reforming criminals, and placing outcast boys in good situations. At the risk of his own life, he saves a child from being run over by a spirited horse. It turns out to be a daughter of Mr. C——, the millionaire, who immediately sends him a check for twenty thousand dollars. A beautiful lady falls overboard from the ferry-boat. Albert makes a plunge, and with incredible exertions seizes her, and swims with her a mile to the shore. The Humane Society send him a gold medal. But enough. Can you help me cure this boy of his ridiculous propensity?"

I was amused by the letter of my old friend, and a day or two after receiving it I rode out to make a call on Albert at his school. I learned that it was a holiday, and that he was with a large party of ladies and gentlemen on the neighboring pond, engaged in skating. I easily found him, made myself known, and we began to converse. "You seemed to be lost in med-

itation as I approached," said I. — "Yes," he replied, "I was just thinking what a pleasant thing it would be, if one of those ladies would break through the ice, and give me an opportunity of rescuing her."

Before I could utter the retort that was on my lips, we were startled by shrieks from the ladies, and loud cries from the men; and inquiring the cause, we learned that Miss Arthurson, a young and beautiful girl of the village, had ventured on a patch of thin ice, had broken through, and was struggling in the water. I looked at Albert: he had turned quite pale. "Now, Albert," said I, "now is the time to put your theory into practice. You can swim?" — "Yes." — "So can I; but I'll not rob you of the glory of rescuing that poor young lady. How the newspapers to-morrow will bla'zon your heroism! How the telegraph will electrify young hearts with the news, and make them envy you your good fortune! Now is the chance for you to be the hero you have *imagined* yourself. Come, you have skates on, and can glide to the spot in a moment."

Albert seemed glued to the ice on which he stood. "It must be very cold there in the water," stammered he, with a shiver. — "So much the more reason why the poor girl should be taken out," said I. Before he could say another word, a small boy on his skates glided by us toward the shore, with a celerity which I never saw equalled. "I wonder what Max Hartwell is after now," said Albert, looking in the direction he had taken. It was soon apparent what Max was after. Some white birch trees had been cut down at a certain point on the shore. Seizing one of these, Max made his way back to the broken ice, amid which Miss Arthurson was still struggling.

Adroitly pushing along the tree, so that its ends rested on firm ice, while the middle crossed the hole, Max, without a moment's hesitation, let himself down into the water, holding on to the tree, and thus made his way along till he caught hold of the girl's dress and pulled her toward him. She was by this time almost exhausted, and ready

to sink. Max placed her so that he could sustain her on the tree, and then, telling the men at one end of it to pull away, he was drawn with his burden on to the firm ice.

Such shouts and huzzas as now greeted him were never heard on a skating-pond before. The ladies did not seem to know whether to laugh or to sob. The gentlemen felt that they had all been outdone in heroism and presence of mind by a mere boy. As for Albert, he showed, I rejoiced to see, none of that bad passion, *envy*. With generous tears in his eyes, he shook hands with Max, and congratulated him on his achievement. Miss Arthurson and Max were hurried to the nearest house, where dry clothes were given them, and every precaution taken to prevent bad consequences from their exposure in the water.

"Well, Albert," said I, as we turned to go home, "which is the better, dreaming or doing?" Albert blushed, and after a pause replied, "Don't laugh at me, sir! The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." — "Ah! Albert," said I, "see what your castles in the air are worth. To be a *doer*, one must not waste his energies in *dreaming*. He must put his hand to the thing immediately before him; to the nearest opportunity of doing good either to himself or others.

'A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet;
Yet 't is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet.'

"How happened it, sir," asked Albert, slyly, "that you did not try to rescue the young lady?" — "How do you know," said I, "but I *should* have tried? I was moving toward the place of the accident with all my speed, when Max shot by on his skates. Before I could reach the spot he had returned. Although no castle-builder, Albert, I hope my heroic days are not yet over." — "And mine," said Albert, "are yet to begin. My first act of heroism shall be to demolish all my castles in the air, and prevent the building of any new one."



For Declamation.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

The following fine ballad and excellent piece for declamation, which, we believe, we were first to introduce to the American public, is from the pen of Gerald Griffin, an Irish writer, who died young. — At the fifth stanza the speaker's delivery should grow louder and more animated. The young chieftain's summons (seventh stanza) should be loud, bold, and stirring. The piece will be found suitable for reading in young ladies' classes.

The joy-bells are ringing
In gay Malahide ;
The fresh wind is singing
Along the seaside ;
The maids are assembling
With garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling
In all the glad bower.

Swell, swell the gay measure !

Roll trumpet and drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure
In splendor they come !
The chancel is ready,
The portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady,
The bridegroom and bride.

Before the high altar

Young Maud stands arrayed ;
With accents that falter
Her promise is made
From father and mother
For ever to part,—
For him and no other
To treasure her heart.

The words are repeated,

The bridal is done ;
The rite is completed,—
The two, they are one ;
The vow, it is spoken
All pure from the heart,

That must not be broken
Till life shall depart.

 Hark ! 'mid the gay clangor
That compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger
Come mingling afar !
The foe 's on the border !
His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder
Unguarded are found !

 As waked the good shepherd,
The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
Is seen near the fold,
So rises already
The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
Looks fainting and pale.

 "Son, husband, and brother !
Arise to the strife !
For sister and mother,
For children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow !
Let dastards remain !"

 Farrah ! to the battle !
—They form into line ;—
The shields, how they rattle !
The spears, how they shine !
Soon, soon shall the foeman
His treachery rue :—
On, burgher and yeoman !
To die or to do !

The eve is declining
In lone Malahide ;
The maidens are twining
Fresh wreaths for the bride ;
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

 Hark ! loud from the mountain—
'T is victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky !
The foe has retreated !
He flees to the shore ;
The spoiler 's defeated—
The combat is o'er !

 With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come ;—
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum ?

What form do they carry
Aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field ?

 Ye saw him at morning
How gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day :
Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped ;
His hope, it is over—
The chieftain is dead !

 But, O ! for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And broken with grief !
She sinks on the meadow—
In one morning tide
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride !

 Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole !
Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul.
True — true, 't was a story
For ages of pride,—
He died in his glory—
But, O ! he has died !

Original.

THE NOVEL-READER.

Enter MARY and AMANDA at opposite sides of the stage. AMANDA enters reading a novel, and has in her hand a pocket-handkerchief.

Mary. Not dressed yet, Amanda ? I thought you were going with me to the lecture. It was father's wish that you should do so.

Amanda. I shall not attend any stupid lecture on chemistry to-day. I'm not in the mood.

Mary. What is the matter ? You are ill, my sister. You have been weeping.

Am. Yes ; but little you care for that.

Mary. Do I not ? Indeed, you mis-judge me. Is your cough any worse ?

Am. Nonsense ! What do I care for a cough ?

Mary. Ah ! the bad marks which our teacher gave you for missing your lessons have distressed you too much.

Am. Mary ! Do you think me a fool ? What does it matter to me whether the

marks are good or bad? I hope I have a soul above the Rule of Three.

Mary. Then you are grieving because father rebuked you for being untidy in your dress; for wiping your pen on your apron, and letting your hair go uncombed.

Am. And you think it was to that I am indebted for the precious luxury of tears! Why, child, all women of genius are notoriously untidy in their dress.

Mary. O! don't, then, be a woman of genius, Amanda. Be a frank, good sister, and tell me what you've been shedding tears about.

Am. Mary, did you ever read "The Mysterious Milkmaid, a tale of Thwarted Love"? Why do I ask? I know you never read it. Your sympathies are all undeveloped; your sensibilities blunt and coarse. I doubt if even this harrowing description of the parting interview between Sir Edward and the mysterious—(*pausing and wiping her eyes*)—the mysterious milkmaid could cause you to shed a tear.

Mary. Truly I doubt if it could.

Am. You've no heart—no heart "open as day for melting charity."

Mary. Perhaps not. But I've a heart that loves you, and would save you pain. If the reading of the story distresses you, leave it, and come with me to the lecture.

Am. And have your experiences been all so gross that you have never felt the charm of melancholy, the ecstasy of woe?

Mary. I've never felt any such thing, and don't know what it means.

Am. Poor, ignorant creature! Well, go to the lecture, and leave me to myself. I shall not want for society—high and noble society, too.

Mary. Then I hope you'll change that collar, and arrange your hair a little.

Am. Child, you misapprehend me. No matter. Go. (*Resumes her novel*.)

Mary. Now I think of it, father told me to say that Aunt Mason was expected from England by the next steamer.

Am. I'm sorry for it. I know I shall hate that woman.

Mary. You know before you have seen her?

Am. Yes; I have a letter in which she hopes I "do not fritter away my time over unprofitable romances." Unprofitable, indeed! So is the perfume of flowers unprofitable. (*Reads, and wipes her eyes*.) "Hear me, said Sir Edward, flinging himself at her feet."

Enter Woman, wearing an ordinary shawl, bonnet, &c.

Woman. If you've no objection, young ladies, I would like to ask your aid for a good object.

Am. There! You've said enough, woman. We've good objects in plenty to attend to, without adding to the list. The door that the carpenter made is that by which you entered.

Wom. Indeed, my dear young lady—

Am. Don't dear young lady me! I know what it means. It means give me three-and-sixpence.

Wom. Sometimes advice and sympathy are more precious than money. You'll not grudge me them.

Am. I'm busy. I can't be fretted now with any doleful story of a poor widow in a decline with six starving children. We hear of such things every day.

Wom. Alas, yes! And they are none the less true because so common. But my story is not of a widow; it is of a poor girl not older than yourself.

Am. A poor girl! I knew it was something of that sort. I tell you I'm engaged. You are dismissed. (*Resumes her novel*.)

Wom. (*turning to MARY*). Perhaps you, Miss, will listen to me a moment.

Mary. Yes; but speak low, and do not disturb my sister.

Wom. This poor girl of whom I speak met with a sad accident, the other day, on a railroad. In trying to save a child from injury, her right foot was so crushed under the wheels of the cars that she was obliged to have it amputated.

Mary. Poor, poor girl! Is she in want?

Wom. She used to earn enough to support herself by tending a printing-press; but it will be long before she can work again.

Mary. And she is suffering meanwhile!

I have but a trifle of my own, but it may help. Give it to her; and give her this breast-pin. (*Gives money, &c.*) She may sell it for something.

Wom. (aside). O! divine impulse of our nature, celestial Charity! ever lovely in youth or age thou art! (*Aloud.*) Thank you, my dear. Your charity is well bestowed. (*Here AMANDA heaves a long sigh.* *Woman turns to AMANDA.*) Bless you, dear young lady, for that sigh! I knew that it would move you to tears, if you would but hear my story.

Am. Your story, woman? Do you think it is *your* vulgar story that moves me? Leave me, individual! Your story, indeed!

Wom. What story is it, if not mine, that has touched your eyes with moisture?

Am. (aside). Really, she expresses herself like a superior person.

Wom. Is it that book which has excited your sensibilities? By your leave, I will look at it. (*Takes the book.*)

Am. Was there ever such impertinence?

Wom. (reading the title). "The Mysterious Milkmaid." (*Drops it, and puts her foot on it.*) Trash! That book shall go to kindle the kitchen fire.

Am. This is too much! Woman, leave the house, or I will call the servants to put you out!

Wom. Do not trouble yourself. The servants obey *me* now and henceforth. (*Drops disguise of shawl, &c.*) My nieces, I am your Aunt Mason.

Am. Our aunt!

Mary. Aunt Mason! Our father's sister! (*Embraces her.*)

Wom. Yes, I am here with full authority from your father to superintend the household, his daughters included. I hope we shall agree well. But, Amanda, I hereby banish from my dominions all mysterious milkmaids and enamored baronets. No more of them! We'll not waste our sympathies on *imaginary* distresses till our pity for *real* ones is frozen.

Mary. Shall you allow no novel-reading, my dear aunt?

Wom. I do not say that; but we'll read none but good works of fiction; even those in moderation. And now we'll leave romance for reality. We'll make a call on the poor girl of whom I spoke. Come, Amanda, take your last sorrowful look of the "mysterious milkmaid." I go to introduce you to the sober realities, the practical duties of life. (*Exeunt.*)

For Declamation or Reading.

FRANKLIN A BOOK-MAN.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

From Mr. Everett's remarks at the dedication of the Public Library in Boston, Friday, Jan. 1, 1858.

THERE is still floating about in the community a vague prejudice against what is called book-learning. One sometimes hears doubts expressed of the utility of public libraries; opinions that they are rather ornamental than necessary or useful; and the fact that our time-honored city has subsisted more than two centuries without one is a sufficient proof that, until within a very few years, their importance has not been practically felt. There is perhaps even now a disposition to claim some superiority for what is called practical knowledge—knowledge gained by observation and experience; and a kind of satisfaction is felt in holding up the example of self-taught men, in supposed contradistinction from those who have got their knowledge from books; and no name, perhaps, is so frequently mentioned in this connection as that of Franklin, who, because he had scarce any school education, and never went to college, has been hastily set down as a brilliant example to show the inutility of book-learning.

There never was a greater mistake in point of fact. A thirst for books, which he spared no pains to allay, is the first marked trait disclosed in the character of Franklin; his success throughout the early period of his life can be directly traced to the use he made of them; and his very first important movement for the benefit of his fellow-men was to found a public library, which still flourishes—one of the most considerable in the country.

Franklin not a book-man! Whoever labors under that delusion shows that somebody else is not a book-man—at least, so far as concerns the biography of our illustrious townsman. We happen to have a little information on that subject in a book written by Franklin himself. He there gives a very different account of himself; and I would ask any one who entertains the idea to which I am alluding, at what period of Franklin's career he supposes this taste for books began to be manifested by him—how soon he ceased to be a self-formed man? Perhaps after he had struggled through the years of his youthful poverty, escaped to Philadelphia, set up in business as a printer, and begun to have a little money in his pocket. I need not tell you, sir, that it was earlier than that.

Was it, then, while he was the clever apprentice to his brother, the editor of a journal, and wrote articles for its columns in a disguised hand, and tucked them under the office-door, enjoying the exquisite delight of setting up his own anonymous articles;—was it then, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, that this fondness for reading, under the stimulus of boyish authorship, disclosed itself? Earlier than that. Well, then, at the grammar-school and Master Brownell's writing-school, which he attended from eight to ten (for there are boys who show a fondness for reading even at that tender age)—was little Benjamin's taste for books developed while yet at school? Earlier than that. Hear his own words, which you will permit me to read from that exquisite piece of autobiography to which I have already alluded: “From my *INFANCY* I was *passionately* fond of reading, and all the money that came into my hands was laid out in purchasing books.”

Sir, if there is one lesson more than another directly deducible from the life of Franklin, it is the close connection of a thoroughly practical and useful life and career with books, libraries, and reading. If there is a thing on earth which would have gladdened his heart, could he have

anticipated it, it would be the knowledge that his native city, in two generations after his death, would found a library like this, to give to the rising generation, and to the lovers of knowledge of every age, that access to books of which he so much felt the want. And could it be granted to him, even now, to return to his native city, which dwelt in his affections to the close of his life, his first visit would be to the center of the ancient burial-ground, where in after life he dutifully placed a marble slab on the graves of his parents; his second visit would be to the spot in Milk-street where he was born; his third, to the corner of Union-street and Hanover-street, where he passed his childhood, in a house still standing; his fourth visit would be to the site of the free grammar school-house, where, as he says in his will, he received “his first instruction in literature,” and which is now adorned with the statue which a grateful posterity has dedicated to his memory; and his last and longest would be to this noble hall, where you are making provision for an ample supply of that reading of which “from his *infancy* he was *passionately* fond.”

THOMAS BLANKET.—While Edward the Third, of England, in the year 1338, was exacting money from his impoverished people to waste in war, there was a servant of mankind making a noise in Bristol, which was of infinitely greater service to England than the entire conquest of Europe would have been. This was Thomas Blanket. The noise he made was not that of the clashing sword, but of the clashing shuttle. His purpose was not to destroy what his country already possessed, but to give his country what it did not yet possess—namely, *blankets*. Thomas Blanket was soon imitated by his neighbors, who, like him, set up looms in their own houses, and made woolen cloth like that which he made. The cloth was named after him; though nothing else is known of this weaver than that he was the first to introduce the blanket manufacture into England.



View of Lucknow.

INCIDENT IN THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

ON page 27 of our first number we gave an account from the *London Times* of the relief of Lucknow, in British India. The *Times* of a later date contains a letter from a lady, the wife of an officer at Lucknow, which reveals a scene as dramatic, touching, and picturesque, as any that can be found in fiction.

To understand fully the situation of the besieged, it should be remembered that General Havelock was not an hour too soon in the relief, as the advance of the enemy's batteries and mines had settled the fate of the garrison; and it should be known that in the continual uproar of the cannonade, and the obstructions of buildings and military works, the beleaguered and devoted garrison did not hear or see any thing of the advancing relief until the battle had been fought outside, and the relieving force was marching up to the gates.

"On every side death stared us in the face; no human skill could avert it any longer. We saw the moment approach when we must bid farewell to earth, yet without feeling that unutterable horror which must have been experienced by the unhappy victims at Cawnpore. We were resolved rather to die than to yield, and were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and

to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries, and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night.

"I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, 'her father should return from the plowing.'

"She fell, at length, into a profound slumber, motionless, and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of the cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised, and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance; she grasped my hand, drew me toward her, and exclaimed, 'Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'; it's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!'

"Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervor. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears

heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving; but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, ‘Courage! courage! Hark to the slogan — to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a’! Here’s help, at last!’ To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked to the spot burst out anew as the colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of musketry.

“A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonizing hope, and Jessie, who had sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried, in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line, ‘Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin’! D’ye hear, d’ye hear?’ At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the pibroch of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance; for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, could come neither from the advance of the enemy, nor from the work of the sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones, seeming to promise succor to their friends in need.

“Never, surely, was such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs, and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy, which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigor to that blessed pibroch. To our cheer of ‘God save the Queen,’ they replied by the well-known strain, that moves every Scot to tears, ‘Should auld acquaintance be forgot,’ &c. After that, nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the general on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers’ banquet her health was drunk by all present while the pipers marched round the

table, playing once more the familiar air of ‘Auld lang syne.’”



COQUETRY AND SINCERITY.

WHAT’S a coquet? Since none are by
To hear my frank and plain reply,
I’ll tell you, that she is by nature
A forward, trifling, heartless creature;
A common glass, all forms reflecting,
Preferring none, and none rejecting;
A gambler who invites your stakes
While in false coin her own she makes;
Who aims at common admiration
By practicing dissimulation;
Who, loving her sweet self alone,
Would win all hearts, and keep her own.

How differently does Edith charm!
No treachery hers, no false alarm!
With native unaffected grace,
The light of truth is on her face:
Her teeth of pearl, and lips of rose,
Only a smile sincere compose.
For honest love and friendship made,
She scorns the trifler’s paltry trade.
The few she loves intent to please,
None other can disturb her ease;
On no new victories she dreams,
But is the lovely thing she seems.

THE PRUSSIAN GENERAL ON THE RHINE.

‘T WAS on the Rhine the armies lay:—
To France or not? Is’t yea or nay?
They pondered long, and pondered well;
At length old Blucher* broke the spell:
“Bring here the map to me!
The road to France is straight and free:—
Where is the foe?” — “The foe? Why, here!”
“We’ll beat him. Forward! Never fear!
Say, where lies Paris?” — “Paris? — here!”
“We’ll take it. Forward! Never fear!
So throw a bridge across the Rhine;
Methinks the Frenchman’s sparkling wine
Will taste the best where grows the vine!”

From the German of Kopisch.

* Pronounced Blookh’er.

THE EXERCISE OF SPEAKING.

It is not generally known how much exercise there is in speaking. "Reading aloud and recitation," says Andrew Combe, "are more invigorating and useful muscular exercises than is generally imagined; at least, when managed with due regard to the natural powers of the individual, so as to avoid effort and fatigue. Both require the varied activity of most of the muscles of the trunk to a degree of which few are conscious till their attention is turned to it. In forming and undulating the voice, not only the chest, but the abdominal muscles, are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach and bowels a healthy and agreeable stimulus."

"All exercise," says Sir John Sinclair, "produces its effects in a principal degree by acting on the circulation of the blood; and it must be evident that by increasing the action of the muscles of respiration, the circulation of the blood must be forwarded. Speaking, therefore, is a very effectual mode of taking exercise, and has, by some authors, been regarded as particularly salutary to the female sex, who, but for their natural propensity to exercise the voice, might suffer from the sedentary nature of their occupations.

"Loud reading and speaking may be regarded as advantageous to literary men, affording them good substitutes for other kinds of exercise, for which they seldom have sufficient leisure or opportunity. It is to this cause that we may justly ascribe the longevity of many schoolmasters, lawyers, and teachers in universities, who, notwithstanding their sedentary employments, and the vitiated air they daily breathe in school-rooms and courts of justice, preserve their health, and attain a long life."

Reading aloud is much recommended by Celsus, especially to those who have weak stomachs. Many persons imagined that Mr. Betty, or the "youthful Roscius," as he was called, would ruin his lungs by his theatrical exertions; whereas, on the contrary, his lungs were strengthened by them,

and his health on the whole improved. Many similar cases might be mentioned. All vocal exertions should be made judiciously and gradually. As in gymnastic trials, so in the practice of the voice, much mischief may be produced by efforts too violent or prolonged.

PUNCTUATION POINTS.—The points now used in punctuation were introduced into writing gradually, some time after the invention of printing. The Greeks had none, and there was no space between their words. The Romans put a kind of division between their words, thus : Publius.Scipio.Africanus.

Up to the end of the fifteenth century, only the period, colon, and comma, had been introduced. The latter came into use latest, and was only a perpendicular figure or line proportionate to the size of the letter. To Aldus Manutius, an eminent Italian printer, in 1490, we are indebted for the semi-colon, and also for the present form of the comma. He also laid down rules now observed in regard to their use. The note of interrogation and the note of exclamation were not added till some years later, and it is not known by whom.

Inverted commas (") were first used by Guillemet (pronounced gheel-mä), a French printer, and were intended by him to supersede the use of *Italic* letters; and the French printers now call them by the inventor's name. But these marks are at present used by English printers to denote quoted matter. In a London book — The Art of English Poetry — printed in 1807, it appears that this mode of denoting quoted matter is of late origin, as such matter is therein denoted by being set in *Italic*. It is not known by whom the apostrophe and dash were invented.

EVILS OF LATE RISING.—Lying long and late in bed impairs the health, generates diseases, and in the end destroys the lives of multitudes. It is an intemperance of the most pernicious kind, having nothing

to recommend it; for to be asleep when we ought to be up, is to be dead for the time. This tyrannical habit attacks life in its essential powers; makes the blood forget its way, and creep lazily along the veins; relaxes the fibers, unstrings the nerves, evaporates the animal spirits, dulls the fancy, and subdues and stupefies a man to such a degree, that he hath no appetite for any thing; he loathes labor, yawns for want of thought, trembles at the sight of a spider, and in the absence of that, at the creatures of his own gloomy imagination.

THE BRAIN OF CHILDHOOD.—It is a fact well attested by experience, that the memory may be seriously injured by pressing upon it too hardly and continuously in early life. Whatever theory we hold as to this great function of our nature, it is certain that its powers are only gradually developed, and that, if forced into premature exercise, they are impaired by the effort. This is a maxim, indeed, of general import, applying to the condition and culture of every faculty of body and mind; but singularly to the one we are now considering, which forms, in one sense, the foundation of intellectual life. A regulated exercise short of fatigue is improving to it; but we are bound to refrain from goading it by constant and laborious efforts in early life, and before the instrument is strengthened to its work, or it decays under our hands.

THE HAND.—With the hand we demand, we promise, we call, dismiss, threaten, entreat, supplicate, deny, refuse, interrogate, admire, reckon, confess, repent; express fear, express shame, express doubt; we instruct, command, unite, encourage, swear, testify, accuse, condemn, acquit, insult, despise, defy, disdain, flatter, applaud, bless, abuse, ridicule, reconcile, recommend, exalt, regale, gladden, complain, afflict, discomfit, discourage, astonish, exclaim, indicate silence, and what not; with a variety and multiplication that keep pace with the tongue.

I WAS ONCE YOUNG.—It is an excellent thing for all who are engaged in giving instruction to young people frequently to call to mind what they were themselves when young. This practice is one of the most likely to impart patience and forbearance, and to correct unreasonable expectations. At one period of my life, when instructing two or three young people to write, I found them, as I thought, unusually stupid. I happened about this time to look over the contents of an old copy-book, written by me when I was a boy. The thick up-strokes, the crooked down-strokes, the awkward joinings of the letters, and the blots in the book, made me completely ashamed of myself, and I could, at the moment, have buried the book in the fire. The worse, however, I thought of myself, the better I thought of my backward scholars; I was cured of my unreasonable expectations, and became in future doubly patient and forbearing. In teaching youth, remember that you once were young, and in reproofing their youthful errors endeavor to call to mind your own.

SECRET OF SUCCESS AT THE BAR.—I asked Sir James Scarlett what was the secret of his preëminent success as an advocate. He replied that he took care to press home the one principal point of the case, without paying much regard to the others. He also said that he knew the secret of being short. “I find,” said he, “that when I exceed half an hour, I am always doing mischief to my client; if I drive into the heads of the jury important matter, I drive out matter more important that I had previously lodged there.”—*Buxton.*

OBJECT OF EDUCATION.—The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

KINDNESS IN CHILDREN. — If boys were acquainted with the wonderful structure of insects, and of other animals low in the scale, they would not be found sticking pins into flies, or tormenting cats ; nor, when men, would they treat those noble domestic animals, the horse and the ox, with cruelty. The girl who has learned to derive enjoyment from observing the operations and watching the metamorphoses of insects, who knows their history, and is conversant with their structure, habits, and curious economy, will mark these circumstances in animals higher in the scale ; and, ascending to her own species, will learn also the elevation of her own nature. As she grows up to womanhood, she will feel more intensely the delicacy and dignity of the feminine character, and resist with more force the temptations which always beset innocence, amiability, and inexperience, both from without and from within. — *Loudon.*

Poverty. — O, beloved and gentle Poverty ! pardon me for having for a moment wished to fly from thee, as I would from Want ; stay here for ever with thy charming sisters, Pity, Patience, Sobriety, and solitude ; be ye my queens and my instructors ; teach me the stern duties of life ; remove far from my abode the weaknesses of heart, and giddiness of head, which follow from prosperity. Holy Poverty ! teach me to endure without complaining, to impart without grudging, to seek the end of life higher than in pleasure, further off than in power. Thou givest the body strength, thou makest the mind more firm ; and, thanks to thee, this life, to which men attach themselves as to a rock, becomes a bark of which death may cut the cable without awakening all our fears. Continue to sustain me, O thou whom Christ hath called blessed ! — *From the French of Emile Souvestre.*

EPIGRAM ON A BAD POET.

SWANS sing before they die : 't were no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

COLERIDGE.



THE UNRETURNING SHIP.

Herr mighty sails the breezes swell,
And fast she leaves the lessening land,
And from the shore the last farewell
Is waved by many a snowy hand ;
And weeping eyes are on the main,
Until the verge she wanders o'er ;
But from the hour of parting pain,
That bark was never heard of more

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair ;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer.
And, O ! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth that vessel bore :
Say, were they quenched in waters cold ?
For she was never heard of more !

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'mid the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea ?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
When drifting on a fatal shore ? —
Vain guesses all ! — her destiny
Is dark — she was not heard of more !

The moon hath twelve times changed her form
From glowing orb to crescent wan,
'Mid skies of calm, and scowl of storm,
Since from her port that ship hath gone.
But ocean keeps its secret well,
And though we know that all is o'er,
No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell,
Her fate — she was not heard of more !

O ! were her tale of sorrow known,
'T were something to the broken heart ;
The pangs of doubt would then be flown,
And Fancy's endless dreams depart.
It may not be ! — there is no ray
By which her doom we may explore ;
We only know she sailed away, —
Was never seen or heard of more !

Translated from the German for the School Monthly.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GREAT MAN.

CHAPTER I.

It was a delightful night in May, in the year 1543. Unnumbered stars sparkled in the azure vault of heaven, whose dusky background truly resembled a measureless sat~~u~~ canopy, studded with brilliants. On the earth reigned a deep stillness. Nature seemed to rest, and celebrate a Sabbath. Scarcely a breath stirred the freshly-folded flowers, or played in the young leaves. The universe was sleeping. The stars of the firmament, which, in wide-stretching orbits, were pursuing their appointed paths, alone gave token of life in nature.

This all-pervading quiet was shared alike in common with others by the inhabitants of a little town in Ermeland, a province of Prussia. Around them, too, Sleep had flung his leaden arms, and held fast closed their weary eyelids. Every one had stretched himself on his couch, and was gathering new strength for the duties of the coming day; all save *one*, who had denied himself this refreshment, and was holding his solitary vigil in the little chamber high up in the top of the tower. It was an old, bowed, labor-worn man of seventy, who sat here at a table, on which stood a miserable tin lamp, that threw its dim light on a large book, which lay open before him.

The thick gray hair of the old man fell in long locks on his shoulders, forming a frame to a face stamped with deep thought and heavenly mildness. A faint glow tinged his cheeks, and contrasted pleasantly with the long, dark garb, at that time the ordinary dress of the citizen, which consisted of a simple gown, with down-turned collar, and sleeves with upturned cuffs. The old man seemed sunk in intense thought, and raised, from time to time, to the nightly skies, his beautiful, clear eyes, only to close them again, and pursue the more undisturbed his far-reaching speculations.

Was it the great eventful era in which

he lived which thus occupied his thoughts? The Reformation had lighted her torch; Luther had burned the papal bull of excommunication, had declared himself at Worms, and found a city of refuge in Wartburg. In Switzerland, Zwinglius and Calvin had brought forward a new form of belief. The Augsburg Confession was promulgated. Henry the Eighth, of England, had broken the power of the Pope, by whom, a short time before, had been founded the order of the Jesuits, and had declared himself the head of the English church. Sweden had consummated the Stockholm massacre, and had given herself a king in the person of Gustavus Vasa. Ivan the Cruel had assumed the title of Czar of all the Russias, Magellan had circumnavigated the world, and Cortez had plundered Mexico.

Surely here was material enough for speculation. Yet it was not the storms of earth that busied the old man: his attention was fixed on the majestic heaven-vault which arched itself above him. The man whose exploring eyes were this night directed to the firmament was the greatest astronomer of all time, Nicholas Copernicus, born at Thorn, Feb. 19, 1473, Doctor of Philosophy and Medicine, Canon of Ermekand, and Honorary Professor at Bologna, Rome, and other places. In an hour of inspiration, he had snatched the earth-ball from the center of the fixed, immovable universe, where the ancients had placed it, and substituted in its stead the Star of Day, around which revolved the planets and their satellites.

Copernicus was the first whose glance penetrated into the order which governs the systems of the universe; the first who revealed to the inhabitants of earth the paths which the worlds on high must, from eternally established laws, necessarily follow. In the midst of poverty, contending against mockery and persecution, with the help of a miserable wooden triangle, he had resolved the hitherto unsolved problem. The great investigator was convinced that the great end of his strivings was accomplished; he

even believed that he had reached the utmost bounds of science to which it is permitted to man to attain. In his work entitled "*De Revolutionibus Orbium Caelestium*" (On the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies), he had laid down his observations and experiments; and he now wished to profit by this beautiful spring night, to demon'strate once more, with the utmost exactness, what had previously been merely matter of perception, and then put his hand to the last correction of his work, which was now in press at Nurnberg, under the superintendence of his pupil, Relicus.

It seemed as if the heavens smiled on his design, and had donned their most splendid festal garb. Copernicus labored with unwearyed assiduity, and forsook not his watch until the stars paled in the light of the rising sun. Before he prepared to depart, he seized once more the parallels formed by three slips of wood rudely put together (an instrument of his own fabrication, a model of which has been left us by Tycho Brahe), and directed them for the last time to the four cardinal points. "Yes, it is no illusion!" he shouted, delighted. "I have found the truth,—have overthrown an error which has held men captive for thousands of years." Transported by the great truths which had been disclosed to his inspired vision, he fell on his knees beside his table, and, raising his eyes to heaven, and piously crossing his withered hands upon his breast, he said, "Lord God, I thank thee that thou hast vouchsafed to me a perception of thy greatness and omnipotence."

Then he took up his pen, and wrote on the title-page of his book, "This is the work of the great and perfect Creator; it is the work of God." And after a few moments' reflection, he added these words: "Dedicated to the holy father, Pope Paul the Third. To thee, holy father, I consecrate my work, that clergy and laity may see that I do not shun the most searching scrutiny. Thy dignity, and love for all the sciences, particularly the severer ones, will be a shield for me against the malice of the

calumniator, and will protect me in spite of the proverb that there is no medicine for the bite of the slanderer.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS,
"Thorn."

FRANKLIN ASKING FOR WORK. — When quite a youth, Franklin went to London, entered a printing-office, and inquired if he could get employment as a printer. "Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. — "America," was the reply. — "Ah," said the foreman, "from America! A lad from America seeking employment as a printer! Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" Franklin stepped to one of the cases, and, in a very brief space, set up the following passage from the first chapter of the gospel of John: "Nathaniel saith unto him, Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip saith unto him, Come and see!" It was done so quickly, so accurately, and contained a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him character and standing with all in the office.

FIX YOUR MIND. — Lay it down as a sound maxim, Nothing can be accomplished without a fixed purpose — a concentration of mind and energy. Whatever you attempt to do, whether it be the writing of an essay, or whittling of a stick, let it be done as well as you can do it. It was this habit that made Franklin, and Newton, and hundreds whose labors have been of incalculable service to mankind. Fix your mind closely and intently on what you undertake — in no other way can you have a reasonable hope of success. An energy that dies in a day is good for nothing — an hour's fixed attention will never avail. The heavens were not measured in a day. The inventions that bless mankind were not the result of a few moments' thought and investigation. A lifetime has often been given to a single object. If you, then, have a desire to bless your species, or to get to yourself a glorious name, fix your mind upon something, and let it remain fixed.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

Continued from page 22.

XIII.

A COMMON error may be observed in the use of the *objective* case of personal pronouns instead of the *nominative*. A lady inquires of her friend, "Who was that gentleman walking with you yesterday?" — "It was my brother, who has just returned from Europe." — "I thought it was *him* (he), from his resemblance to your father." — "Mary attempted to surprise me this evening, but as soon as I heard a lady's step I knew it was *her* (she)." The words in parentheses are of course the proper ones to be used in these expressions.

XIV.

A very common blunder is the substitution of the transitive verb *lay* for the intransitive verb *lie* (to lie down). Nothing can be more erroneous than to say, as persons who ought to know better constantly do, "I shall go and *lay* down." What are you going to lay down — money, carpets, plans, or what? for, as a transitive verb is used, an object is wanted to complete the sense. The speaker means, in fact, to tell us that he (himself) is going to *lie down*; instead of which he gives us to understand that he is going to *lay* down or *put* down something which he has not named, but which it is necessary to name before we can understand the sentence; and this sentence, when completed according to the rules of grammar, will never convey the meaning he intends.

How often are critical ears wounded by such expressions as the following: "My brother *lays* (lies) ill of a fever;" "The ship *lays* (lies) at the end of Long Wharf;" "The books were *laying* (lying) on the floor;" "He *laid* (lay) on a sofa three weeks;" "After I had *laid* (lain) down, I remembered that I had left my pistols *laying* (lying) on the table." You must perceive that in every one of these instances the wrong verb is used, the right one being given in parenthesis. The error probably originates in the circumstance of the present tense of

the verb "to lay" being similar to the past tense of the verb "to lie."

In such sentences as the following, wherein the verb is used reflectively, — "Now I *lay* me down to sleep," "If I *lay* myself down on the grass, I shall catch cold," "He *laid* himself down on the floor," — the verb "to lay" is correctly substituted for the verb "to lie;" for the addition of the emphatic pronoun *myself* or *himself*, constituting an objective case, and coming immediately after the verb without the intervention of a preposition, renders it necessary that the verb employed should be *transitive*, that is, a verb in which the sense passes across from it to some noun.

XV.

A similar confusion often arises in the use of the verbs *sit* and *set*. *Sit* is an intransitive, *set* a transitive verb; yet how often do we hear such expressions as, "I have *set* (sat) with him for hours;" "She *set* (sat) three nights by the patient's bedside." What did they *set*? — plants, trees, traps, or what? for, as an objective case is evidently implied by the use of an active verb, an object is indispensable to complete the sense. No tense whatever of the verb "to sit" is rendered "set;" and this last has but *one word* throughout the whole verb, except the active participle "setting;" and "sit" has but two words, "sit" and "sat," except the active participle "sitting;" therefore it is easy to correct this error, by the help of a little attention.

XVI.

I will not suppose that you are so illiterate as to say "We *done* this," "You *done* that," instead of "We *did* this," "You *did* that;" and yet this gross blunder is too common even among persons claiming to have some education. "I *did* it," or "I *have done* it," is a phrase correct in its formation, its application being, of course, dependent on other circumstances. "You *had n't ought* to do it" is another blunder that we sometimes hear. "You *ought not to do it*" is the correct phrase. Be on your guard against the misuse of language.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

NO. III.—MARCH, 1858.—VOL. I.



The Watchman on the Tower announcing the Approach of the Enemy.

STORY OF THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

EDWARD THE THIRD, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succors into the city. The citizens, under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defense. France had now put

the sickle into her second harvest since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue.

At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, the citizens resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and after

a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:

"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand; or, the desolation and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends,—there is one expedient left! A gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any one here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up His only Son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke. But a universal silence prevailed. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed:— "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay,

more zealous for this martyrdom, than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely! I give it cheerfully!—Who comes next?"

"Your son!" exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no:—I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality.—Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!"

"Your kinsman!" cried John d'Aire.—"Your kinsman!" cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman!" cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not *I* a citizen of Calais!"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot from numbers who were now envious of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! What a scene! They crowded, with their wives and children, about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned, they wept aloud, and the joint clamor of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them

with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes which the devoted men had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"

"They are," says Mauny. "They are not only the principal men of Calais,—they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."

"Were they delivered peaceably?" asks Edward. "Was there no resistance, no commotion, among the people?"

"Not in the least, my lord. The people would all have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission, by punishment and example.—Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforce-

ment of gallant troops. Sir Walter flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims. As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience.

"My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics; — it respects the honor of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer would be to *them*, a stage of *honor*; but a stage of *shame*, to Edward; a reproach on his conquests; an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We can not wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced. You have prevailed. Be it so!" replied Edward. "Prevent the execution. Have them instantly before us." They came; when Queen Philippa, with an aspect and accent diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais! You have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance. But you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honor in you that valor and virtue by which we have so long been kept out of our rightful possessions.—You noble burghers! You excellent citizens! Though you were ten-fold the enemies of our person and our throne,

we can feel for you nothing on our part save respect and affection. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains; we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or of station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, to your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honors that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."

"Ah! my country," exclaimed St. Pierre; "it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our *cities*; but Philippa conquers *hearts*!"

The foregoing excellent reading exercise is from Brooke's "Fool of Quality," a work much admired in its day, though now almost forgotten. Henry Brooke, the author, was born in 1706, and died in 1783. He was the son of an Irish clergyman. The incidents upon which the foregoing narrative is founded are historical, and may be found narrated in Hume's History of England.

Pronounce Calais *Kalix* (or, as in French, *Kah-lay*); Vienne, *Ve-énn*; St. Pierre, *Saint-peir* (or, as in French, *Säng-peir*); piqued, *peekt*. A burgher is an inhabitant of a *burg* or *borough*.

Translated from the German for the School Monthly.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GREAT MAN.

Continued from page 62.

CHAPTER II.

THE young morning sun peered with softened gleam into the window, and threw its rays on the still moist lines. The fading lamp flared fitfully, and weariness closed the eyes of the originator of a new doctrine, the discoverer of a till now unknown truth. He reposed a few moments; but not long did Copernicus enjoy the restorative slumber which had taken possession of him. He

soon arose, and prepared to proceed to the discharge of the duties which awaited him elsewhere.

Descending from the tower, he met an old servant, who said, "Sir, the messenger from Nurnberg is ready to set off; he only waits for the corrected proof of a letter from you." Copernicus turned back, gave the servant what was wanted, and seated himself immediately to write a few more lines; but his pen fell from his powerless hand, and he sank back exhausted in his chair.

"Pardon me," said the gray-haired servant, as he gently shook his master, "I know you need rest, but my orders admit no delay. At this moment ten patients are waiting at your house, and a messenger has ridden in all haste from Frauenberg, with word that the water-wheel has stopped, and that three workmen, in attempting to start it again, have been horribly mangled."

"Ah! the poor creatures!" cried Copernicus, springing up. "Let my horse be saddled." Forgetting all weariness, he hastily descended the stairs, and soon reached his habitation. His dwelling was one of the most unassuming in the whole little town, and consisted of a laboratory, where he prepared his medicines for the sick; a little painting-studio, where the great scholar, who was also a proficient in this art, sometimes busied himself with his pencil, and had painted portraits of himself and some of his friends, besides reminiscences of Rome and Bologna; and a modest little sitting-room, which stood open to every one who chose to make the least demand upon the head or heart of Copernicus. Over the door was an oval opening, through which the sun-light at noon, falling upon a particular point in the room, made it serve as a sundial. The sole ornaments of this guest-room were some verses written by his own hand, which he had pasted over the chimney.

On arriving at his house, the learned Copernicus found the ten patients who were awaiting his coming. They stretched out to him their imploring hands. He immediately applied bandages to the wounded,

administered medicine to others, and dismissed none without alms and consolation. Then he hastily drank a cup of milk, and was about to mount his horse to proceed to Frauenberg, when a courier, covered with dust and sweat, alighted at his door. Alarmed and anxious, Copernicus hastened out, and received a letter from his friend Gisca, the Bishop of Kulm, with the following contents :

" May God take us in his holy keeping, and avert the blow which threatens you ! Your enemies, and the envious, evil-eyed fault-finders who are leagued with them, accuse you of heresy, and of attempting to mislead the public mind. They have fully succeeded in exciting the people of Nurnberg against you, so that the populace there curse your name, the priests hurl their denunciations against you from the pulpit, the Academy loudly clamors for your excommunication, and the University, learning that your work is in press, threatens to destroy the printing-office, and with it the labor of your whole life. Hasten here quickly, to allay the storm, though I almost fear you will come too late."

Copernicus was hardly able to read the letter to the end ; his strength forsook him, and he sank fainting into the arms of the servant who hastened to his assistance. When the restoratives administered by the old servant had again brought him to himself, the messenger, who had strict orders not to return without him, inquired if he was ready to accompany him back. " Yes," he answered, with the most entire resignation, " I am ready. Let us set off, but neither to Nurnberg nor to Kulm. In Frauenberg the sick and mangled await my aid, and must not die for want of it. Thither we will turn our steps. Let my enemies, in their rage, destroy my work, if they will ; the stars will neither stand still nor change their course."

An hour later, Copernicus entered Frauenberg. The works which he had erected on an elevated point in the city conveyed thither the waters of a small river about half a mile distant, and at the same time

developed such power as sufficed to carry a mill which the famed scholar had also built there. The machinery had immensely ameliorated the condition of the inhabitants of Frauenberg, for it now needed only the turning of a faucet to lead the water to the very roofs of the houses, while before, especially in the warm season, the lack of this necessary element often drove the good people to utter despair, and there was no possible chance of extinguishing any fire which might break out.

The machine, as we have already mentioned, had got out of order a few days before ; and this circumstance was all the more unfortunate because a church festival was close at hand, which usually drew together a large concourse of people. The practiced eye of Copernicus immediately detected the cause of the disturbance, and in a few hours the machinery was so completely repaired that the citizens had the great joy of seeing the all-important element again flowing freely in all directions. He had first, however, devoted himself to the care of the injured men, whom he found in a most shocking condition ; and, though unable to spare all of them the pain of a surgical operation, yet, with the pain caused by his instruments, came like a soothing balm words of tenderness and consolation. But, alas ! he who was so ready to help,—who always thought of others before himself, was now destined, on the very spot which he had so benefited, to swallow a bitter morsel.

Pronounce the *au* in *Frauenburg* like the *ow* in *now* ; *Bologna*, *Bo-lon'ya*. The mark over the last *e* in *learned* is called a *dieresis*, and is meant to show that the *e* ought to be separated from the preceding syllable in the pronunciation. *Learned*, when a verb, is pronounced in one syllable ; when an adjective, in two.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

Continued from page 68.

XVII.

SOME vilely-coined words have lately come into use in certain newspapers. I have noticed such expressions as "*newsporial* clippings," "*the reportorial corps*,"

"the lady *débuted* before a large audience." Avoid all such wretched and unwarrantable innovations.

XVIII.

If correct habits of speech are not formed in youth, vicious habits will be, and these it may be difficult to cure. Persons, long after they have been taught better, have been known to strive unsuccessfully to break themselves of the habit of saying *he done it*, for *he did it*; *you had n't ought*, for *you ought not*; *why don't you lay down*, for *why don't you lie down*, &c. Some well-educated persons, through the power of long habit, will persist in using *shew* instead of *showed*, as the preterit of *show*; as, *he shew the book*, instead of *he showed the book*, &c. *Shew* is used in no one instance by Shakspeare.

XIX.

It is a blunder to use the plurals *ashes* and *pains* as if they were in the singular number. Do not say "that ashes *was* removed;" but "those ashes *were* removed." Do not say "great pains *was* taken;" but "great pains *were* taken."

XX.

How often do we see the plural of *excellence* misspelt by the insertion of a superfluous *i* in the last syllable. We should write "her *excellences*" of character, not *excellencies*. But, if we are speaking of their *Excellencies* the Governors, the *i* is proper; for this word has *excellency* for its singular, and not *excellence*.

XXI.

While on the subject of misspelt words, I would ask why certain newspaper publishers will insist on advertising "stationary for sale." Stationary what? They undoubtedly mean *stationery*; but they do not say so. So we often see signs like the following: "*Millinary* done here;" "*Confectionary* for parties." From milliner we have *millinery*; from confectioner, *confectionery*. There is no authority whatever for the other mode of spelling the words.

XXII.

That "prepositions govern the objective case" is a golden rule of grammar; and if it were only well remembered, it would effectually correct the common mistake of substituting the nominative for the objective pronoun. In using a relative pronoun in the objective case, it is often more elegant to put the preposition before than after it; thus, "To whom was the order given?" instead of "Whom was the order given to?" Indeed, if this practice were to be invariably adopted, it would obviate the possibility of confounding the nominative with the objective case, because no man would ever find himself able to utter such a sentence as "To who was the proposal made?" though he might very unconsciously say "Who was the proposal made to?" and the error would be equally flagrant in both instances.

XXIII.

Some persons add a superfluous preposition at the end of a sentence, as in "More than you think *for*." This, however, is an awkwardness rarely committed by persons of decent education.

XXIV.

Some persons use the past tense of the verb "to go" instead of the past participle, and say "I should have *went*," instead of "I should have gone." This is not a very common error, but it is a very great one. One might as well say "I should have *was* at the theater, last night," instead of "I should have been at the theater," &c., as say "I should have *went*," instead of "I should have *gone*."

XXV.

The vulgar speaker uses adjectives instead of adverbs, and says, "This letter is written *shocking*." The genteel bungler uses adverbs instead of adjectives, and says, "This writing looks *shockingly*." The perpetrators of the latter offense may fancy they can shield themselves behind the grammatical law which compels the employment of an adverb, not an adjective, to qualify a

verb, and behind the first rule of syntax, which says "a verb must agree with its nominative." But which is the nominative in the expression alluded to? *Which* performs the act of looking—the writing or the speaker? To say that a thing *looks* when *we* look at it, is an idiom peculiar to our language, and means not that the thing actually *looks*, but only appears. Now, a thing can not appear beautifully; it may appear beautiful. It is improper, therefore, to say "the moon looks beautifully," "the flowers smell sweetly," "this writing looks shockingly;" because it is the speaker who performs the act of looking, smelling, &c.; and you should say, "The moon looks beautiful," "The flowers smell sweet."

There are some peculiar idioms which it would be better to avoid altogether, if possible; but, if you feel compelled to use them, take them as they are. You can not prune and refine them by the rules of syntax, and to attempt to do so shows ignorance as well as affectation.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF REINECK.

As once I was taking a walk, you see,
A curious circumstance happened to me.
A huntsman I saw through the thorny brake
Ride to and fro by the woodland lake.
The deer came bounding across the spot,
But what did the huntsman? He shot them not!
He blew his horn by the forest green,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

And as I strolled onward along the shore,
A curious circumstance happened once more.
A fisher-maid in a boat on the lake
Rowed to and fro near the thorny brake;
'T was sundown,—the fishes around her shot,
But what did the maiden? She caught them not!
She sang a song by the forest green,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?

Retracing my steps at evening's fall,
The most curious circumstance happened of all:
A riderless horse stood in the brake,
An empty skiff repos'd on the lake;
And passing the grove of alders there,
What heard I therein? A whispering pair!
The moon shone brightly, the night was serene,—
Now tell me, good people, what could that mean?



ON THE TREATMENT OF BOOKS.

WHAT a world is the book world! What an illustrious companionship does it offer for the gratification of our social and spiritual instincts and likings! The great, the brave, the self-sacrificing,—the oppressed and their deliverers,—the sages, the instructors, the benefactors of mankind, in all ages, live again in books, and reveal to us, in the seclusion of our chambers and firesides, what were the thoughts and motives of their secret lives; why they lived laborious days, and spurned the tempting delights of sense; what was the spiritual atmosphere in which they breathed; what the secret source of endeavor, never slackening till the goal was won.

Books, like men, have a two-fold nature: paper, print, and binding, are their bodily substances, and the thoughts that breathe along their pages may be called their spirit. And since we would be loth to abuse our living friend and benefactor, or his dead remains, we ought not to abuse a good book. Unhappily, there is a very authoritative precedent for the maltreatment of books. Dr. Johnson rarely read a book without thumbing, twisting, pulling, hauling, and crushing it into a state of dislocation utterly hopeless, as though he had determined to wring its essence out of it, as men do perfumes from flowers by squeezing them to death; so that those who had the misfortune to lend him a volume rarely knew it again after it had escaped the torture of his inquisition. We do not think the example of the great lexicographer, in this particular, worthy of imitation.

That, in the present day, books are cheap, is no reason why they should be

cheaply estimated. The spectacle of an unfortunate volume with its back broken and half its sheets "started," as the bookbinders have it, or of one crippled into a state of rickets by a lazy, one-handed reader, who claps his heavy elbow on the left-hand page while he is reading the right-hand one; or of one which, having been lately read, has been suffered to be knocked or kicked about till its corners, all uncornered, show like the toes of a pair of defunct boots with a ragged stocking peeping through—such disasters as these, while they awaken compassion for the persecuted volumes, arouse our resentment against the perpetrators of the injustice.

Now, regarding books as among our best friends, we feel bound to stand up for their friendly treatment. Some of our closest intimates, whom we respect for many worthy reasons, are, we are sorry to say, grossly wanting in a reverence for books. Thus, one very excellent gentleman never takes up a volume without grasping it firmly between finger and thumb of both hands, and twisting it suddenly, as it were, inside out, by bringing his knuckles together behind. He may thus break the back of the book, especially if it be in boards, or only bound in cloth.

Another of our friends has a knack of pulling at each leaf as he reads it, and thumbing and pinching it like a man in the paper-market trying the stoutness of a sample. We happened once to take this gentleman with us into the shop of a well-known print-seller. While we were turning over a portfolio in search of a portrait, he opened another, of new prints, and began routing through them for pastime. The proprietor flew forward and seized his arm, saying, "I will show you those prints, sir, with pleasure; but can not allow you to handle them."

"Why not?—other gentlemen are handling prints."—"Pardon me; you do not know what you are about," said the shopkeeper, as he tied up the portfolio. "Were I to suffer you to proceed, you would do two hundred dollars' worth of mischief in

a quarter of an hour. You should handle no prints but your own."

The rebuke was perfectly just; and, like the delinquent in question, there are numbers of inconsiderate people, whose touch, albeit with fingers of the very cleanest, is ruin to a fine print or drawing, which, when once crumpled, or "kinked," as the dealers say, can never again be pressed flat, or offered for sale as new. Books in folio and quarto, especially when illustrated, require as delicate handling as prints; and those who maltreat them in this respect will find out their error, should it ever become convenient to turn them into cash.

Some persons never lose the habit they acquired at the primary school, where they learned to spell a, b, ab, and b, a, ba, and to the end of their lives hold their books by sheer force of thumb pressed between the margins at the foot of the page. If this class of persons read much,—which they never do,—their books would perish by the tortures of the thumb-screw.

Books should be handled tenderly; it should be remembered that their nerves and sinews are but sewing-thread and thin glue, and that they are *not* brickbats. They should never be forced open too wide; should not be swung by a single cover; not thumbed like a child's primer; not folded down at the corners to mark where the reader left off; not ground beneath the elbow; not consigned to the mercy of pitch-and-toss accidents.

When read, they should lie comfortably in the hollow of the hand, or rest on the table or reading-stand; and there is not really the slightest necessity for dropping a spoonful or two of bread-crumbs into the narrow in-ter'st-i-cēs of the back, or of making the leaves the receptacle of green or dried flowers or botanical specimens, or even of memorandums of any kind—all which procedures tend to the destruction of the volume. If they are good books (and if they are bad, the sooner the owner gets rid of them the better), they have a solid right to good treatment, and should have it.



The Terror nipped in the Ice.

THE VOYAGE OF THE TERROR.

ONE of the most remarkable Arctic voyages ever made was that of Captain Back, in the ship *Terror*, which sailed from England for the polar seas in the year 1836. The wood-cut represents the ship "nipped," as the sailors call it, in the ice near the entrance of the Frozen Strait. This took place on the 14th of September. A violent landward motion pressed all the surrounding ice into the utmost possible compactness, raised much of it into ponderous pointed heaps of twenty feet and upward in height, and jammed the ship with perilous tightness between the nearest masses.

The hapless ship, thus wedged in a mass of floating ice, was for many days drifted backward and forward along the coast, and away from it, over a range of about thirty miles, just as the wind, the current, or the tide, directed. She lay in the grip of the ice-masses as helplessly as a kid in the folds of a boa-constrictor; and when she was hurled into a change of position, it was with such force that she left her form as

perfectly impressed behind her as if it had been struck in a die.

One of those extraordinary convulsions which are the last hope of the ice-bound Arctic voyager at length occurred. The whole body of ice, for leagues around, got into general commotion, and burst into single masses, and, commencing an impetuous rush to the west, tossed many blocks into heaps, ground others to powder, whirled all into a hurly-burly, and bore away the ship-like a feather toward the Frozen Strait.

Soon afterward she was more firmly beset in the ice than ever; and here she remained till, on the 20th of February, 1837, she was again afloat, but buffeted and nipped by masses of ice, which caused her timbers to creak hideously from stem to stern, as if she were about to be rent asunder. For more than three weeks she was thus tossed about. Never was there a more marvelous succession of awful dangers without a ca-tas'tro-phe, and of providential deliverances without any instrumentality of man.

After describing two remarkable escapes from the tremendous shocks of driving ice, hurled together like mountain masses by an earthquake, Captain Back observes: "On the 16th of March another rush drove irresistibly on the larboard quarter and stern, and, forcing the ship ahead, raised her upon the ice. Scarcely were ten minutes left us for the expression of our astonishment that any thing of human build could outlive such assaults, when another equally violent rush succeeded, and, in its way toward the starboard quarter, threw up a rolling wave thirty feet high, crowned by a blue square mass of many tons, resembling the entire side of a house, which, after hanging for some time in doubtful poise on the ridge, at length fell with a crash into the hollow, in which, as in a cavern, the after-part of the ship seemed imbedded."

At length, after her many hard knocks and squeezes, the brave ship Terror got free, and found herself in open water. Four months, all but a day, had she been in the grip of the ice. She was pretty well shattered and loosened, as you may suppose; and Captain Back and his men thought it very doubtful if she could hold together long enough to bear them across the ocean into a British harbor. But there was nothing to do but to run her, with all possible speed, toward home.

She was utterly crazy, and broken, and leaky; strained and twisted, and with a frightful opening astern. Not even her rough tumbling among the ice-masses was more perilous than her struggling, staggering, water-logged voyage across the northern Atlantic. Gradually sinking by the head, she at last reached the north-west coast of Ireland, and was run ashore. Had she been three hours longer at sea, she would certainly have gone to the bottom.

But the history of the Terror did not end here. In the year 1844 she was refitted and got ready, in company with the Erebus, for the expedition of Sir John Franklin, over which so sad a mystery hangs. The last that was seen of the Terror and her companion, they were moored to an

iceberg near the center of Baffin's Bay, waiting for an opening through the vast body of ice that surrounded them. This was in July, 1845. The poor Terror! After her terrible struggles with the ice, in her former voyage, it was hard that she should not have survived to bring back to us the story of her second encounters.



PRETTY POL

The parrot in his own country—and that country may be situated almost anywhere upon land lying within the torrid zone—is a member of a very declamatory republic. Naturalists class him in the order of the *Scan-sorēs*, a word from the Latin *scando*, I climb; because Pol is one of the climbing birds. But the parrot, in all his tribes, differs in many important respects from the other families of this order. Pol, in the first place, is a practical Brahmin in diet, never destroying either reptile or insect life, but feeding cleanly and innocently upon vegetables alone.

Then, in the second place, he is no fighter; all his excitement exhales itself in bawling and talking. If he have any combative propensities, he subdues them like a philosopher; or, when that is impossible, gives vent to them in a species of natural stump oratory, which is as harmless as it is vehement. Parrots hold their con'claves

all day long during the fine weather ; and, if the testimony of travelers is correct, a most prodigious concert do they make when all are debating together.

In the rainy season they retire into their clefts, crannies, and hiding-places in hollow trees — not being skilled in the art of building nests, in which, therefore, they have no property. What the parrot wants in a warlike spirit — if that be a want — he makes up in amiability, sociableness, and natural affection. For these tender qualities some tribes are more remarkable than others, but all are more or less characterized by them.

His habit of taking food in his claw, and conveying it, as it were, from hand to mouth, is common to no other member of the feathered tribe, except alone the goat-sucker ; and when taken in connection with the grave and sententious mood of Pol when engaged in the serious discussion of a lump of sugar, imparts an air of absurd similarity to the human in his behavior, which has a pretty generally admitted claim upon our sympathies.

But, after all, it is Pol's talking capabilities which are his chief passport to favor. It should be remembered, by those who would direct his education, that Pol's instinct is imitation ; and therefore, if you would have him talk, you must talk to him ; otherwise, he will imitate sounds which are not articulate, and, though really a genius in his way, will pass for a dunce for lack of the power of speech. We have known one who passed his life in a carpenter's shop imitate the planing of a deal board with such precision, that the imitated was undistinguishable from the real sound. The mewing of a cat, or the bark or whine of a dog, the sharpening of a saw, and fifty other disagreeable sounds, may be acquired, if care is not taken, by isolating him from bad examples while yet young, to habituate him to articulate sounds, and to the expression of unobjectionable phrases.

A gray parrot, with whom we had the pleasure of an acquaintance some years ago, learned to repeat several couplets of a

sentimental poem ; and having been taught to pronounce them in a sentimental drawl, and a kind of maudlin tone, could of course repeat them in no other way. When, after a long course of private instruction, he was brought out for exhibition, roars of laughter followed his recitations : the effect, in fact, was irresistible. But flattery spoiled him. Hearing nothing but laughter in response to his oracular utterances, he shortly began to laugh himself, and indulged so much in the exercise that his poetical memories soon vanished altogether.

Another gray specimen, whom we recollect very well, could sing the first line of "O, Nannie, wilt thou gang with me ?" not only pronouncing the words, but screaming the tune with a discordantly comical kind of correctness. He was in the habit of exhibiting at a drawing-room window in a fashionable watering-place, and generally concluded his short solo with the words, rather angrily pronounced, "Go on, good people — go on, good people !" addressed to the crowd who stopped to hear.

Said a gentleman to a dealer, who was asking a high price for a parrot, "This is a handsome bird, but he talks very little." — "I think the more," answered Pol, immediately, and was bought up, without further chaffering.

Some years ago, an unfortunate green parrot arrived at the house of a rather penurious landlady where we were quartered. It was a present from a relation in Calcutta, who had sent it over without a cage. Pol's new proprietor being too stingy to buy one, the poor fellow was left to wander about the house and shift as he might. He soon became a spectacle as curious as melancholy. For lack of a perch, his handsome tail was ground off by the action of the floor and the gravel, as he foraged about house and garden in search of food. He next became as black as a cinder, from routing in dusty holes and corners, and grew to resemble rather a huge toad than a bird of the air.

At length a child employed in the house took compassion on him ; she made him a

shelter from an old box, in which she stuck a perch for his accommodation, and began a course of instruction. Pol manifested extraordinary docility, and soon learned to bawl out lustily, "There's a knock at the door!" — a phrase which he picked up from the constant appeals made to the child, his patron, whose business it was to open the street-door to all comers. Pol's talking talent won for him a consideration that humanity alone would not have dictated; a cage was bought, and the bird was put in possession. The delight of the child found expression in childlike terms, which Polly soon caught up; and for years afterwards he was heard to repeat, at intervals, "Polly got a cage! Polly got a cage! — lost his tail — poor tail!" — a complaint which he continued to reiterate long after the tail was renewed.

Original.

PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL.

Enter Mr. BLUFF and Mr. LOFTY, meeting.

Bluff. Ha! friend Lofty! I am delighted to see you! I did n't expect to meet you in Philadelphia. (*Offers his hand, which Lofty declines.*)

Lofty. Really, sir, you have the advantage of me. I can not call you by name.

Bluff. What! Don't you recollect Bluff, the shipbuilder? Weren't we on a jury once together?

Lof. Very likely, Mr. Bluff; but that is hardly a reason for pledging eternal friendship.

Bluff. I don't know that, friend Lofty.

Lof. (aside). Friend Lofty! What impudence!

Bluff. Make a friend when you can, and be a friend when you can, is my maxim. Now, I left New York in such a hurry that I forgot to bring a letter of introduction to the man we are both calling on, old Stephen Girard. Are you acquainted with him?

Lof. I never saw him in my life, Mr. Buff.

Bluff. Bluff, if you please, sir; Benjamin Bluff, at your service. As I was about

to say, if you don't know Mr. Girard personally, you've brought letters to him, perhaps — eh?

Lof. Certainly, sir. I should not presume to call on a gentleman without an introduction of some sort.

Bluff. Well, now, friend Lofty, you can do me a favor. Lying at my pier on the North River is the Flying Cloud, as fine a ship as ever walked the waters. She is bound for Marseilles, and waiting for a cargo; and I want Stephen Girard to help her to one. If you would be good enough to say a word for me as a fellow New Yorker, it might do me a good service with the old man.

Lof. Impossible, Mr. Bluff! You and I move in very different circles, Mr. Bluff. In short, Mr. Bluff, you will please not to claim acquaintance with me before Mr. Girard.

Bluff. Surely you know the firm of Babbit and Bluff?

Lof. In the way of business, yes. O! a very respectable firm, no doubt.

Bluff. Is our note good in Wall-street?

Lof. Unexceptionable, Mr. Bluff.

Bluff. Why, then — But, no matter, sir, no matter! Here comes Mr. Girard's gardener.

Enter Mr. GIRARD, with a hoe and watering-pot.

Lof. Come here, my good man. I am Mr. Lofty. When will Mr. Girard be visible?

Girard. What do you want to see him for?

Lof. I am waiting to see him on business.

Gir. So I supposed. But what's the business?

Lof. That's my business, my good man. You must not ask impertinent questions.

Gir. (bowing low). O! I humbly beg your pardon, sir. I hope you'll excuse my bad manners. We farmers, you know, are a rough, awkward set.

Bluff. Don't say any thing against farmers! An honest, industrious farmer is a better man than a king.

Gir. Who are you, and who asked your opinion?

Bluff. Who am I? — Benjamin Bluff. Who asked my opinion? — Nobody. But I chose to give it. It's a free country, and opinions are free.

Gir. And what do you want of old Girard?

Bluff. I want him to give me a cargo for the Flying Cloud, bound for Marseilles, and as staunch and well-conditioned a craft as floats.

Gir. The times are hard; and old Girard is a stingy, close-fisted, grasping, disobliging, avaricious, miserly old —

Bluff. Stop that, stop that, my friend! Now, are not you a pretty specimen of a white man, to abuse the employer, whose bread you are eating, after that fashion? Shame on you, sir! Shame on you!

Gir. Why, every body knows what old Girard is, and there's no harm in speaking it out. Because he pays me wages, must I hold my tongue?

Bluff. Did he ever wrong you of a cent?

Gir. I can't say he ever did.

Bluff. Did you ever know, to a certainty, of his wronging any man?

Gir. I can't say I ever did; but I've heard all sorts of reports.

Bluff. All that you actually *know* of him is in his favor; and yet, on the strength of mere *reports*, — malicious, perhaps, and false, — you try to prejudice a stranger against him. Come, come, sir, put down the hoe and the watering-pot, the honest implements of the gardener, and take up the bludgeon of the highwayman; it is not so dastardly a weapon as the tongue of the slanderer.

Gir. Well, well, if you talk to me in that style, I'll fix your business for you with Girard. I have more influence with the old scamp than any one of his clerks.

Lof. Influence! Did you say you had influence with old Girard?

Gir. I can wind him round my finger. He'll do any thing I advise him to.

Lof. Then, I'll tell you what I want.

Gir. Ha! I was an impudent fellow, just now, for asking what you wanted!

Lof. (*offering money*). There's a dollar for you, my good man.

Gir. Keep it for the next beggar, my good man. There are some bruises that money will not heal.

Lof. The truth is that old Girard has a couple of promissory notes of mine for twenty thousand dollars, due next week, and I want him to renew them for six months. Do you think he'll do it?

Gir. I know he'll not.

Lof. Then I am ruined. But I'll not believe you. You are only Mr. Girard's gardener.

Gir. That's true. I'm only his gardener. But, then, he does his own gardening. (*Puts down hoe and watering-pot*.)

Bluff. It is Mr. Girard himself!

Lof. My dear Mr. Girard, a thousand pardons for my stupidity in not recognizing you at once. (*Offers his hand, but GIRARD puts his hands behind him, and shakes his head.*) I've brought letters from our mutual friends in New York, Mr. Girard; letters of introduction, sir, which will tell you who I am, and what my standing is. (*Produces letters.*)

Gir. (*coldly*). Put up your letters, sir. You've introduced *yourself* more truly than any letters could do.

Lof. (*aside*). What a provoking blunder!

Bluff (*aside*). Well, I have spoiled my chances, and may as well go. (*ALOUD, and going.*) Good-morning, Mr. Girard.

Gir. Stop, Benjamin Bluff! Stop and dine with me, Benjamin Bluff! You want a cargo for the Flying Cloud, Benjamin Bluff. You shall have it, Benjamin Bluff. Shake hands with me, Benjamin Bluff. (*They shake hands.*) Is there any thing else I can do for you, Benjamin Bluff?

Bluff. Really, Mr. Girard, really, you take me by surprise. I am very, very much obliged. Coming a perfect stranger to you, and without letters, I had no right to expect so much kindness.

Gir. What do I care for letters? I can

measure a man by the glance of his eye, the tone of his voice; by his gait, the toss of his head, the grasp of his hand. I like you, Benjamin Bluff; and you shall have as many cargoes as you want, Benjamin Bluff.

Lof. My dear Mr. Girard, if you would have the goodness to read this letter —

Gir. I desire to have nothing to do with you, sir. The notes must be paid, or go to protest; — unless — unless —

Lof. Unless what, my dear sir ?

Gir. Unless Benjamin Bluff says I must grant your request. Are you his friend ?

Bluff (*aside to Lorry*). Don't be afraid, sir. You told me not to claim your acquaintance before him, and I'll not do it. We move in different circles, you know.

Lof. O ! the fool that I have been !

Bluff. Do you really think so ?

Lof. I do, indeed.

Bluff. So do I. But PRIDE SHALL HAVE A FALL. Yours is in the dust. The old proverb is true. Mr. Girard, I think we must try to do something for my old friend Lofty.

Gir. It shall be just as you say, Benjamin Bluff.

Bluff. We must give him the extension he asks.

Gir. It shall be done, Benjamin Bluff.

Lof. Gentlemen, gentlemen, my wife and children thank you. My thanks are not worth your taking.

Gir. Well, Mr. Lofty, join us at the dinner-table. We all have our weak points. Let us try to forgive and forget; and, if possible, to reform.

MONEY AND HEALTH. — There is this difference between those two temporal blessings — health and money. Money is the most envied but the least enjoyed. Health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health. —

Colton.

THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

“ Good-night, Sir Rook,” said a little Lark ;
“ The daylight fades — it will soon be dark :
I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day ;
So now I hasten to my quiet nook
In yon dewy meadow ; — good-night, Sir Rook.”

“ Good-night, poor Lark,” said his titled friend, With a haughty toss and a distant bend ;
“ I also go to a rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold damp ground ;
The fittest place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

“ I opened my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams ;
Soaring too high to be seen or heard —
And said to myself, What a foolish bird !

“ I trod the park with a princely air ;
I filled my crop with the richest fare ;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you !
The sun shone full on my ebon wing ;
I looked and wondered ; — good-night, poor thing !”

“ Good-night, once more,” said the Lark's sweet voice ;

“ I see no cause to repent my choice ;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine ?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy ?”

E. T. T.

COMPLAINT.

How seldom, Friend ! a good great man inherits Honor or wealth, with all his worth and pains ! It sounds like stories from the world of spirits, If any man obtain that which he merits, Or any merit that which he obtains.

REPROOF.

For shame, dear Friend ! renounce this canting strain !

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ? Place — titles — salary — a gilded chain — Or throne of corses which his sword has slain ? Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends ! Hath he not always treasures, always friends, The good great man ? — three treasures, love and light,

And calm thoughts, regular as infants' breath ; And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —

Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

S. T. COLEBRIDGE.



THE INFANT BRIDAL.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

Richard, Duke of York, second son of Edward IV., was married to Anne Mowbray, Duchess of Norfolk in her own right. The bridegroom was not five years old, and the bride was scarcely three. The ceremony was performed in St. Stephen's Chapel, A. D. 1477.

The sunbeams of the early day
Streamed through the lattice grim,
And up the dark aisle's pillared way
Swelled loud the nuptial hymn ;
And passed along a gorgeous band
Of courtly dames and fair ; —
Of belted barons of the land
The bravest, best, were there.

But slowly moved the bright array,
For gently at its head
Two blooming children led the way,
With short and doubtful tread ; —
The fair boy-bridegroom and the bride,
(Like Cupid's train of e'd !)
Meekly and loving, side by side,
Each other's hand they held.

Half pleased and half surprised they seemed,
For in each kindred eye
Love, mixed with pity, fondly gleamed,
And mournful gravity.
A fear for them who knew no fear
On each heart darkly fell ;
They view life's future through a tear
Who know the past too well.

The bridegroom wore a royal crown
Amid his shining hair,
That like a golden veil fell down
In tresses soft and fair.
The bearing of the noble child
His princely lineage told ;
Beneath that brow, so smooth and mild,
The blood of warriors rolled.

All coyly went the sweet babe-bride ;
Yet oft, with simple grace,
She raised, soft stepping by his side,
Her dark eyes to his face !
And playfellows who loved her well,
Crowns of white roses bore,
And lived in after years to tell
The infant bridal o'er.

Then words of import strange and deep
The aged prelate said,
And some had turned away to weep,
And many bowed the head.
Their steady gaze those children meek
Upon the old man bent,
As earnestly they seemed to seek
The solemn words' intent ; —

Calm in the blest simplicity
That never woke to doubt ;
Calm in the holy purity
Whose presence bars shame out !
Then turned they from each troubled brow,
And many a downcast eye,
And gazed upon each other now
In wondering sympathy ;

And nestled close, with looks of love,
Upon the altar's stone :
Such ties as seraphs bind above
Those little ones might own !
And sweetly was the babe-bride's cheek
Against the fair boy pressed,
All reverent, yet so fond and meek,
As kneeling to be blessed.

Then smiled they on their grand array,
And went forth hand in hand,
Well pleased to keep high holiday
Amid that gorgeous band.
Alas ! for those that early wed,
With such prophetic gloom !
For sadly fell on each fair head
The shadow of the tomb.

Scarce had the blossoms died away
Of the rose-wreaths they wore,
When to her mouldering ancestry
The little bride they bore.
Her marriage garlands o'er her bier,
Bedewed with tears, were cast ;
And still she smiled, as though no fear
O'erclouded her at last.

A life as short, and darker doom,
The gentle boy befall :
He slept not in his fathers' tomb,
For him was heard no knell !
One stifling pang amid his sleep,
And the dark vale was passed ;
He woke with those who've ceased to weep,
Whose sun is ne'er o'ercast.

A garland floats around the Throne,
Entwined by angel hands,
Of such fair earth-buds, newly blown,
Culled from a thousand lands.
A melody most pure and sweet
Unceasingly they sing,
And blossoms o'er the mercy-seat
Unceasingly they fling !



Mills's Equestrian Statue of Jackson, at Washington.

GEN. JACKSON'S ADDRESS AT NEW ORLEANS.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS: Inhabitants of an opulent commercial town, you have, by a spontaneous effort, shaken off the habits which are created by wealth, and shown that you are resolved to deserve the blessings of fortune, by bravely defending them. Long strangers to the perils of war, you have emboldened yourselves to face them with the cool countenance of veterans. With motives of disunion that might have operated on some minds, you have forgotten the differences of language and the prejudices of national pride, and united with a cordiality that does honor to your understanding, as well as to your pa'triotism.

Natives of the United States! They are the oppressors of your infant political existence with whom you are to contend—they are the men your fathers fought and conquered, whom you are now to oppose.

Descendants of Frenchmen! Natives of France! They are English—the hereditary, the eternal enemies of your ancient country, the invaders of that you have adopted—who are your foes.

Spaniards! Remember the conduct of

your al-lies' at St. Sebastian, and recently at Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the injuries inflicted by men who dishonor the human race.

Louisianians! Your general rejoices to witness the spirit that animates you, not only for your honor, but your safety. Commanding men who know their rights, and are determined to defend them, he salutes you as brethren in arms, and has now a new motive to exert all his faculties to the utmost in your defense.

Continue with the energy with which you have begun, and he promises you not only safety, but victory over a foe who has insulted you by an affected doubt of your attachment to the constitution of your country. Your enemy is near; his sails already cover the lakes. But the brave are united; and if he find us contending among ourselves, it will be for the prize of valor, and for fame, its noblest reward.

Andrew Jackson was born in South Carolina, the 15th of March, 1767. In 1815 he repulsed the British forces in their attack on New Orleans. In 1828 he was elected President of the United States, and again in 1832. He died near Nashville, in Tennessee, June 8, 1845. The equestrian statue of which we give a representation is of bronze, and occupies a conspicuous place near the White House, in Washington.



Portrait of Dr. Kane.

LIFE OF KANE.

ELISHA KENT KANE, the young and distinguished Arctic explorer, was born in Philadelphia on the 3d of February, 1820.* Although of a delicate frame, he delighted, while yet a boy, in all kinds of field-sports. He showed an early partiality for geographical explorations; and manifested a taste for chemistry, geology, and other of the positive sciences. We are told that "at ten years of age he studied the weather, watched the moon, and carefully scanned the opportunities afforded by the nights for scaling fences, and getting into the tree-tops, all round the square that was overlooked by his dormitory. Wherever a cat could go, he would."

One of his ex-ploits' was the ascent of a tall kitchen chimney, which rose temptingly above the roof, sixteen feet high. He had made up his mind that he would seat himself upon the top of this towering pile, and, in order to accomplish his purpose, he persuaded his younger brother to assist him. After the family were abed and asleep, he got out upon the roof, and, by the aid of a clothes-line which he had secreted for the purpose, he succeeded in accomplishing the aim of his ambition, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck; and, having seated himself on the chimney-top, he went back to bed.

Entering the University of Virginia, he remained there a year and a half, and distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, having also made considerable progress in Latin and Greek. But his health was delicate. In his eighteenth year

* For most of the facts in this memoir we are indebted to the excellent biography of Kane, by Dr. Elder, just published by Messrs. Childs & Peterson, of Philadelphia, in the style for which they are celebrated.

he had violent attacks of disease, and for the remainder of his days he was more or less an invalid. His disease was an inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart. One of his physicians told him that an incautious movement might prove fatal. "You may fall, Elisha," said he, "as suddenly as from a musket-shot."

His father said to him, "Elisha, if you must die, die in the harness;" and Elisha resolved to act in conformity with the advice. He found that incessant employment was the best way of combating his bodily infirmity. In his twenty-first year he was elected Resident Physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital, Brockley. On one occasion, when he was going the rounds of the hospital with a companion, they encountered a wretched cripple, who had been married to a healthy young woman in the house. Looking at the miserable man, his companion asked what he supposed must be the thoughts of the cripple's wife, as she reflected that he was her lord and master. "It is to save some lady just such reflections that I have made up my mind never to marry," replied poor Kane.

Having been appointed surgeon in the navy, he sailed in the frigate Brandywine, May, 1843, for Bombay. The vessel, after touching at Madeira, passed on to Rio de Janeiro. At the latter place he improved his time by making an ascent of the Eastern Andes. Arriving at Bombay, he visited the caves of Elephanta, and soon afterward started on an elephant-hunt in the island of Ceylon.

We next find him making an exploration of the Philippine Islands. He traversed the largest of the group, Luconia, from Manilla across to its Pacific coast, and, at great hazards and imminent perils, he made the descent of the crater of the volcano of Tael—a feat which but one European had ever attempted, and he without success. This feat very nearly cost Dr. Kane his life—first, from the poisonous gases he inhaled; and secondly, from the attacks of the natives, who superstitiously regarded his descent into the crater as sacrilegious.

He now visited Borneo and Sumatra, and, crossing over to the Indian peninsula, made the ascent of the Himalaya Mountains. Arriving in Calcutta, he visited Persia and Syria, and passed on to Alexandria, whence he visited Thebes and the Pyramids. He did not traverse all these regions without some narrow escapes and dangerous adventures.

Returning home, he was ordered to the frigate *United States*, bound for the coast of Africa. He cheerfully obeyed the order, but caught the coast fever, and was again brought to death's door. From the effects of this disease he never wholly recovered. He reached Philadelphia on the 6th of April, 1847, a broken-down man.

But he could endure any thing better than inaction. The war of the United States against Mexico was going on. Kane procured the appointment of bearer of dispatches to the commander-in-chief in Mexico. Arriving at Vera Cruz, he started for the capital. When about twenty-five miles from Puebla, he and his escort encountered a party of Mexicans, among whom were several officers.

In the conflict which ensued, Generals Gaona and Torrejon, and Colonel Gaona, with two captains and thirty-eight common soldiers, of the Mexican party, were taken prisoners. The fight being over, the men of Kane's escort, who were renegade Mexicans, would have killed the prisoners, but for Kane's interposition in their behalf. In defending them he had to parry four saber-cuts that were made at him by the renegades, and to fire his revolver at the leader of the band. In this contest he received a lance-thrust in the ab-dom'en, and his horse was killed.

In the spring of 1850 he was ordered to join the expedition under Lieutenant De Haven, in search of Sir John Franklin. He returned from this memorable voyage in May, 1851, after an absence of sixteen months, during nine of which the vessels had been ice-locked or adrift in a frozen ocean. He wrote a history of the cruise, but had no sooner completed it than he

gave all his energies to the organization of a second Arctic expedition, of which he was to have the command. Though suffering from debilitating illness, he completed his preparations, and on the 31st of May, 1853, started in a little brig named the Advance, with eighteen chosen men.

On the 5th of August they passed into Smith's Sound, at the top of Baffin's Bay. On the 22d, after many encounters with the ice, the men being harnessed to the tow-lines, they tried to make some further progress northward by pulling the brig along by the edge of the ice-belt; but this was found to be slow work. On the 10th of September the little brig was frozen in at a harbor near a group of rocky islets. And here they had to pass the whole of the dreary winter. For much of the time there was no distinction between day and night; the darkness was constant and intense, and the thermometer fell to ninety-nine degrees below the freezing point.

Sledge-parties for exploring the coast were organized by Dr. Kane, and, through much suffering, privation, and danger,

many interesting results were attained. The summer of 1854 came, but the ice did not break up around the little brig. Dr. Kane fitted up a boat which he called the Forlorn Hope; and this was carried across the ice, to be launched in open water. But they were finally obliged to return with the boat to the brig, and prepare to pass a second winter in the ice; "another year of disease and darkness, to be met without fresh food, and without fuel."

The adventures and privations which the little party, its number now diminished by death, were compelled to undergo, are set forth with a simple pathos in Dr. Kane's narrative. At length, on the 17th of May, 1855, they abandoned the ice-locked brig, and prepared to coast along the northern and eastern shore of Smith's Sound and Baffin's Bay in their small boats, exposed to the weather, and to continual rough encounters with the ice.

At a place called Etah they found a settlement of Esquimaux. An Esquimaux boy was catching the little birds known as *aiks* from a rock, by means of a net fixed



Esquimaux Boy catching Auk.

at the end of a narwhal's tusk. Kane's party now had a plenty of good food, and were much refreshed. Through extraordinary dangers they reached the settlement of Upernivik; and after having achieved for themselves a deliverance, they were picked up and brought home by a United States vessel sent for their relief.

Dr. Kane did not survive long to enjoy the fame which his heroic captainship and the high literary merits of the narrative of his expedition procured for him throughout the civilized world. He died in Havana, whither he had gone for his health, on the 16th of February, 1857. "A gentler spirit and a braver," says a late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Kennedy, "were never united in one bosom. It was pleasant to con-tem'plate so much defiance of danger, such rugged adventure, such capability for severe exposure to the roughest labor, in a man of such delicate nurture, and so mild and gentle in deportment."

Like most of the great men of history, Kane had an unswerving reliance on Providence. "There is that," he says, "in the story of every eventful life, which teaches the inefficiency of human means, and the present control of a Supreme agency. See how often relief has come at the moment of extremity, in forms strangely unsought—almost, at the time, unwelcome; see, still more, how the back has been strengthened to its increasing burden, and the heart cheered by some conscious influence of an unseen Power."

Original.

NOT AN UNCOMMON COMPLAINT.

Enter JOHN, followed by a BEGGAR.

Beggar. For the love of mercy, sir, pity a poor boy, and give him alms!

John. Give him alms! Why, you have two stout arms of your own, and look as strong and hearty as a young bear.

Beg. Ah! sir, it is all a deception. I have a disease about me which I can not well explain to you, but which saps my strength and prevents my working.

John. You a sick man? Let me feel of your pulse. (*Feels of his pulse.*) A good, strong, regular pulse! Why, what's the matter with you?

Beg. If you would but give me a little money first, sir, I will tell you all that I know about my complaint.

John. I don't like to encourage beggars; but, since you are an invalid, I will assist you. (*Offering money.*) There's a quarter of a dollar.

Beg. Would you take the trouble, sir, to put it in my pocket? You see my arm drops to my side, if I but raise it.

John. Poor fellow! I will make the quarter a half. (*Putting money in the BEGGAR's pocket.*) There! Now let me know all about your troubles.

Beg. Well, sir, you must know that my father sent me to school, but this complaint of mine prevented my studying. The very sight of a book would bring on a paroxysm. Father then bound me apprentice to a farmer; but, the moment I took a rake or a hoe in hand, I would have a violent attack of this terrible disease, till, sir, I had to give up.

John. Poor, poor fellow! I have but a few cents left, but here they are.

Beg. Shall I trouble you again, sir? (*JOHN puts them in his pocket.*) Well, sir, then I went into a store; but, the minute my master gave me a column of figures to add up, this dreadful malady would put a stop to all work.

John. You seem to be tired of standing, my poor fellow! Let me hand you a chair. (*Hands him a chair, and helps him to sit down.*)

Beg. Thank you, sir, thank you; I have felt, all the morning, as if an attack were coming on.

John. How does it come on?

Beg. Why, sir, I feel all over like a wet rag, and as if I did n't want to move. Sometimes I don't want to drag one foot after the other.

John. Have you taken no medicine?

Beg. Well, father made me swallow

some essence of birch, and then tried the hydropathic treatment.

John. What's that?

Beg. He drenched me with cold water. But nothing would cure me.

John. What do the doctors say?

Beg. The doctors say that the malady is beyond their reach. One doctor said there was a plant called the cat-o'-nine-tails, which might be of use. Another recommended the bastinado.

John. The bastinado? Is that a medicine?

Beg. Truly, I don't know what it is, sir; but I think it's an outward application, and very apt to make the patient smart all over.

John. But what's the nature of your complaint? What part of your system does it affect in particular?

Beg. Alas! sir, the disease which afflicts me is far different from what you conceive, and is such as you can not discern; yet it is an evil which has crept over my whole system; it has passed through my veins and marrow in such a manner that there is no member of my body that is able to work for my daily bread.

John. Is there no name for the disease?

Beg. O, yes! (*Rising and yawning.*) By some it is called laziness; by others, sloth.

John (*trying to strike him with a stick.*) Rascal! Impostor! Give me back my money! I'll cure you of your disease! (*Chases him about the stage.*) Here is a doctor for you! (*Showing his stick.*) You lazy reprobate! Could not lift your hand to your pocket — eh?

Beg. O! don't make me run! Don't make me run! (*Exeunt, JOHN beating him.*)

Original Piece for Declamation.

CAIUS GRACCHUS TO THE ROMANS.

It is now ten years, O Romans! since my brother, Tiberius Gracchus, was elected your trib'ue. In what condition did he find you! He found the great body of the people pining in ab'ject poverty; thousands

suffering for the want of their daily bread; eager to labor, but without a clod of earth they could call their own. A few men, rapacious, insatiate, reckless, claiming to be the aristocracy (the aristocracy!), having amassed enormous wealth by rapine, extortion, fraud, lorded it over you with remorseless rigor.

The class of small landed proprietors had disappeared. Mercenary idlers, their fingers itching for bribes, political tricksters, hungry usurers, desperate gamblers, all the vilest abettors of lawless power, had usurped the places of men once the strength and glory of the republic. Incalculable distress among the millions, unbounded wealth and prodigality among the hundreds, — such was the state of things!

The rich might crush and plunder the poor with impunity; for your rulers were corrupt, your judges cowardly and venal, and money could buy them all to aid in any act of spoliation. And bribery at elections, open, unblushing, flagrant, kept in power the men who were thus sapping the life-blood of the country. Do I exaggerate? Do I not rather too faintly picture the deep woe and degradation of the people — the rapacity, arrogance, and depravity, of their oppressors!

It was at such a time that Tiberius Gracchus presented himself to you for the tribuneship, and was elected. His affectionate heart had been wrung by the spectacle of your distresses. He had seen with indignation the atrocious system under which you were plundered and down-trodden. He resolved upon your rescue. He joined issue with your domestic tyrants. No shelter of wealth, no privilege of rank or of high place, could save the guilty from his honest wrath, his fiery denunciation. In vain did they retort with the cheap words "demagogue! factious! anarchist!" There was that truthfulness in his very tones, that simplicity and nobleness in his very bearing, that dignity and gentleness in his very rage against wrong, that carried conviction of his sincerity to every heart.

O ! how they grew pale with anger, those aristocrats — those op-ti-mā'tēs, as they called themselves — when they felt their power melting away, when they saw the people recovering their rights, under the irresistible eloquence of that young, devoted spirit ! He must be silenced, this audacious trib'ue, this questioner of the incorruptibility of the privileged classes, this friend and leader of the people : — he must be silenced ! A bloody revenge must be taken for the fears which he has made these plunderers endure of being deprived of their illegally-got possessions. Alas ! the foul deed was done. In a tumult, instigated for the purpose, your illustrious trib'ue, this champion of the poor, this friend of the friendless, was slain. His very body, which I sought from his murderers, was refused me ; and your sacred river was made more sacred by receiving in its bosom all of Tiberius Gracchus that could perish.

And now, men of Rome, if you ask, as those who fear me have asked, why I have left my questorship in Sardinia without leave from the Senate, here is my answer : I must either have come to you without leave or not at all. And if you ask why I have come at all, here is my reply : I have come to present myself for the office my brother held, and for serving you in which he was brutally murdered. I have come to vindicate his memory, to reinaugurate his policy. I have come — I avow it frankly — to strip the privileged classes of their privileges, to restore popular rights, to uplift the poor, to bring down the oppressor.

I come with clean hands, O Romans ! — with no coffers filled with gold from desolated provinces and a ruined people. I can offer no bribe for votes. I come back poor, as I went — poor in all but hatred of tyrants, and zeal to serve my country. Shall I be your trib'ue ?

Caius Gracchus was elected tribune B. C. 124. He entered boldly upon his patriotic policy, and carried out many important reforms ; but the aristocracy, growing desperate, induced a creature of their own to outbid him in extreme measures, and brought about a state of things which resulted in the defeat and subsequent death of Caius Gracchus.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it ;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched
sky

Looked pure as the Spirit that made it ;
The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, till the light-house fire
blazed

Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
Was heard in its wildly-breathed numbers ;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
The fisherman sunk to his slumbers ;
One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And thought that the light-house looked lovely
as hope,
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will Memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow.
In life's closing hour when the trembling soul dies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
O ! then may the seraph of mercy arise
Like a star on eternity's ocean !

The above beautiful lines have been attributed to Thomas Moore ; but he does not seem to have acknowledged them, as they do not appear in any authorized edition of his works.

Original.

THE TYRANT OF THE SCHOOL.

It happened that our district school was kept one year by a young Englishman, named Stanley. He had some peculiar opinions on the subject of the management of boys. Whether he was right or not, I

can not say. I can only narrate my own experience.

Among the scholars was Ethan Bragg, a stout, overgrown boy, who was a terrible dunce in school, and a terrible tyrant out-of-doors. For some cause, of which I was ignorant, he took particular pleasure in maltreating and annoying me. I could not come within his reach that he would not either knock my hat down rudely over my face, or trip me up, or soil my clothes with a kick from a shoe well charged with mud.

Whether it was that he saw my physical inability to resist him, or that he had a grudge against me because I was always above him in our class, I do not know. I was a full year his elder, which made it all the more mortifying to me to be obliged to submit to his ill treatment.

One day, when I had been particularly annoyed by his catching me and slapping my face, and then throwing my hat into a puddle, I wandered away through a by-lane, weeping and miserable, when, as I turned to go home, I met my sister Mary. "Why, what is the matter, Paul?" she exclaimed. "You have been crying."

Thus appealed to, I was obliged to make a confession of my griefs. When I had finished, "Well, my dear Paul," said Mary, "you must return good for evil. I will tell you what to do. Give Ethan your bag of marbles. I do not believe he will hurt you after that."

"But, Mary," I replied, "is there not something cowardly and selfish in my trying to buy a peace in that way? I would like to return good for evil, but to do it in a way that should let Ethan know I do not do it from fear. I think I will talk with Mr. Stanley on the subject."

Hardly were the words out of my mouth than we met Mr. Stanley approaching, twirling a big stick, as if to keep his hand in practice. "What now, Paul?" said he. "Your eyes are the color of beets." Mary answered his inquiry by telling my story for me; and then asked Mr. Stanley to interfere, and prevent any further annoyances on the part of Ethan Bragg.

"Nonsense! Paul is old enough to protect himself!" said Mr. Stanley, in reply.

— "But he is not strong enough," said Mary. — "That is his own fault," replied the schoolmaster, "and for that he deserves all the punishment that Ethan can inflict." I began to open my eyes and my ears too. "What do you mean, sir?" I exclaimed.

"I mean," said the master, "that, instead of trying to invigorate your body by healthy out-of-door exercises, this fine winter weather, you keep in the house over the fire, contenting yourself with in-door games, books, and pictures. These are well enough in their season, but, in order to be a whole man, properly developed, you must exercise the body as well as the mind. Bragg is a coward, like all bullies. He sees that you are feeble physically, and so he worries and plagues you; and I hope he will continue to do so till he cures you of your immoral neglect of your bodily energies."

"Immoral?" — "Yes! There may be immorality in neglect of the body, as well as of the mind. If the fault were not your own, — if you were lame or ill, and Ethan were to tyrannize over you, — I should take great satisfaction in punishing him. But, as it is, you have only yourself to thank for your sufferings. Look you, Paul —" Mr. Stanley finished the sentence in a tone that Mary did not hear, and then turned on his heels and left us.

That afternoon, for the first time, I put on a pair of skates that my uncle had given me, and passed a couple of hours in practicing with them on the ice. The next day there was a snow-storm, and I shoveled paths all round the house. Without neglecting my lessons, I kept in the open air a good portion of the time. I contrived some gymnastic fixtures, and rose an hour earlier every morning and exercised.

I took especial pains to develop the muscles of my hands and wrists. Catching hold of the bough of a tree, I would lift my body up till my chin was on a level with my hands. I was careful, however, not to overtire my strength. I knew that I must be very gradual in my efforts. I

was methodical and regular in these habits of out-of-door exercise, allowing no inclemency of weather to interfere with them. My parents soon began to wonder at the marked improvement in my health. My cheeks were no longer pallid. The cough with which I had been constantly troubled left me, all at once. I slept well; and I gained so in strength that I could with ease lift a barrel of flour into a cart.

For nine months I had been faithfully following this system, when one day, as I was passing along a secluded road that skirted our village, I heard loud cries, as from one in fear and distress. Turning a bend in the road, I saw a boy on the ground, with another over him, belaboring him with hearty blows. The victorious assailant was the butcher's boy of the village, and the unfortunate recipient of the blows was my old enemy, Ethan.

Without hesitation I rushed to the scene of the combat, and pulled Master Jacob, the butcher's boy, off from his victim. Jacob thereupon rolled up his sleeves anew, and remarked that he would give me "fits." Then like a young buffalo he came at me. But, as he flourished his arms in the onset, I caught him by the wrists, and held them as in a vice.

In vain did he struggle. I pulled him upon his knees, so that he could neither kick nor bite. Then, pressing his hands till he yelled with pain, I asked him if he had had enough. Jacob was in a very great rage, it was evident; but he did not care about having another turn of the screw put upon his hands. And so, when I finally inquired if he would go quietly home, without making any more fuss, he sullenly answered *yes*; and he kept his word.

As for Ethan, he could not have been more transfixed with wonder if he had seen me fly up in the air, or do any other marvelous thing. As I approached him he stared in stupid, silent astonishment. "Ethan," said I, carelessly, "you see I have turned over a new leaf. Hereafter, any one who ventures to impose upon *me*, or upon another in *my* presence, will have

first to prove that he is stronger in the wrists than I. Do you not think I am right?"

"Ye-e-s," stammered Ethan. — "Shake hands on it, then," said I. Ethan gave me his hand, but, as I squeezed it with rather too cordial a pressure, he tried to pull it away, at the same time uttering a cry of pain. "What's the matter?" I exclaimed. — "You have almost crushed my fingers," groaned Ethan, making a very wry face. — "Why do you not squeeze back again?" said I, pressing his hand again, till he uttered another cry. — "That will do!" said he, trying hard to force a smile. His last words were prophetic. The lesson proved sufficient. He was thenceforth the most peaceable boy in the school.

A week after this adventure, as I was trying to pitch a large stone beyond a certain mark on the ground, Mr. Stanley tapped me on the shoulder. "What have you been doing to Ethan?" said he, shaking his fore-finger at me. — "Returning good for evil," answered I. — "Letting him see, at the same time," added Mr. Stanley, "what you *could* do, if you *would* — eh? Well, Paul, was I not right in my advice? Returning good for evil is best shown when, having the power to return evil, we render good. And remember this: The boy who neglects to develop his *physical* strength may neglect it at the expense of his *moral* strength also."

"I WAS MISTAKEN." — A lively writer has said, "'I was mistaken' are the three hardest words to pronounce in the English language." Yet it seems but acknowledging that we are wiser than we were before to *see* our error, and humbler than we were before to *own* it. But so it is; and Goldsmith observes that Frederick the Great did himself more honor by his letter to his Senate, stating that he had just lost a great battle by his own fault, than by all the victories he had won. Perhaps our greatest perfection here is, not to escape imperfections, but to see and acknowledge, and lament and correct them. — *Jay*.



THE LION.

THE lion is the largest and most formidable of the existing species of the cat-tribe. His noble and dignified bearing, the terrific power compressed into his comparatively small frame, and his deep-toned, majestic voice, have gained for him the name of "king of beasts." The lion inhabits Africa and certain parts of Asia, such as portions of Arabia and Persia, and some parts of India.

The lion is barely four feet high, and eight in length; yet he can with little difficulty dash the giraffe to the earth, or overcome the powerful buffalo. He has been known to carry off a heifer in his mouth, and, although encumbered with such a burden, to leap a broad dyke, apparently with the greatest ease. No animal willingly molests the lion, and there are but few which he can not overcome. The rhinoceros and elephant are almost the only quadrupeds he dare not meddle with, and he does not seem to stand in much fear even of them.

The lioness is much smaller than the lion,

and is destitute of the magnificent mane which is so great an ornament to her mate. The roar of the lion is heard generally at night. It is well known that the human voice has power over the most savage beasts; but, according to Mr. Cumming, a celebrated lion-hunter, it is not so much the sound of the *voice* as the sound of the words, that alarms the lion. The dumb brute seems to be cowed by the "winged words" of human reason.

A lioness whom Mr. Cumming had wounded was about to spring upon him. Mr. Cumming stood quite still, and told her, in a commanding tone, to "take it easy;" whereupon she halted, and permitted her assailant to retreat, which he did very slowly, still continuing to talk to the lioness, until he had made his escape.

The lion when young is easily tamed, and shows a strong attachment to his keeper. Many anecdotes have been told of "Nero," a celebrated lion once exhibited in London. He would suffer even strangers to caress him, and carry children on his back with the greatest good-nature.

Mr. David Livingstone, who traveled many years in Africa, and whose narrative has been lately published, gives a less favorable account of the lion than we have heretofore had. Indeed, he seems to have a republican contempt for the "king of beasts." According to this writer, the lion is not a match, in a fair fight, for a buffalo. If a traveler encounter him by daylight, the lion sneaks out of sight like a scared greyhound. If a man will stay at home by night, and not go out of his way to attack a lion, he will run less risk in Africa of being devoured by one, than he does in our cities of being run over by an omnibus—so says Mr. Livingstone.

Gerard, a French lion-hunter, has recently given an animated account of his first shot at a lion. We quote a portion of it: "I heard loud and heavy steps on the leaves which covered the ground. It was the lion himself leaving his lair, and ascending toward us.

"I could soon measure the distance which separated me from him, and could distinguish the regular, rumbling sound of his heavy breathing. I advanced a few paces nearer to the edge of the glade where I expected him to appear, in order to have a chance of shooting him closer. I could already hear him advancing at thirty paces, then at twenty, then at fifteen; still I felt no fear. One anxious thought only crossed my mind — 'What if my gun were to miss fire?'

"The lion, after a short pause, which seemed to me an age, began to come forward again; and presently I could see before me, by the starlight, at but a few paces off, the top of a small tree, which I could almost touch, actually shaken by contact with the fierce beast. This was his last pause. There was now between us two but the thickness of that single tree, covered with branches from the foot upward.

"I was standing with my face to the wood, and with my gun erect, so as to be ready to fire the moment the animal should enter the glade; and having still an inter-

val of about a second, I took advantage of it to make sure that I could regulate properly the aim of my barrel. Thanks to a glimmer of light which came from the west, to the clearness of the sky filled with shining stars, and to the whiteness of the glade, which was conspicuous against the dark green of the forest, I could just see the end of my barrels — that was all, but it sufficed for so close an aim.

"I was beginning to find that the animal was rather slow in his motions, and to fear that, suspecting my presence, he should spring over the tree which parted us, instead of arriving leisurely. As if to justify this fear, the lion gave two or three deep growls, and then began to roar furiously.

"Yes! I will confess frankly, and without shame, that terrible roar made me *feel* that man was small indeed in presence of the lion; and without a firm will, and that absolute confidence which I derived from the inexhaustible Source of all power, I believe I should have failed in that awful moment. But this strength enabled me to listen to the tremendous voice of my enemy without trembling; and to the end I retained a perfect mastery over my nerves.

"When I heard the lion make a last step, I moved a little aside; and no sooner did his enormous head rise out of the wood, at two or three yards' distance from me, and he stopped to stare at me with a look of wonder, than I aimed between the eye and ear, and slowly pressed the trigger. From that instant, until I heard the report of the gun, my heart ceased to beat.

"After the shot, I could see nothing; but through the smoke which enveloped the lion I heard the most tremendous, agonizing, and fearfully-protracted roar. My two men meantime had jumped up, but, without making a step forward, and unable to see anything, they stood with their guns shoulered, ready to fire. For myself, I waited, dagger in hand, and one knee on the ground, until the smoke should disperse, and I could see how matters stood. As soon as all was clear, I beheld, first, one

paw,—and what a paw!—then one leg, then a shoulder, then the head, and at last the whole body of my enemy. He lay on his side, and gave not the smallest sign of life!"

Livingstone, to whose travels in Africa we have already alluded, had once a narrow escape from a lion. "Being about thirty yards off," he says, "I took good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then cried out, 'He is shot! he is shot!' Others cried, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!' I did not see any one else shoot at him; but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little, till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat.

"The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain, nor feeling of terror, though I was conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operations, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by carniv'ra; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

The lion's attention being diverted to another man of the party, he sprang toward him, leaving Mr. Livingstone, who thus escaped with a few ugly but not dangerous wounds. The bullets which the animal received took effect, and he fell dead, much to the joy of his assailants.



EVENING PRAYER.

LORD! stay with me from morn to eve,
For without Thee I can not live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I can not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned, to-day, the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Let every mourner's sleep to-night
Be like an infant's, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

WHEN DOES EDUCATION COMMENCE?—
Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation, or his sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with a handful of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with a bird's nest admired, but not touched; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the Source of all good—to God himself!—*Blackwood.*

BREVITIES.

THE last dispatches from India bring us intelligence of the death of General Havelock, on the 25th November, 1857. He survived only a few days the relief of Lucknow. It is said (with what truth we can not say) that he conveyed the intelligence of his last success in India to the Governor-General in these words : "Dear General : Let all our past misfortunes be forgotten, for we are in *luck now*."

At Brooklyn, Long Island, on the 18th of January, 1858, a fire broke out in the public schoolhouse No. 14, by which three of the male scholars lost their lives. But for a panic among the boys, which led them to rush to the stairs till the passage became choked, all might have reached the street in safety. The three boys came to their deaths by suffocation, from being crowded and crushed on the platform of the stairs. Never give way, boys, to a panic, in a moment of danger.

An alchemist, who knew that Leo the Tenth was a great encourager of the arts and sciences, addressed him on a discovery he had made of turning other metals into gold. The Pope read his address with great attention. Whilst the philosopher was gaping after his remuneration from his Holiness, he received from the Pope a very large empty purse, with these words, " You can fill it."

A gentleman having fallen into the river Exe, relating it to Sir T. A., said, " You will suppose I was pretty wet." — " Yes," said the baronet, " wet, certainly, in the Exe-stream."

To an indigent person who was perpetually boasting of his ancestry, an industrious successful tradesman, of humble origin, observed, " You, my friend, are proud of your descent, I am proud of my ascent."

" I don't design to say any thing against the person in question," said a very polite gentleman ; " but I would merely remark, in the language of the poet, that to him ' truth is strange, stranger than fiction.' "

" Your house is on fire ! " said a stranger, rushing into the parlor of a sober citizen. — " Well, sir," was the answer of the latter, " to what cause am I indebted for the extraordinary interest which you take in the affairs of my house ? "

A lady made a complaint to Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. " Your Majesty," said she, " my husband treats me badly." — " That is none of my business," replied the king. — " But he speaks ill of you," said the lady. — " That," he replied, " is none of your business."

A nail in the inkstand, or some old steel pens that the acid of the ink can eat upon, will prevent steel pens in use from becoming rusty. Five drops of creosote will prevent a pint of ink from becoming mouldy.

Do you know what a boy should be *alphabetically*? He should be Affectionate, Benevolent, Candid, Daring, Enterprising, Faithful, Grateful, Honorable, Indefatigable, Just, Kind, Laborious, Moral, Noble, Obliging, Polite, Quick, Religious, Social, Truthful, Upright, Valiant, Worthy, 'Xemplary, Y's, and Zealous.

Do you know what a girl should be *alphabetically*? She should be Amiable, Bland, Charitable, Domestic, Economical, Forgiving, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Kind, Loving, Modest, Neat, Obedient, Pleasant, Quiet, Reflecting, Sober, Tender, Urbane, Virtuous, Watchful, 'Xemplary, Y's, and Zealous.

It is related that Melanchthon, just before he died (A. D. 1560), expressed a wish to hear some passages of Scripture read ; and this desire having been met, he was asked by his son-in-law whether he would have any thing else ; to which he replied, " Aliud nihil, nisi cœlum," — nothing else but heaven ! And shortly after this he gently breathed his last.

In what two words of the English language may the vowels (all except *w*, which, like *y*, is only sometimes a vowel) be found arranged in alphabetical order ? In *absentiously* and *facetiously*.

A Paraphrase from the French for the School Monthly.

THE WONDERFUL CLOTH.

 NCE upon a time three adventurers presented themselves before the King. I have forgotten the name of this king's kingdom, but he was quite a rich and powerful king. The adventurers told his majesty that they were possessors of a secret for the manufacture of a most wonderful cloth, the fabrication of which required an extravagant outlay, which they were too poor to supply. The wonderful peculiarity of this cloth was, that no basely-born person could either see or touch it.

The King heard their story with astonishment. "What sport it will be for me," thought he, "to exhibit this cloth to the followers of my court! I shall thus easily detect the basely born by their being unable to see the cloth." Now, these adventurers were as big rogues as ever robbed a savings bank or swindled a manufacturing company; but the King, who was as credulous as a bank director, believed their pretensions. They were conducted to commodious apartments in the palace, and money and silk were provided for them, with which to commence their operations.

At the end of a fortnight, during which the rogues had lived high, and drawn largely on the treasury, one of them informed the King that the manufacture of the stuff was begun, and that it was the most beautiful cloth in the world. If his majesty desired to view it, he was solicited to come alone.

The King, to assure himself of the truth of their representations, dispatched his Grand Chamberlain, Lord Pompion, to inspect the cloth. Before admitting his lordship into their workshop, the adventurers puffed the article in his hearing as the most exquisite fabric that ever came from the loom; and they laid much stress upon its wonderful property of being visible only to the nobly born.

His lordship at length was admitted;

and they conducted him to the looms, and asked him to admire the cloth. "Cloth! Cloth! Eh? Where is it? I see nothing! The looms are empty!" exclaimed Lord Pompion, hastily. Then turning to the adventurers, he saw them shrugging their shoulders, and whispering gravely to one another. A dreadful doubt crossed his lordship's mind.

"I am a little near-sighted," said he; "let me put on my spectacles." — "Ay, do so," said the leader of the rogues; "I am sure your lordship is the last man in the world not to see the cloth; for every one knows that Lord Pompion is of noble extraction." The rogue then pretended to lift the cloth and hold it to the light; all the while calling eagerly upon the Grand Chamberlain to admire it.

"What a beautiful luster!" exclaimed the rogue. "What charming figures! What lovely colors! And how soft and fine the nap is to the touch!" — "It is a superb cloth," stammered his lordship, confounded by the man's volubility; "now that I have on my spectacles, I can see it perfectly. A magnificent fabric! Rather cool, however, for winter wear, I should think!" — "On the contrary, it is warm enough for the coldest weather," said the rogue.

The Grand Chamberlain returned to the royal presence, and, though he had in reality seen nothing, he felt constrained to declare that he had seen the wonderful cloth, and he praised the magnificence of the new manufacture in extravagant terms.

The pretended manufacturers kept on with their invisible work. Its progress was from time to time reported to his majesty, who, desiring to test the noble descent of every one of his courtiers, would send, at each successive report, a different person to examine the cloth. Like poor Lord Pompion, each returned with plentiful praises of the cloth to his majesty.

At length the King, whose curiosity was excited by these unanimous expressions of approval, determined to inspect the wonderful cloth himself. Entering their fac-

tory, he beheld the three workmen apparently very busily engaged at their looms; but nothing more was visible. They all bowed low to his majesty, and one of them led him to an empty shelf, and went through the motion of taking down and unfolding a piece of cloth. "Behold," said he, "the texture! How fine and soft! Did your majesty ever see any thing like it? And then the design,—how chaste and beautiful! And the colors,—how vivid and glowing! And the disposition of the shades,—how tasteful and elegant!"

Chagrined and mortified at not being able to see the cloth which so many of his courtiers had admired, the poor King looked and looked, but could discover nothing. He was too politic a king, however, to confess his inability, and thus throw a doubt on his noble birth; and to the glib praises of the cloth by the rogue he responded in words of acquiescence, saying that the manufacture was entirely satisfactory.

So cleverly did the adventurers play their game that there was soon not a single person at court who did not boast of having seen and touched the wonderful cloth; for all feared to throw discredit on their nobility by expressing a doubt of the reality of the manufacture.

One day, emboldened by their success, the three adventurers went so far as to propose making a royal robe for his majesty out of the wonderful cloth, to be worn on an approaching gala-day. The King, who thought it would afford a good opportunity for him to learn whether there were not in his capital some persons as blind as he, accepted the proposition. The rogues took his majesty's measure, and returned to their apartments, where they pretended to be busily engaged on the robe.

On the appointed day they reappeared before the King, making believe as if they were the bearers of superb garments. They made him cast off every thing but an old pair of drawers, and then went through the operation of attiring him, praising, at intervals, the beauty of the stuff, and the excellence of the fit. The King did not

dare dispute their word. As soon as they pronounced the operation complete, he mounted his charger, and, followed by a cavalcade, paraded the streets of the city.

Every body had heard of the new cloth and its peculiar virtue. So every body must see it, or pretend to see it; and all therefore added to the cry of "Long live the King!" the exclamation, "What a magnificent coat!" The poor King groaned in spirit. "Am I, then," he said to himself, "the only ignobly-born one in the whole city?" But at that moment an honest gentleman from the rural districts, who had not been long enough in the city to learn the art of seeing things that were not visible, cried out, "I see no splendid coat; I see nothing but an old pair of drawers."

"Cut off that man's head!" cried Lord Pompion.—"Kill him!" cried all the courtiers. But some of the people began to cry, "He is in the right! It is an old pair of drawers, sure enough!" The King was delighted to hear these cries. He rose in his saddle, and declared to the people that they were right; that the superb coat was all a humbug. He returned to his palace, banished Lord Pompion and the courtiers, made the honest gentleman from the country Lord Chamberlain, and sent officers to arrest the three adventurers. But these last had disappeared, and could not be traced.

Do not overlook the moral of this remarkable story. Many errors become current, and many popular prejudices become established, solely through the fear that people have of rendering themselves singular or suspected by opposing them. When I see certain persons going into ecstasies over an old painting because they have been told it ought to be admired, or when I hear them praising some unintelligible book or poem, I am reminded of the wonderful cloth of the three adventurers.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A BEAR.—

Mr. Atkinson heard the following story in his Siberian rambles: Two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were haymak-

ing. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit, laughing, and enjoying the fun. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and, without the slightest apprehension, went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving. At length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to with perfect good humor. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed, the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, became alarmed, and followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the youngsters ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest.

How to BE UNHAPPY.—In the first place, if you want to be miserable, be selfish. Think all the time of yourself, and of your own things. Don't care about any body else. Have no feeling for any one but yourself. Never think of enjoying the satisfaction of seeing others happy; but the rather, if you see a smiling face, be jealous lest another should enjoy what you have not. Envy every one who is better off in any respect than yourself; think unkindly toward them, and speak slightly of them. Be constantly afraid lest some one should encroach upon your rights; be watchful against it, and, if any one comes near your things, snap at him like a mad dog. Contend earnestly for every thing that is your own, though it may not be worth a pin; for your "rights" are just as much concerned as if it were a pound of gold. Never yield a point. Be very sensitive, and take every thing that is said to you in playfulness in the most serious manner. Be jealous of your friends, lest they should not think enough of you. And if at any time they should seem to neglect you, put the worst construction upon their conduct you can.

The Leisure Hour.

THE GAME OF QUESTIONS.—One thinks of a person, place, or thing; the others put questions respecting it, to assist them in guessing, and are answered by "Yes" or "No."

Suppose one thinks of a pin, the others ask—Is it a person?—No. A place?—No. A thing?—Yes. Having ascertained thus much, you know that you must put questions concerning things only. So you begin again:—Is it an animal?—No. Vegetable?—No. Mineral?—Yes. Now you must put questions concerning minerals:—Is it natural?—No. Artificial?—Yes. Then would follow: Is it made of metal? Earth? Stone? A natural product of this country? Light or heavy? Strong? Large? Small? With many other questions concerning its use. Perhaps there are few games more deserving to be cultivated than this; but it requires to be well played.

QUITE TIRED OUT.—You undertake to make a person so tired, by attempting to take a small stick out of the room, as to be unable to accomplish it, although you will add nothing to his burthen, nor lay any restraint upon his personal liberty.

To perform this maneuver, you take up the stick, and, cutting off a very small sliver, you direct him to carry it out of the room, and return for more; concluding by telling him that you mean him to perform as many similar journeys as you can cut pieces off the stick. As this may be made to amount to many thousands, he will of course gladly give up the undertaking.

MORAL HIEROGLYPHICS.

A  met a  and  was pleased with the beauty of its , made an offer of friend  . "I  think of it," was the reply, "as you once  ned me."—"Impossible!" exclaimed the  . "I always entertained respect for you."—"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me,  was a  . So let me give you a piece of ad  : Never insult the hum  , as they may  day become  superiors.



The School Monthly.

OUR sincere acknowledgments are due to our friends of the newspaper press for their cordial and commendatory notices of the School Monthly. They have greeted us as warmly as if we had never left a fraternity with which we were connected for many years, and toward which we still cherish a lasting kindness and spirit of fellowship. Their words of prompt and earnest encouragement have done much to attract public attention to our little "Monthly," and they promise to help place it upon a basis of permanent prosperity.

A PLEASANT feature in the character of the support which the School Monthly is receiving is the fact that its subscribers come indiscriminately from the most distant, as well as the nearest sections of our common country. We already print an especial edition for California. We have also many young well-wishers in the far West and South-west, for whose words and *deeds* of good cheer we return our thanks. To those friends, seen and unseen, who have generously tried and are yet trying to increase our subscription-list, we are under especial obligations. Money is no doubt the sinews of literary enterprises, as well as of war; and with every additional subscriber our means of making the School Monthly more attractive and useful are increased.

ALREADY the School Monthly is in regular use as a *Reader* in a number of the best schools of the United States; and we learn that a new interest is imparted to the exercise of reading aloud by the novelty, freshness, and variety, of the lessons which our little magazine supplies. It is also becoming more and more an object of

demand for its new dialogues and pieces for declamation. The original dialogue in our first number, "Friends without Knowing It," has been widely copied in newspapers, and will form one of the exercises at several forthcoming school exhibitions. "The Quarrel of the Authors," in our second number, will be found quite amusing in the representation. We command to boys, for declamation, the speech of Caius Gracchus, in our present number. Although original, it will be found, we believe, historically probable and characteristic. The story of "The Siege of Calais" is a spirited reading exercise for both male and female classes. Many teachers will remember it from having met with it in a reading-book now out of use, but far better than many that have superseded it, "Scott's Lessons." The story of "The Wonderful Cloth" has a good moral for the followers of fashionable follies.



Original.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

EMBLEM of purity, gracefully lifting
Petals of beauty 'mid wintry snows drifting;
Brave little snowdrop, so fair and so hardy,
First flower to welcome the spring chill and tardy;

Frost can not wither thee, cold can not frighten,
Patiently tarrying till skies may brighten.
Snow-piercer, cloud-gazer, wind-scorner, eye-
cheerer,
Bring, bring to this heart thy dear message yet
nearer!

When age or sorrow is darkly impending,
Snows of adversity thickly descending,
Then springing out of them, checked by no
blasting,
Let there bloom thoughts of the life everlasting!

Coming like snowdrops, amid our endurance,
Bringing to each weary heart the assurance
To Joy's frozen waste Spring draws nigher and
nigher,
And death is the way to life higher and higher.

EPES SARGENT.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

NO. IV.—APRIL, 1858.—VOL. I.



Ascending the Mur de la Côte.

THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

Who will ascend Mont Blanc with me ? Come, boys and girls, the journey is a dangerous one, but I can promise to guide you up safely ; and every body knows that the descent is easy enough. "Where is Mont Blanc ?" Is it possible you do not know ? Is there nothing about it in your geography ?

Mont Blanc, or, as we should call it in English, Mount White, is the highest land in Europe, and lies in the dominions of the King of Sardinia. It is fifteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-two feet above the level of the sea. In its latitude the snow-line is at an elevation of eight thousand feet. Consequently seven thousand seven hundred feet of the altitude of the mountain are within the region of perpetual snow and ice.

Now, when you consider that Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, is only six thousand two hundred and twenty-six feet high, you will understand that the portion of Mont Blanc covered always with snow is nearly fifteen hundred feet higher than Mount Washington.

We will start from Chamouni, a village lying in the center of a valley to the northwest of Mont Blanc. Are we all ready ? Some travelers take with them a quantity of extra clothing, with hampers of cold meat, wine, and bread. They also carry alpenstocks, or poles with an iron spike in the end ; and they have veils to protect their eyes from the glare of the snow. We shall require none of these things. But you may imagine me and the other guides provided with ladders, ropes, and hatchets, the use of which you will soon see.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ERAS SARGENT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

So now we are fairly on the ascent. The first part of the journey is over rocks, interspersed with stunted trees and grass, up a steep and rugged path. Most travelers are generally two hours in reaching the last human habitation on the way. We will be more expeditious. This habitation was once occupied by James Balmat, the first man who ever ascended Mont Blanc.

Becoming separated from his companions, James lost his way in a snow-storm, and was obliged to pass the night alone in the midst of a desert of ice, and at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. He was thinly clad, and had no food. He got under the lee of a rock, and made a sort of hollow in the snow to protect himself from the winds; and there, half dead with cold, he passed the long, uncertain hours of that terrible night.



Balmat in the Snow.

When morning dawned, though his limbs were stiff, and his feet frost-bitten, he bravely resolved to survey the mountain, and see if any practicable course to the summit presented itself on the vast and hitherto untrodden deserts of snow. He found that if certain crevices were once crossed, the path to the top of Mont Blanc was clear and unbroken before him; and he then traced out the route, which has, with little variation, been followed ever since. This was in the year 1786.

We have now come to the end of the mule-paths: the rest of our journey must be made on foot. The path along the

ledge here is one foot wide, and in some places even less; and there is a perpendicular gulf on the right full five hundred feet deep. Come here, girls and boys, and while I hold each one of you separately by the hand, do you stand on the brink, and look down steadfastly into the gulf; whatever you may feel, look on. Does the head swim? If so, pause here; for when we are once on the path, there is no retreat.

None afraid? Very well. Then here we enter upon this formidable rock-path. In order to keep our balance, we are obliged to go sideways, but in less than half a mile we are clear of the peril. All is well. We now come to a glacier. Glaciers are the immense masses of ice which accumulate on the peaks and slopes, and in the upper valleys of lofty mountains.

The glacier which we have now to cross is never two days alike. It is called the

Glacier des Bossoms. Stupendous blocks of snow cross our path, up which we cut our way by means of a hatchet. At other times, a deep chasm, called a *crevasse*, yawns before us, over which the ladder is stretched, and we crawl along on all fours. Many have been the perils encountered by travelers in crossing these crevasses. There must be no giddy heads here.

Now we have come to a vast chasm running along the whole of this side of the mountain. It is full of rocks, to which we must descend, and, climbing through them, scale the other side. But cheer up! The rocks full in sight are the Grands Mulets, where travelers generally rest for the night. We will only pause long enough to take breath. What a glorious prospect! We are ten thousand feet high. From this point it seems as if the summit of Mont Blanc might be reached in two hours' good walking along a path as smooth as a race-course after a moderate fall of snow; but the appearance is deceitful: it will take full six hours, and labor



Ascending the Glacier des Bossons.

more than equal to that of a journey of twenty miles, to reach the summit.

What sound was that? It was nothing but an avalanche. These avalanches do a vast deal of mischief sometimes. Several villages have been destroyed and many persons killed by them. We will try to keep out of their way. Three gigantic steps, each many hundred feet high, now seem to slope between us and the summit of Mont Blanc; and the topmost of these steps, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Up these steps now lies our road.

Before proceeding we will take the precaution of tying ourselves together by ropes, leaving a space of about eight feet between each; so that, if any one should fall into a chasm, we may be able to pull him up, unless we should all go together. But I do not think there is much danger of this. We enter an icy valley, then ascend over powdery snow covered thinly with ice. Sometimes we must use the hatchet to get a foothold. A storm here would be dreadful. It would whirl you into the air, if you did not throw yourself on your face and suffer it to pass.

We are now on the Grand Plateau; and there, about a thousand feet above us, is the wished-for summit. Turning now to the left, we advance with great caution, for

the path is steep, a precipice being on every side, together with many dangerous crevasses. Yonder is the appalling gulf, yawning in ice of unknown depth, where, in the year 1820, three of Dr. Hamel's guides lost their lives. They were swept into the abyss by an avalanche. These avalanches are likely to fall at any moment. But do not tremble. You need have no fear of one, under my guidance.

We are now under the shelter of the Red Rocks,* and here, if an avalanche were to fall, its course would be turned aside. This is our last stopping-place. From the foot of these rocks there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we must climb. Above us it terminates in a mighty cliff; below us it slopes precipitously to a yawning chasm. Along this we must now go; and the journey is as hazardous a one as a man might make along the sloping roof of a barn covered with frozen snow. I will go before, and with my hatchet cut steps for you.

Courage! We have surmounted this difficulty. And now we are at the base of the terrible Mur de la Côte,† a picture of which is presented on page 97. This is an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high; and up this we must

* Rochers Rouges.

† Wall of the Hill.

climb. Should the foot slip, down we glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, to be finally dashed to pieces thousands of feet below, in the horrible depths of some icy chasm. Every footstep has to be cut. Our progress is here very slow. If the wind were high it would blow us off, so frail is our hold. But keep up your spirits. We are now at the foot of the last ascent, with only this dome of ice before us. Again the hatchet is brought into use for cutting steps. Up we go, and here we are on the top of Mont Blanc.

This is the highest point of land in Europe. All the neighboring Alps stand in rank and order, like attendant guards around their sovereign. You see the maritime Alps, the whole chain of the Jura from end to end, the Lake of Geneva, the beautiful Mount Rosa, the chain of the Apennines, Mount Cenis, the mountains of Tuscany, valleys and plains without number; and then, to the left, far into France, even beyond Lyons. This is indeed overwhelming. Who can behold such a prospect, and not feel the glorious majesty of its Maker?

The moisture of the air is here only one sixth part of that at the base of the mountain, and this excessive dryness of the atmosphere will account for the thirst and high fever, with the exhaustion, dizziness, and headache, felt by all.

I have conducted you to the top of Mont Blanc; but how shall we descend? For a great part of the way we slide down steep descents at an incredible speed. Look out for the chasms. It would not be pleasant to slide into one of these. One of our party rolls heels over head. Another is pitched headlong into a snowdrift. These accidents, however, are not serious. Here you are, safe at Chamouni; and now you must make your way, the best way you can, to your respective homes.

Pronounce Chamouni *Shah'moo-ny*, with the accent on the first syllable; glacier, *glä'se-er*; glacier des Bossons, *glä'se-er dä' Bo-song*; Grands Mulets, *grahng mu-lay'*; avalanche, *av'a-lan-sh*; plateau, *plä-to'*.

ON RIDICULING WHAT WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND.



Do not ridicule a thing because you do not happen to understand it. Your own ignorance may be the only ridiculous thing, all the while. Sir Isaac Newton, the great philosophical discoverer, once had for his next-door neighbor a widow lady, who, having repeatedly seen him blowing bubbles, supposed that he must be a lunatic; and she was in the habit of speaking of him as "the poor crazy gentleman."

"What makes you think he is crazy?" asked a friend.—"Because," said the lady, "he diverts himself in the oddest way imaginable. Every morning, when the sun shines so brightly that we are obliged to draw the window-blinds, he takes his seat in front of a tub of suds, and occupies himself for hours blowing soap-bubbles through a common clay pipe, and intently watches them floating about till they burst. He is doubtless now at his favorite amusement," she added; "do come and look at him."

The friend accompanied her up stairs, when, after looking through the window into the adjoining yard, he turned and said, "My dear madam, the person whom you suppose to be a poor lunatic is no other than the great Sir Isaac Newton, studying the refraction of light upon thin plates, a phenomenon which is beautifully exhibited upon the surface of a common soap-bubble." Now, which proved to be ridiculous, the ignorant lady or the wise philosopher?

When Franklin made his experiment with the kite to prove the identity of lightning with electricity, there were ignorant boys and men ready to ridicule him for the attempt. To avoid annoyances from all such, Franklin took no one with him but his son, and went into a secluded field, where he successfully carried out the experiment which gave a new fact to science, and made his name immortal.

When Fulton was building his first steamboat he was doomed to encounter the ridicule of ignorant pretenders, and to hear his boat nicknamed "Fulton's Folly." Some of these opponents lived to see this "folly" produce a revolution in commerce, and do more to people the banks of the great rivers and lakes of the United States than any other single enterprise of the age.

Not long since there lived in the west of England a distinguished judge, who was also an enthusiastic geologist, and who was in the habit of chipping out specimens of minerals with a hammer which he carried in his walks. An honest farmer, who had seen him only on the bench in his capacity of judge, one day found him seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils.

Now, in England the employment usually allotted to paupers is that of breaking stones for the repair of roads. When the farmer saw the judge at work with his hammer, he threw up his hands, gazed at him a moment, shook his head sorrowfully, as if meditating on the mutability of human affairs, and then exclaimed, in mingled tones of pity and surprise, "What, sir, are you come to this already?" The farmer concluded that the poor judge had come to the workhouse, and that he was doing pauper's work over the stones. It seemed ridiculous to him that any one should hammer stones for any other purpose than that of mending roads.

For Declamation.

THE EXPEDITION AGAINST UTAH.

From a speech of Hon. John Thompson, of New York, in Congress, Jan. 27, 1858.

SIR, what will you do with Utah? There it stands, rampant and defying, its hand on its sword-hilt, and its eye flashing fire. It is before you in your path to the Pacific. It will not away at your bidding: a huge, ugly, stubborn fact, which no ignorance can disregard, and no political fatuity despise. What will you do with it?

As an individual, I will say what I would do. I would pass a law making po-

lyg'amy a crime. I would send an army to Utah sufficient to apprehend Brigham Young and all the Mormon conspirators against the authority of the United States; and I would secure to the inhabitants a republican form of government.

There is but one question more: When and how shall this be done? When? — I answer now — without delay. War is proclaimed in fact. Forces are levied and trained for action. Slaughter is threatened. Our troops are defied, our courts closed, our officers insulted, the savages incited to plunder and ravage.

But gentlemen fear the great cost of this war! They look round upon an empty treasury and an accumulating debt; upon six millions unpaid for the Oregon war; upon unknown sums for the California campaign, to be ascertained and adjusted. They look upon commerce prostrate, manufacturing industry paralyzed, and the avenues of business closed by symptoms of derangement and distrust; our sources of national income diminished by decreasing imports, and by limited sales of the public lands. They see a system of wasteful expenditure; they discover that one hundred millions per annum will be needed to keep us from bankruptcy; they are appalled at the prospect of running the state into financial ruin, by an expensive intestine war.

I admit the truthfulness of the picture, in all its aggravations. But some matters are above money; there are crises in the life of a nation when, whatever her financial burdens, she must incur heavier; when her integrity and honor, her prestige,* her existence, are all at stake; when to calculate is folly, to hesitate is to perish. Did General Washington hesitate, and temporize, and count the cost, when a part of Pennsylvania rebelled on the whiskey-tax? No, sir; he sent fifteen thousand men into the field, and this promptitude, energy, manliness, itself quelled the storm, without shedding a drop of blood. The saints of Utah may be as wise as the whiskey-dealers of the land of Penn, if they find the govern-

* Pronounced *prés-teek'*.

ment are equally in earnest. If they choose to risk a battle, I trust it will be such a battle as has not been seen on this continent—overwhelming, decisive, complete; such as our brave army will fight, even if fanaticism provokes their adversaries to feats of superhuman valor.

Let those who must bear the responsibility of the war determine mainly *how* it shall be waged, and what shall be the amount and character of its appointments,—whether the additional force shall be that of volunteers, to which opinion I incline, or an increase of the regular army—whether it shall approach from the east or the west—whether it shall employ horse or foot. But let them not have it to say to the nation that a formidable rebellion has ripened, and is rioting unchecked among us, and we refuse the agencies to counteract or destroy it.

I hope this may not become a party question—a shuttlecock for political partisanship to hurl to and fro. Let us deal with it as if we felt a common danger, and were only anxious to cope with and overthrow it. While I leave myself free to vote as I shall deem best upon all details, I stand committed, for one, to give my voice and vote to stay the march of this prairie-fire; to fight it out at once, before it involves our homes and ourselves in the ruin of its spreading conflagration.

Translated from the German for the School Monthly.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GREAT MAN.

Concluded from page 67.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER having performed, with the strictest conscientiousness, all his duties, Copernicus was about to return home, when he saw in the market-place the booths of a troop of traveling players, around which were gathered an immense number of people. The theater represented the interior of an astronomical observatory, the walls of which were covered with strange instruments, vials, skulls, and stuffed animals, strongly suggestive of Faust's "Witch Kitchen."

In the midst of this odd household stuff stood a gray-haired man, who in figure and dress was the very image of the philosopher of Thorn. The resemblance was so complete that even Copernicus himself, as he was passing by, recognized his *double*, and stood transfixed with astonishment.

Behind the comedians, who were thus holding up to mockery the high-souled, large-hearted benefactor of his race, stood a personator of the Dark Fiend, with horns and claws, as necessary appendages; nor were long donkey's ears wanting to complete the hideous mask. The play, if the pitiful performance deserved the name, consisted of several tableaux. In the first, the astronomer assigns his soul to the Evil One; in confirmation of which, he throws the Bible into the flames, and tramples the Cross under his feet. In the second, he explains his new system in verses of a most absurd character; throws up a number of apples, which represent the stars, and these fly in mad leaps around his head, emitting light by means of an application of burning pitch.

In the third scene, he enters as a charlatan, a chirop'odist and vender of salves and plasters. In barbarous dog-latin he extols his elixirs to the passers-by, and gives the eagerly-flocking customers, in exchange for sterling coin, little oddly-shaped bottles of harmless spring-water, tinted with some coloring substance, while he laughs in his sleeve behind the backs of his dupes, and quaffs hearty draughts of old wine. In the last scene he is cursed by God and man. In smoke and sulphur-fume Satan appears, and drags him by the hair of his head down into the lower regions; there, by way of punishment for presuming to deny the immobility of the earth, he is suspended by the legs over an enormous fire, where he dangles to the extreme delight of the spectators.

On witnessing this miserable, pitiable farce, in which the spirituality and virtue of a good man were desecrated by the mockery of the rabble, his erudition degraded to quackery, and his good-will to

man stamped as hypocrisy, the whole tendency of which was to represent the hero of the piece as a sorcerer and an atheist, Copernicus felt his heart wither within him, and his confidence in the justice of the Divine Being almost began to waver. However, he still suffered himself to believe that the Frauenberg people, who had been for so long a time witnesses to his conduct, and who had so much cause of indebtedness to him, would at once take upon themselves the vindication of his good name, demolish the booths, and rid the town of these shameless defamers.

Bitter delusion! The very men who, in numberless ways, had been the objects of his care and self-renunciation, broke out in thundering applause at the end of the piece, and with shouts and huzzas demanded its repetition. This was too much for the aggrieved old man. Every thing swam before his eyes, and he fell senseless on the pavement.

The circumstance attracted the attention of the bystanders, and a crowd soon gathered around him. "That is the good old man who cured me of my infirmity," said one.—"Is not *that* the man who supported me when I was in great need, and my little ones were crying for bread?" said another.—"This very day," added a third, "did he not come here as soon as he heard that the water-works had stopped, and that the city was out of water?"—"Long live our good Can'on!" and "Away with the cursed comedians!" now resounded from all sides. The temple of Thalia immediately fell a victim to mob justice; the stage properties were flung about in strange-looking heaps, and the forlorn artists, who, a few moments before, had been overwhelmed with applause, were glad to make a speedy escape from the shower of curses and stones hurled after them by an enraged populace.

The Frauenbergers raised the martyr on their shoulders, and bore him off in triumph. Ah! he could no longer enjoy the attachment of these people! Exhausted by the labors of the preceding day, he lay unconscious even of the fatal wound he had

received in his fall. With much difficulty the dying man was placed in a litter, and conveyed to his residence in Thorn. Arrived there, the kindest attentions were lavished upon him; but the blow which had struck the poor old man was too severe: he was not to recover from it.

In addition to the bodily suffering which bound the much-abused Copernicus to his bed, came also painful feelings of mortification and disappointment to embitter the last two days he had yet to live. With trembling hand, he opened a letter from a friend in Nurenberg, and read there the confirmation of what the Kulmer bishop had previously announced to him. Three times had the students stormed the printing-office, in order to possess themselves of a work which was destined to distinguish that century above so many others. A letter from Rhet'icus contained the information that the excited populace threatened to set fire to the printing-office, and that his friends had thought it necessary to assemble there, to protect the building and the workmen.

"The printers," he wrote, "are still busy with their presses, but they are all armed. Only two days more, and ten copies of your work will be ready. God grant that this time may pass safely over, and that the fruits of your labors may be secured! However, should we be exposed to further assaults . . ." Here the hastily-written letter broke off, and Copernicus was not sorry to lose the rest. "As Thou wilt, great God!" he sighed; and then he sought to raise his dejected spirits by turning his thoughts to the wonderful truths which had been revealed to him. A second letter, which arrived the next day, contained yet more painful news. It ran thus:

"One of the type-setters must have been bribed by your persecutors; for he has given up your manuscript, and it has been publicly burned in the open market-place. Luckily the forms were all set, and the printing commenced; so there is not much harm done; but who can assure us that what we yet possess shall remain much longer untouched?"

"The people are raging; suspicious-looking

men lurk around the house, and an attack may be expected at any moment. It seems as if the truths you have revealed were destined to make their way in the world over corpses."

Tortured by intense pain, and harrassed by fear and uncertainty, unknowing whether his honor and good name were to come out victorious from the conflict that was waging against him, or to be given up to the ravings of fanaticism, the poor sufferer passed some terrible hours, and the lamp of his life seemed nearly extinguished.

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs broke the silence. Mounted on a foam-besprattered steed, and covered with dust from rapid riding, a man stops before the house, springs from his horse, rushes unannounced into the room of the dying man, opens his vest, and draws out a book, which he had concealed there:—"Take it, venerable sir; it has cost us no little to place it in your hands." The work on the Greatness and Goodness of God was ushered into the world, and henceforth it was to teach all coming generations to seek and acknowledge the great Creator!

The dying man took the book in his trembling hands. He turned the leaves with difficulty, yet the further he went on the more animated grew his features. At last, he actually rose up in his bed, pressed the book to his heart, stretched his arms toward heaven, said, in a clear voice, "Now, O Lord, set free thy servant!" and fell back dead upon his bed. His soul had departed to the mansions of eternal peace, there to perceive in their fullness truths of which while here he had had but faint and imperfect glimpses.

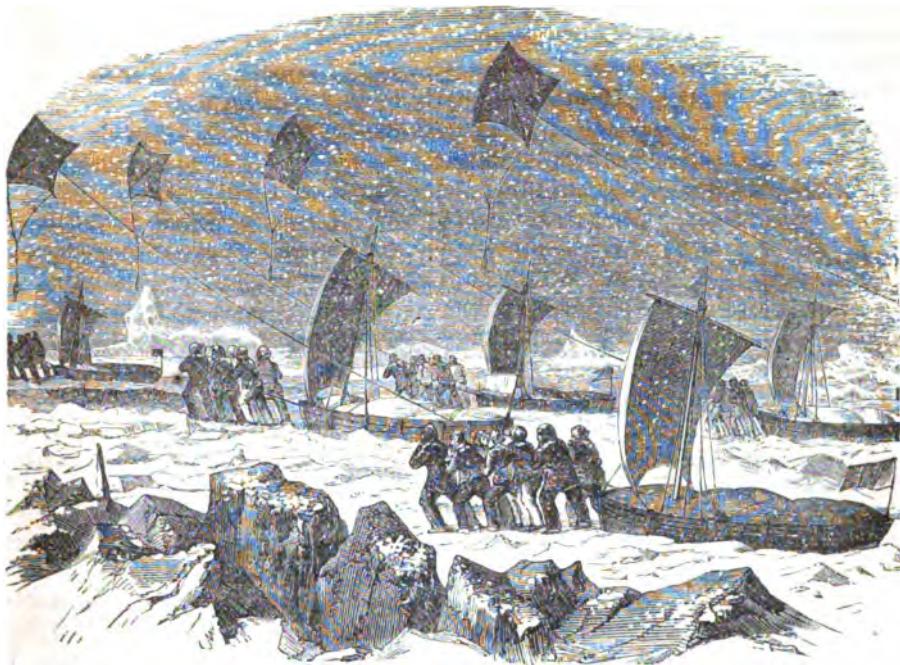
It was on the 23d of March, in the early morning twilight, that the great man left this earth. The stars still twinkled joyfully in the skies, and newly-awakened nature was rejoicing in the sweet perfume of the opening flowers. Death had no terrors here. Joyful, and even jubilant, was this parting scene.

So passed away a man whose life on earth was a tissue of vexatious persecutions, and upon whom the Apostolical Chair had

thundered its heaviest denunciations. Yet justice, though tardy, came at last; and St. Peter's successors later acknowledged the great genius, and believed in the truths which he taught and demonstrated. The observatory of Copernicus became, in the hands of the Prussians, a prison, and his house a ruin, falling stone by stone. But Poland, who recognized in him one of her noblest and greatest sons, has knocked at every door and every heart in her wide provinces, to procure the means of erecting a testimonial to his worth. His statue was soon set up in the Church of St. Anna, at Cracow; and Thorwaldsen, the master-sculptor of our century, has perpetuated the memory of the great discoverer by a sitting statue of bronze, which at this day is one of Warsaw's proudest ornaments.

The *th* in *booths* has its vocal sound, as in *thine*. Sound the *au* in *Faust* and *Frauenberg* like *ow* in *nose*; *ch* in *charlatan* like *sh* in *sharp*; *ch* in *chiro-*
odist like *k*. *Tha-li'a* was the muse of dramatic poetry, and a theater is sometimes called a "temple of Thalia." Sound the *th* in *Thor* and *Thorwaldsen* like simple *t*; the *ow* in *Cracow* like long *o*.

THE WILL AND THE WAY.—I learned grammar when I was a private soldier, on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of my berth, or that of my guard-bed, was my seat to study in; my knapsack was my bookcase, and a bit of board lying on my lap was my writing-table. I had no money to purchase a candle or oil; in winter it was rarely that I could get any light but the fire, and only my turn even of that. To buy a pen or piece of paper, I was compelled to forego some portion of my food, though in a state of half starvation. I had not a moment of time that I could call my own; and I had to read and write amid the talking, laughing, singing, whistling, and brawling, of at least half a score of the most reckless men, and that, too, in their hours of freedom from all control. And I say, that if I, under these circumstances, could encounter and overcome the task, is there, can there be, in the whole world, a youth who can find an excuse for the non-performance?—*Cobbett.*



Sledging with Sails. •

ARCTIC TRAVELING.

THE picture represents some of the sledging parties which went in search of Sir John Franklin from the expedition under Captains Austin and Ommaney, in the year 1850. Some of these parties traveled over five hundred miles through the snow and ice of the Arctic desert. In this traveling, sails were occasionally hoisted on the sledges, and large kites were also attached.

When the wind was high, these aids propelled the sledge very rapidly over the ice, and the whole party could sometimes ride. But when the wind fell, the sledges, with the provisions and stores, had to be dragged by main force by the men harnessed to them. Most of these exploring parties returned to their ships in good health, though some of the men were badly frost-bitten.

On the 23d of August, 1850, Captain Ommaney landed with the officers of the Assistance and the Intrepid on Cape Riley, on the north side of Lancaster Sound, where they found traces of an encampment. These first traces of Franklin's expedition were soon followed by others. On Beechy Isl-

and were found fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat-tins. Here also were found the graves of three seamen, with head-boards bearing their names.

"Whither sail you, Sir John Franklin?"
Cried a whaler in Baffin's Bay.—
"To know if between the land and the Pole
I may find a broad sea-way."
"I charge you back, Sir John Franklin,
As you would live and thrive;
For between the land and the frozen Pole
No man may sail alive."
But lightly laughed the stout Sir John,
And spoke unto his men:
"Half England is wrong, if he is right;
Bear off to westward, then."

The cost of the various expeditions, English and American, in search of Sir John Franklin, is estimated at upward of five millions of dollars. Lady Franklin, the wife of the missing navigator, had not abandoned the search as late as the summer of 1857, although it was then more than twelve years since Sir John had been heard from. During that summer, an expedition under Captain M'Clintock sailed for Baffin's Bay, to continue the work of exploration.

In a letter dated Upernivik, in Greenland, August 6th, 1857, Captain McClintock writes that he had procured forty dogs for his sledging operations. He was in command of a small steamer, and all on board were in good spirits, "zealous, efficient, and cheerful."

THE STREET OF BY-AND-BY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

By the street of "By-and-By" one arrives at the house of "Never." — *O/d Saying.*

O ! SHUN the spot, my youthful friends ;

I urge you to beware !

Beguiling is the pleasant way,

And softly breathes the air ;

Yet none have ever passed to scenes

Ennobling, great, and high,

Who once began to linger

In the street of By-and-By.

How varied are the images

Arising to my sight

Of those who wished to shun the wrong,

Who loved and prized the right !

Yet from the silken bonds of sloth

They vainly strove to fly, —

It held them gently prisoned

In the street of By-and-By.

A youth aspired to climb the height

Of Learning's lofty hill ;

What dimmed his bright intelligence ?

What quelled his earnest will ?

Why did the object of his quest

Still mock his wistful eye ?

Too long, alas ! he tarried

In the street of By-and-By.

" My projects thrive," the merchant said ;

" When doubled is my store,

How freely shall my ready gold

Be showered among the poor ! "

Vast grew his wealth, yet strove he not

The mourner's tear to dry ;

He never journeyed onward

From the street of By-and-By.

" Forgive thy erring brother !

He hath wept and suffered long,"

I said to one, who answered,

" He hath done me grievous wrong ;

Yet will I seek my brother,

And forgive him ere I die." —

Alas ! Death shortly found him

In the street of By-and-By.

The wearied worldling muses

Upon lost and wasted days,

Resolved to turn hereafter

From the error of his ways, —

To lift his groveling thoughts from earth,

And fix them on the sky ; —

Why does he linger fondly

In the street of By-and-By ?

Then shun the spot, my youthful friends ;

Work on, while yet you may ;

Let not old age o'ertake you

As you slothfully delay,

Lest you should gaze around you,

And discover, with a sigh,

You have reached the house of " Never "

Through the street of " By-and-By."

LAY AND LIE.

IN A LETTER FROM A GIRL.

SIR : I have carefully read your remarks on the subject of Improperities of Speech ; and I take great pains to avoid the mistakes which you caution us against. But there is one blunder which I hear so frequently that I almost despair of breaking myself of the habit of falling into it. I allude to the use of the transitive verb *lay* when we should use the intransitive verb *lie*.

There are some tunes which I do not like ; but, if an organ-grinder comes and compels me to hear them every other day, I soon find myself humming them, distasteful as they may be. I have read that the celebrated painter, Sir Peter Lely, made it a rule never to look at a bad picture ; he having found, by experience, that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it.

Would that I could shut my ears to bad forms of speech as easily as Sir Peter could avoid a bad picture ! But politeness forbids. I will give you a history of my annoyances at the tea-table this evening in reference to these words *lay* and *lie*. " How long do you think this snow will *lay* on the ground ? " asked my Aunt Jane. — " Lay what ? " I wanted to reply ; but that would have been uncivil. She meant to ask how long the snow would *lie* on the ground.

My ears had hardly got over this shock when they received another, which made me wince. " John," said my mother to her youngest, " do not *lay* (!) down on the

sofa." O ! mother dear, when will you learn to say *lie* down ? My father's friend, Captain Hawser, was present. "Where does your ship *lay*?" asked my dear father. — "She *lays* at India Wharf," replied the captain. O , father dear ! O , Captain Hawser ! why not say "she *lies* at India Wharf"? That is what you mean. If the ship *lays*, she must *lay* something, and what does she *lay* ?

The conversation was kept up for five minutes without any very gross violation of the grammatical proprieties. At length, my Aunt Jane, who is the most inveterate sinner against the English language in the family, remarked that as she was *laying* awake, last night, she heard a burglar at one of the front windows. Here my patience was so far exhausted that I ventured to say, "My dear aunt, have you any objection to saying 'as I was *lying* awake,' or 'as I *lay* awake'? Pray read this passage in the SCHOOL MONTHLY on the use of the verbs *lie* and *lay* (page 64)."

"Ah ! my dear, you can not correct old habits," said my aunt. "I have been used to saying, all my life, 'I am going to *lay* down, instead of 'lie down,' and *lay* it must be to the end of the chapter." — "It is never too late to mend," answered I. — "That is true enough, Charlotte," said my father. "We have all been in fault. I know better than to say 'the ship *lays* at the wharf,' instead of *lies* ; but my ear is so accustomed to the wrong mode that I unwittingly use it. Now, let us all agree to pay a forfeit according to our means every time we use the word *lay* erroneously. The forfeit shall be in money, not less than five cents, and shall go to the fund for the poor-box."

"I consent," said my mother. — "And I too," said Aunt Jane ; "but you must not expect too much of me. Charlotte, bring me my work-box. It *lays* on the table in my room." — "Lays ?" exclaimed half a dozen voices. "A forfeit! a forfeit!" — "How much ?" asked my aunt. — "A quarter of a dollar for you, Jane," said my father. Aunt Jane paid it with a

good grace, and remarked, "The SCHOOL MONTHLY has brought all this mischief into the family." — "I shall immediately subscribe for four more copies," said my father.

There were no more forfeits that evening ; but many will no doubt be exacted before there is a reform in the family. We are on the right track, however, and I thank you for putting us there. Gratefully yours,

CHARLOTTE.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS SCIENTIFICALLY ANSWERED.

WHY does smoke ascend the chimney ? — Because the air of the room, when it passes over the fire, becomes lighter for being heated ; and, being thus made lighter, ascends the chimney, carrying the smoke with it.

What is smoke ? — Small particles of carbon, separated by combustion from the fuel, but not consumed.

Why do smoke and steam curl as they ascend ? — Because they are pushed round and round by the ascending and descending currents of air.

Why do some chimneys smoke ? — Because fresh air is not admitted into a room so fast as it is consumed by the fire ; in consequence of which a current of air rushes down the chimney to supply the deficiency, driving the smoke along with it.

What is charcoal ? — Wood which has been exposed to a red heat till it has been deprived of all its gases and volatile parts.

Why does charcoal remove the taint of meat ? — Because it absorbs all putrescent effluvia, whether arising from animal or vegetable matter.

Why is water purified by being filtered through charcoal ? — Because charcoal absorbs the impurities of the water, and removes all disagreeable tastes and smells, whether they arise from animal or vegetable matter.

Why are water and wine casks charred inside ? — Because charring the inside of a cask reduces it to a kind of charcoal ; and charcoal, by absorbing animal and veg-

etable impurities, keeps the liquor sweet and good.

Why does a piece of burnt bread make impure water fit to drink? — Because the surface of the bread, which has been reduced to charcoal by being burnt, absorbs the impurities of water, and makes it palatable.

Why should toast and water, placed by the side of the sick, be made of burnt bread? — Because the charcoal surface of burnt bread prevents the water from being affected by the impurities of the sick room.

Why should sick persons eat dry toast rather than bread and butter? — Because the charcoal surface of the dry toast helps to absorb the acids and impurities of a sick stomach.

Why are timbers which are to be exposed to damp charred? — Because charcoal undergoes no change by exposure to air and water; in consequence of which, timber will resist weather much longer after it has been charred.

Why does water simmer before it boils? — Because the particles of water near the bottom of the kettle, being formed into steam sooner than the rest, shoot upward; but are condensed again, as they rise, by the cold water, and produce what is called "simmering."

What causes the rattling noise so often made by the lid of a saucepan or boiler? — The steam, seeking to escape, forces up the lid of the boiler, and the weight of the lid carries it back again: this being done frequently, produces a rattling noise.

If the steam could not lift up the lid of the boiler, how would it escape? — If the lid fitted so tightly that the steam could not raise it up, the boiler would burst into fragments, and the consequences might be fatal.

What becomes of the steam? for it soon vanishes. — After it has been condensed into mist, it is dissolved by the air, and dispersed abroad as invisible vapor.

And what becomes of the invisible vapor? — Being lighter than air, it ascends

to the upper regions of the atmosphere, where, being again condensed, it contributes to form clouds.

Why does soap greatly increase the cleansing power of water? — Because many stains are of a greasy nature; and soap has the power of uniting with greasy matters, and rendering them soluble in water.

FOR WHAT CHILDREN ARE MOST GRATEFUL.

BY EPHEMIAH PEABODY.



PARENTS spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth, to secure them social position, or other worldly advantages. I do not underrate the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many providential arrangements impelling men to seek them. I would only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child.

What does the child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying that accumulation. But I have heard children, though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, say, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public-spirited, to be a very prosperous man.

A parent who leaves nothing but wealth, or similar social advantages, to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten. However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the worldly advantages they leave them. These are received as a matter of course. There is comparatively little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him

who bequeathed it. He more often endeavors before his time to thrust him from his throne.

But let a child be able to say, My father was a just man, he was affectionate in his home, he was tender-hearted, he was useful in the community and loved to do good in society, he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate, he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout,—and the child's memory cleaves to that parent. He honors him, reveres him, treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blest in having had such a parent; and the older he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. Here are experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. It shows what is most worth seeking.

For very Young Readers.

THE KITTEN'S MISHAP.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I 'LL tell you a tale of a watery disaster; of a cat and a kitten and their little master. A tale it shall be neither made up nor silly, of two good little children, named

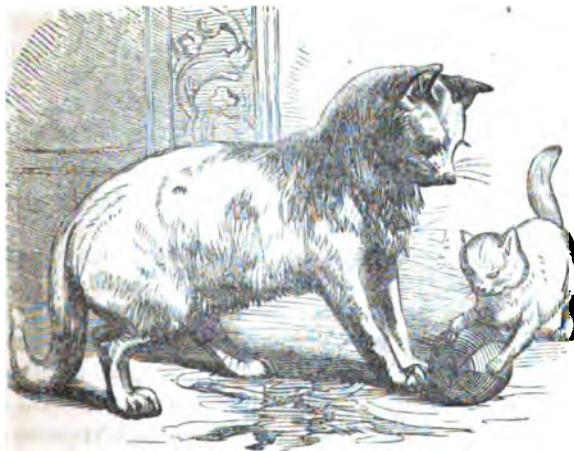
poor as could be; and they worked for the bread that they ate, all three.

The old woman was feeble, rheumatic, and thin; and with very great labor she managed to spin; and all the day long, with unwearying zeal, from Monday to Saturday, round went her wheel. And yet, turn as she might, she could scarcely contrive to earn the small pittance that kept them alive. So these good little children, they both did their best, and gave from their earnings what made up the rest.

Of wealth, which so many consider a blessing, the three nothing knew. Yet the joy of possessing, even they, in their cottage so lowly, could share; for the dame had her wheel and her table and chair, while Peggy and Willy than these had far more; for *hers* was the blackbird that hung at the door, the sweet-singing blackbird that filled with delight of its music the cottage from morning to night; and *his* was the cat that slept under his bed, and never looked famished, however ill-fed.

Now, the tale that I have in my mind to rehearse was related by Willy, though not told in verse. Said Willy, "The cat

had a kitten that lay behind my bed's head, on a cushion of hay; a beautiful kit, though a mischievous elf, and given to prowling about by itself. Now, it happened, one day, as I came from my work, before I had put by my rake and my fork, the old cat came up, and she pawed and she mewed, with the wofulest visage that ever I viewed; and she showed me the door, and she ran in and out; I could n't conceive what the cat was about.



Peggy and Willy. Not rich children were they, or clever, like you, who have books, toys, and pictures, with nothing to do. They were two little orphans, that lived on a common, in a very small house, with a very old woman; a very old woman, as

"At length, I bethought that the creature was good, and she *should* have her way, let it be what it would. And no sooner she saw me inclined to obey, than she purred her approval, then scampered away to a pond not far off, where the kitten I

found, in an old broken basket, just sinking, half drowned. How it got there I knew not, and never could tell; for a cat hates the water; but so it befell.

"Perhaps some bad fellow this action had done, to torture the kitten, and then call it fun; yet that I don't know; but I soon got her out, and a terrible fright she had had, there's no doubt. 'T was a pitiful object; it drooped down its head, and Peggy for some time declared it was dead. But its heart was alive, spite the pain and the dread, and it opened its eyes and it lifted its head; and we gave it some milk, and we dried its wet fur; and, O! what a pleasure there was in its purr!

"At length, when we saw that all danger was over, and that well warmed and dried it began to recover, we laid it in bed on its cushion of hay, and wrapped it up snugly, and bâde it 'good-day.' And then its poor mother gave over her mourning, and lay down and purred like the wheel that was turning; and she and the kitten, by care upperplexed, slept, purred, and scarce stirred all that day and the next: then scarcely a trace of her trouble she bore, though meeker and graver than ever before." So here ends my tale of this watery disaster, of the cat and the kitten and their little master.

THE QUAKER'S CORN-CRIB.



MAN had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminution of his corn-pile. This was very annoying, and must be stopped;—but how? Many a one would have said, "Take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "Catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He

wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible. So he fixed a sort of trap close to the hole through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when, lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it! In vain he tugged, and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure.

After a time the tumult in his breast subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around him. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his heavy eyes would have closed in slumber; but, lo! there was no rest, no sleep, for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and at once desire and dread the return of morning. Morning came, at last, and the Quaker looked out of his window, and found that he had "caught his man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good cow-hiding just as he stands, and then release him; that will cure him." But not so said the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good-morning, friend," said he, as he came within speaking distance. "How does thee do?" The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears. "O, fie!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I'm sorry that thou hast got thy hand fast. Thou didst put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and, begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor,—for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips,—"stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thou needest corn, or thou wouldest not have taken so much pains to get it. Come, let us fill it."

And the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercise with the pleasantest conversation imaginable,—all of which was like daggers in the heart of his chagrined and mortified victim. The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor; but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having muttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay; Ruth has breakfast ere this; thou must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling!"

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance. In vain the mortified neighbor begged to be excused; in vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer, as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if thou needest any more corn, come in the daytime, and thou shalt have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker! Every body is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once repented and reformed, and an informant tells me that he afterward heard him relate, at an experience meeting, the substance of the story I have told you; and he attributed his conversion, under God's blessing, to the

course the Quaker had pursued to arrest him in his downward career.

GO TO WORK!

Such is the brief but significant admonition which Nature utters aloud in every human ear; an admonition, in fact, which the God of Nature has put into her mouth, and which she is ever and anon repeating to all the dwellers upon earth. She reminds us, by a thousand unmistakable signs, that every thing within her domain is at work, and that therefore we have no right to stand still. She shows us that every atom and particle of the material world is in a state of constant activity—that change and modification of some sort or other are going on unceasingly, and that nothing does or can remain at rest.

The ground we tread; the air we breathe; every thing we touch, taste, or handle; the very bones, muscles, and fluids, which make up our frames,—all are passing in an unceasing progression to a new organic condition. Action, action! is the living voice of unsentient matter. There is not even a possibility of standing still: each passing moment contributes something toward a new complexion to the face of the material universe; the very processes of decay and death are but new constitutions and elements of vitality and activity. If these things be so, then what a disgraceful anomaly is laziness!

Having nothing to do is the very worst excuse that could be preferred for doing nothing. To have nothing to do is a disgrace to a reasonable being; to love it is a vice, and to persist in it is a crime. Whether by circumstances adverse to us we are deprived of employment, or are in no need of it through the possession of a competence, we are morally bound to find or to create a vocation for our activities and faculties.

The lazy die and are buried, and no man misses them; the workers live on in their works, and, in a true sense, possess the earth long after the earth holds their life-

less clay. Their monuments are around us, and above us, and under us; and we honor them for their work's sake, whether we will or not. Let us glance for a moment at some few of the world's workers, and see what men before now have done for themselves and their fellows simply by going to work.

A stone-mason in a little village in the Venetian territory had a rather delicate boy, who, being too young to assist at his father's trade, was suffered to wander about and do pretty much as he pleased. The child, having made up his mind to become a sculptor, *went to work* in his own way, and with lumps of clay, raw turnips, slices of melons or pumpkins, or bits of wax,—any thing, in short, which he could easily cut or mould into shape,—he reproduced the forms of nature in miniature models with a skill which soon began to attract notice.



Canova modeling a Lion.

A lion which, at the instigation of a cook who had stood his friend in the matter of turnips, he modeled in butter for the decoration of a nobleman's dinner-table, attracted the attention of the lord of the village, who placed the little modeler under the tutelage of an eminent sculptor. At the present moment the world is full of the re-

nown of Antonio Canova, the stone-mason's son. Every potentate of Europe has aspired to the possession of his works; and the manufacture and sale of miniature copies of them afford a livelihood to thousands of his fellow-countrymen.

In a very lowly cottage in the north of England, not fifty years ago, a sturdy laborer might have been seen at work of an evening, by the light of a single candle, repairing old and worn-out clocks, the rickety property of his needy neighbors. Late into the night the plodding genius protracted his work, though he had been pursuing the severest toil through the day in the darkness of the mine. It was not for himself that he plied this additional trade, but for the welfare of his infant son, for whom he thus sought to obtain the means of education, the want of which he had himself grievously felt.

But no man can ever seriously strive for the advantage of another without in some way promoting his own welfare: and thus it happened in this instance. The industrious application which supplied the means of education for his darling son developed the mighty mechanical genius of the father. From mending old clocks, he went on to effecting improvements in old machines and engines, and then, as the importance of his practical knowledge became recognized by men of capital, who supplied the necessary funds, he proceeded to the manufacture of new ones, upon new and improved principles.

He rose rapidly into notice and repute; and when, soon after, the great railway idea got firm hold of the public mind, he stood forth the man of the hour, fully prepared and qualified in every respect to carry it into execution. He it was—the unlettered day-laborer of the mine and the quarry—who first laid a solid pathway of iron across the quaking bog upon which the traveler feared to set

his foot, and thus solved the disputed problem which has issued in covering the land with a network of iron roads.

He lived to realize wealth in abundance, and a reputation wide as the world; and what perhaps was still more gratifying to his kindly heart, he lived to see that son for whose education he had toiled so painfully, by the light of his farthing candle, an honored and titled member of the British senate. What man is there who, as he scuds, with a flight as rapid as the raven's, over a railroad, does not now and then recall to his mind the name of GEORGE STEPHENSON?

We might multiply these examples to the

extent of an entire volume, so numerous are the instances upon record of men, and women too, who by sheer force of energy of character have found out their proper work, and done it nobly. But we have brought a sufficient number of witnesses to the bar to prove the value of the doctrine which we wish to inculcate, and which is briefly this: That all dwellers upon earth are placed here to do something; that it is our own business, and not the business of any other person, to find out our own vocation; and, having found it, then, with all the vigor and perseverance of which we are capable, honestly and prayerfully to "go to work."



Melrose Abbey by Moonlight.

MELROSE ABBEY.

THE ancient and beautiful monastery of Melrose, in Scotland, stood in the town of Melrose, about thirty miles south by east from Edinburgh. It was founded in the year 1326, by King Robert Bruce. The ruins of this monastery afford the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and Gothic

sculpture which Scotland can boast. The stone of which it is built, says Sir Walter Scott, though it has resisted the weather for so many ages, retains perfect sharpness, so that even the most minute ornaments seem as entire as when newly wrought. In some of the cloisters there are representations of flowers, vegetables, &c., carved in

stone with the most delicate accuracy and precision.

"Spreading herbs and flowerets bright
Glistened with the dew of night,
Nor herb nor floweret glistened there
But were carved in the cloister arches as fair."

The author of "Sunny Memories" says of the building: "It is not a large one, and it has not that air of solemn massive grandeur, that plain majesty, which impresses you in the cathedrals of Aberdeen and Glasgow. As you stand looking at the wilderness of minarets and flying buttresses, the multiplied shrines, and mouldings, and cornices, all incrusted with carving as endless in its variety as the frost-work on a window-pane,—each moulding a study by itself, yet each contributing, like the different strains of a harmony, to the general effect of the whole,—it seems to you that for a thing so airy and spiritual to have sprung up by enchantment, and to have been the product of spells and fairy fingers, is no improbable account of the matter."

In the time of the Reformation this abbey was destroyed amid the general storm which attacked the church architecture of Scotland. "Pull down the nest, and the rooks will fly away," was the common saying of the mob; and in those days a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes against the carved work.

In his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" Scott has given many beautiful descriptions of this celebrated ruin. We quote from him the following well-known lines :

"If thou wouldest view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild but to flout the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owl to hoot o'er the dead man's grave;
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile."

Abbotsford, the residence, and Dryburgh Abbey, the burial-place, of Sir Walter Scott, are within a few miles of Melrose.

LITTLE BELL.

WHO LOVED ALL GOD'S CREATURES.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.
COLENDIDGE.

PIPED the Blackbird on the beechwood spray.

"Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What's your name?" quoth he.
"What's your name, O, stop and straight unfold,
Pretty maid with showery curls of gold." —
"Little Bell," said she.

Little Bell sat down beneath the rocks,
Tossed aside her gleaming golden locks:

"Bonny bird," quoth she,
"Sing me your best song before I go." —
"Here's the very finest song I know,
Little Bell," said he.

And the Blackbird piped—you never heard
Half so gay a song from any bird.

Full of tuneful wiles,
Now 'twas round and rich; now soft and slow,
All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o'er with smiles.

And the while the Blackbird strove to pour
His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
'Neath the morning skies,

In the little childish heart below
All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
And shine forth in happy overflow,
From the blue bright eyes.

Down the dell she tripped;—and through the
glade

Peeped the Squirrel from the hazel shade,
And from out the tree,
Swung and leaped, and frolicked, void of fear—
While bold Blackbird piped that all might hear.
"Little Bell!" piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern:—

"Squirrel, Squirrel! to your task return—
Bring me nuts!" quoth she.

Now away the nimble Squirrel hies,
Golden wood-lights gleaming in his eyes,
And adown the tree

Great ripe nuts, browned by a July sun,
In the little lap drop one by one—
Hark! how Blackbird pipes to see the fun!
"Happy Bell!" quoth he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade:—

"Squirrel, Squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,
Bonny Blackbird, if you're not afraid,
Come and share with me!"

Down came Squirrel, eager for his fare ;
 Down came bonny Blackbird, I declare ;
 Little Bell gave each his honest share—

Ah ! the merry three !

And while thus the frolic playmates twain
 Piped and frisked from bough to bough again,
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 Shining out in happy overflow,
 From the blue bright eyes.

By her snow-white cot at close of day
 Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray :
 Very calm and clear
 Rose the praying voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven, an angel shape serene
 Paused a while to hear.

" What good child is this," the angel said,
 " That, with happy heart, beside her bed
 Prays so lovingly ? "

Low and soft—O ! very low and soft—
 Crooned the Blackbird in the orchard croft :—
 " Bell, dear Bell ! " crooned he.

" Whom God's creatures love," the angel fair
 Murmured, " God doth bless with angel's care.
 Child, thy bed shall be
 Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,
 Shall watch around and leave good gifts behind,
 Little Bell, for thee."

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Original

IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST.

CHARACTERS.—MR. MUM, MR. CHARLES SANGUINE, MR. AIKEN, MR. TWIST.

Enter CHARLES SANGUINE, followed by MR. MUM.

Mum. Stop a moment, if you please.

Charles. What is wanted ?

Mum. Does one Mr. Aiken, a farmer, live near by ?

Charles. You will find him in that house with the big elm-tree before it. No more bad news, I hope ?

Mum. Bad news ? Are you related to the farmer ?

Charles. Slightly. I am his son-in-law.

Mum. Ha ? Then you are Mr. Charles Sanguine. (*Aside.*) The man I wanted !

Charles. How did you know that ? But it's not surprising. Every stranger who comes to town has to hear the story.

Mum. What story ?

Charles. How I married the farmer's daughter ; how he endorsed for me ; how I broke down in business ; how I have ruined the family ; how old Twist has got possession —

Mum. Twist ?

Charles. I said Twist — Thomas Twist.

Mum. All right. Go on. (*Takes a paper out of his pocket, looks at it, and returns it.*)

Charles. The story winds up thus : Old Twist gets hold of a note of mine secured by mortgage of Mr. Aiken's house and farm ; old Twist makes us think the note can be renewed ; old Twist humbugs us ; and to-day, unless ten thousand dollars are paid, old Twist forecloses on the house and farm, and takes possession.

Mum. Has he any cause for quarrel ?

Charles. This. Old Twist aspired to be a candidate for Congress ; Mr. Aiken prevented his nomination ; whereupon old Twist swore vengeance, and to-day, at twelve o'clock, he means to take it. Stranger, I could sit down and cry like a child.

Mum. Humph ! The farmer and his wife are full of reproaches against you, I suppose — eh ?

Charles. O ! I wish they were. Then I could brave it much better. But — bless them ! — they take it so kindly, it cuts me to the heart. " It's all for the best," says father-in-law. — " That it is," echoes mother-in-law. — " Don't grieve so, lad," says he. — " Keep up a brave heart," says she. Now, if they would only scold me, and call me hard names, it would be some comfort. But they are killing me with kindness.

Mum. Have you no friends who can assist you ?

Charles. Not one. The Sanguines are an unlucky race. There was my dear Uncle John. He went to California — made a fortune — bought land with it — found that the title was good for nothing — and died not worth a cent.

Mum. Did n't you once lend him money ?

Charles. What business is that of yours ?

Mum. I knew your uncle.

Charles. You knew him? Forgive my rudeness! Your name?

Mum. For want of a better, Mum.

Charles. I am glad to see you, Mr. Mum. Here comes Mr. Aiken. (*Enter AIKEN.*) This, sir, is Mr. Mum, a friend of my Uncle John's.

Aiken. Happy to meet you, sir. Charles, my wife sent me to see that you were not moping. How is it?

Charles. How can I help moping, sir, when I think of the ruin I have brought on you all?

Aiken. Ruin? I'll thank you not to use that word again. Look at that arm! It can swing a scythe yet. Ruin? Have n't we our health and strength? Our son-in-law is thrown out of business; but has n't he paid all his debts, to the last dollar?

Charles. All but one, sir—all but one—and that to the noblest, the most generous— (*Shakes hands with AIKEN.*)

Aiken. Nonsense, Charles! You are not too proud, I hope, to be under an obligation to your old father-in-law?

Charles. No. But that I should cause your own son to throw up his college career—that reflection distracts me.

Aiken. It's all for the best, I tell you. Joshua was getting dyspeptic and thin. Since he has joined us in the hay-field he is twice the man he was. He owes his life to you. I say it's all for the best.

Charles. But to think that I should be the means of sending you all away from the old homestead!

Aiken. Again it's all for the best. In Nebraska we can thrive on small means as well as we can here on large. So, away with melancholy! We'll have jolly times camping out on the prairies.

Charles. Old Twist said he would drive you out of this town—and he will do it! Look you, father-in-law, if that fellow ventures to insult you again—

Aiken. Insult me? He insult me? He can't do it, Charlie. Remember what Cowper says:

"A modest, sensible, and well-bred man
Would not insult me, and no other can."

Charles. Here he comes. If you would just allow me, sir, to give him the least bit of a thrashing. I'll be as tender as I can, sir. Now, do let me give him a gentle reminder.

Aiken. Don't lay a finger on him, Charles.

Enter TWIST.

Twist. Good-morning, gentle-folks! — Well, Aiken, it's a quarter to twelve. Will the money be forthcoming?

Aiken. No; but the security stands.

Twist. Yes; and at twelve I take possession.

Aiken. Well, I don't complain.

Twist. It must be a hard thing, Aiken, at your age, to have to leave the old place—to be driven forth into the world a pauper.

Charles. Pauper? You said pauper. Will you have the goodness to repeat that word? (*Rolling up his sleeves.*)

Aiken. Nay, Charles, lad, be quiet. What care I?

Twist. Ha, ha, ha! I wish you joy of your bright son-in-law, Aiken. A smart business lad, to run through ten thousand dollars in a twelvemonth!

Aiken. It's all for the best.

Twist. As the man said when he broke his neck. Well, now, Aiken, it grieves me—upon my word, it does—to have to turn you out of that comfortable old nest of yours. And, then, to think of your going West! How we shall miss you at our public meetings and caucuses!

Aiken. Well, you must bear the separation as well as you can.

Mum (*to Twist.*) What's the amount of the note on which you foreclose?

Charles. Ten thousand dollars.

Twist (*to Mum.*) Really, sir, I have n't the honor of your acquaintance.

Mum. I can't reciprocate the compliment. I know you, and you shall know me before I have done with you. Do you

remember one John Sanguine? I see you do. Well, I hold a promissory note of yours to his order, now overdue some three years, and which, as his lawyer and executor, I will trouble you to pay before twelve o'clock to-day.

Charles (to AIKEN). Did you hear that, father-in-law? Did you hear that?

Twist. Let me see the paper. (*Mum hands him a note, which Twist eagerly destroys.*) There! Now where's your proof? Ha, ha, ha!

Mum (taking a pinch of snuff in a very leisurely manner.) I see you do not understand us lawyers, Mr. Twist. If you had looked closer, you would have seen that it was only a copy which I trusted to you. The original I have in my pocket. And, sir, by way of precaution, I have taken the liberty to trustee the claim you hold against Mr. Aiken; and now, sir, you are powerless, and it depends on another party to enforce the claim, if he chooses.

Charles. On what party?

Mum. On the sole heir of the late Mr. John Sanguine — in short, on Mr. Charles Sanguine, whom I have the honor to address, and to whom by and by I shall have something to say touching that land-claim in California of which he spoke.

Twist. Confusion on you all! I'll have my revenge yet. [*Exit.*]

Mum. I wish you a very good morning, sir. — Well, Charles, do you mean to turn out Mr. Aiken?

Charles. Turn him out? All that I have, and am likely to have, is his, and he knows it.

Mum. Why, farmer, farmer Aiken, what are you wiping your eyes for? Is n't it all for the best?

Aiken. To be sure it is, Mr. Mum! Come and dine with us, sir. We'll make such a surprise-party as my wife never had yet. She said it would all come out right, and it has. (*To CHARLES, who is wiping his eyes.*) Charles, I am ashamed of you. A great lubberly fellow, like you, to be caught crying like a woman! It's dis-

graceful — it's mortifying! I thought you were more of a man. Come on. Ha, ha, ha! . Come on.

[*Exeunt.*]



TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
Mingle with her thou lov'st in fields of light;
And where the flowers of Paradise unfold,
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
— Yet wert thou once a worm; a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb, and slept!

And such is man; — soon from his cell of clay
To burst a seraph, in the blaze of day!

SAMUEL ROGERS.

POETRY.—The earliest advantage which is found to arise from the practice of learning and reciting passages of poetry is an improvement of the faculty of memory. Sentiments which, if expressed in prose, would soon be forgotten, frequently, when clothed in verse, produce a permanent impression. The mind may thus be gradually stored with maxims of the purest morality; while the reciting of poetry is, in the language of Lord Clarendon, "the best and most natural way to introduce an assurance and confidence in speaking with that leisure and tone of pronunciation that is decent and graceful, and in which so few men are excellent, for want of information and care when they were young." — Dr. Allen.

For Declamation.

ON THE INCREASE OF THE ARMY.

From the speech of the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, in the Senate of the United States, Feb. 11th, 1858.

SIR, we are told, and told truly, that republics have been overthrown by military organizations. But when did such a republic as ours exist? Rome is cited as an example to point the future destinies of the United States. Is Rome to be compared to this country? When she had the name of a republic, Rome was but a consolidated empire, with dependent provinces, won by conquest, and governed by proconsuls. Does Rome present a parallel to our great family of states, each governing itself, each independent, but all connected together for the common welfare, the common glory, and the general good?

Then we are directed to cases in Europe where despotism is maintained by standing armies. But suppose the despot had an American army to rely upon — would they be faithless to their first impressions, faithless to the free blood which runs in their veins, and which descends from the bold barons of Runnymede? Or would he not find, when he came to review the line of his army, on every brow set the seal of inborn equality and independence; and would not some private in those ranks thunder in the ear of the despot, like Patrick Henry, the warning of the fate of Cæsar and the fate of Charles?

Is it to be inferred that a man who is a freeman at his birth, who has all the spirit of republicanism in his heart, is to lose it by entering the military profession? Is it true, as the senator from Texas* has told us, that service in the army *stultifies* young men? It can not be. He is himself a bright example of the reverse.

We have other and great examples. Did Washington become the fit instrument of a despotism? Was he *stultified* because he entered the service of the United States in his youth? That great mind which comprehended the whole condition of the colo-

nies; that heart which beat sympathetically for every portion of his common country, feeling equally for Massachusetts and South Carolina, for New York and Virginia; that great arm which smoothed the thorny path of revolution, and led the colonies from rational liberty up to national independence, and laid the foundation of that prosperity and greatness which have made us a people not only an example for the whole world, but a protection to liberal principles wherever liberty asserts a right — was he stultified by service in the army?

Jackson, too, the indomitable Jackson, who, when a boy and a captive, spurned the insult of a despot, and for asserting his personal dignity received a wound, the scar of which he carried to his grave — was he, by service in the army when yet a minor, by brilliant exploits in middle age, rendered the fit instrument of despotism?

If it be said these were men drawn from the pursuits of civil life, and only occasionally employed in the military service, what, then, shall be said of the great, the good, the heroic Taylor? For a hero he was, not in the mere vulgar sense of animal courage, but by the higher and nobler attributes of generosity and clemency. His was an eye that looked unquailing when the messengers of death were flying around him; but in the ward-room, over his wounded comrade, was dimmed by the tear of a soldier's love and compassion. His was a self-reliant, resolute heart, which rose under accumulated difficulties, and hardened by contact with danger; but that heart melted to a woman's softness at the wail of the helpless or the appeal of the vanquished. He was a hero, a moral hero. His heart was his country's, and his life had been his country's own, through all its stages. Was he the fit instrument of a despot, to be used for the overthrow of the liberties of the United States?

Shall I prove my proposition by going on and multiplying examples; or is it not apparent that, whatever may be true of the history of Rome, whatever may be true of the condition of Europe, the United States

* General Houston.

stands out its own founder, and its own example? No other people like our own ever founded a state. No other people like our own have ever thus elevated a state to such greatness in so small a space of time. If there be evidence of decay, that decay is not to be found in the spirit of your little army, but is to be hunted for in the impurities of your politicians. It therefore does not become the politician to point to our little and gallant and devoted army, as the incipient danger which is to overthrow the liberties of this country.

CALISTHENICS.

NO. I.



THE word cal-is-then'ics is formed from the two Greek words *kalos*, signifying *beautiful*, and *sthēnos*, signifying *strength*. It is applied to a course of exercises of a more gentle and graceful character than those known as gymnastics. By opening the windows of your room, you can get, under a system of calisthenics, all the fresh air and exercise essential to health. No apparatus is needed. The system is beneficial to either sex, but especially appropriate to the female.

We have in previous numbers of this work (on pages 9 and 45) treated of the importance of exercise in the open air. The Americans are probably more culpable than any other civilized people in their disregard of the laws of health. It is true that they have provided schools for educating the minds of their children, but they have lamentably disregarded the fact that health of mind depends largely on health of body.

"If you wish to develop the mind of a pupil," says a French writer, "develop the power which mind has to govern; exercise

his body; make him healthy and strong, that you may make him prudent and reasonable." Hoffman, a German, informs us that he made people, who were naturally stupid, comparatively intelligent, by prevailing on them to take gymnastic exercise.

Miss Catharine Beecher brings serious charges against American parents of the present day. "Instead of providing teachers to train the bodies of their offspring," she says, "most of them have not only entirely neglected it, but have done almost every thing they could do to train their children to become feeble, sickly, and ugly. And those who have not pursued so foolish a course have taken very little pains to secure the proper education of the body for their offspring during the period of their school life.

"In consequence of this dreadful neglect and mismanagement, the children of this country are every year becoming less and less healthful and good-looking. There is a great change in reference to this matter within the last forty years. In former times, the children in school-houses, or on Sunday in the churches, almost all of them had rosy cheeks, and looked full of health and spirits. But now we see sallow or pale complexions, delicate or misformed limbs.

"The children of the former generation could go out in all weathers, were not harmed by wetting their feet, would play on the snow and ice for hours without cloaks or shawls, and never seemed to be troubled with the cold. But now, though parents take far more pains to wrap up their little ones to save them from the cold and wet, the children grow less and less healthy every year. And it is rare to find a school-room full of such rosy-cheeked, strong, fine-looking children as were common thirty years ago.

"Every year we hear more and more of the poor health that is so very common among grown people, especially among women. And physicians say that this is an evil that is constantly increasing, so that they fear, ere long, there will be no healthy women in the country."

Is not this rather a gloomy view of things? But there is much truth in it. "No healthy women in the country"! We hope our young feminine readers (and we have many of them) will resolve to do what they can to dissipate the fear. Let them first form an intelligent conviction of the absolute importance of daily regular exercise in the open air to the health; and then let them put into practice what they *know* to be for their bodily welfare. We propose in future papers (at the risk of being thought to have a "hobby") to say more upon this subject. It is one of incalculable importance; and if parents and teachers will not arouse to a sense of this fact, we hope that Young America will take the matter in hand, and initiate a reform.

In the list of the contents of the wardrobe of the Princess Royal of England, on her recent marriage, there was one enumeration that should attract the attention of our young women. It was of "twelve dozen pairs of boots," described as "useful and solid." Some of them, intended for rough walking, were provided with treble soles. The high-born ladies of England think nothing of walking ten miles a day over a miry road. They have been bred to rational habits of exercise; and they know that beauty is not long consistent with ill-health.

THE MIND'S EXPANSION. — "I was much struck," writes a gifted instructress to the **SCHOOL MONTHLY**, "with a passage in Herschel's Discourses on Natural Philosophy, descriptive of the process by which mill-stones are separated from the mass, in France. 'When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high. The question then arises, how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill-stones. For this purpose, horizontal grooves are chiseled out quite around the cylinder, into which wedges of dry wood are driven. These are then exposed to the *night dew*, and the next morning the pieces are found separated by the expansion of the wood.'

"I could not but be impressed by the analogy between this process and the opening of a child's mind by education. Each fact, each precept, by itself, seems to have but little effect; and a Teacher goes on, year after year, often discouraged at seeing so little resulting from her labors; but suddenly, at a moment when she is ready to believe all has been done in vain, the mind expands like the evening primrose, and a full-blown flower is open before her."

POBSON AT SCHOOL. — Professor Porson, when a boy at Eton school, discovered the most astonishing powers of memory. In going up to a lesson, one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form* — "Porson, what have you got there?" — "Horace." — "Let me look at it." Porson handed the book to the boy, who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed Carm. l. x. very regularly. Observing the class to laugh, the master said, "Porson, you seem to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other. Pray, whose edition have you?" Porson hesitated. "Let me see it," rejoined the master, who, to his great surprise, found it to be an English Ovid. Porson was ordered to go on; which he did easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the ode.

A SOLEMN THOUGHT. — It has been observed, with much significance, that every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. How pregnant and stirring the reflection! Thoughts may be born to-day which may never die. Feelings may be awakened to-day which may never be extinguished. Hope may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.

* Webster says that the *o* in this word, when used in the sense of a bench or class at school, is long.



Original.

A SCENE ON THE PENOBCOT.

On the blue, the broad Penobscot,
On this fair abounding river, .
See our little vessel gliding.
Not a cloud above us floateth,
Not a speck dims the horizon.
Beautiful yon vault of azure !
Beautiful the verdant islands,
With their rocks and trees and bushes,
And their shadows on the water !

See behind us, far to eastward
On the ocean, stately vessels,
Outward bound or inward sailing,
Court the breeze with all their canvas.

Where the blue Penobscot curving
Goes to mingle with the ocean,
See our boat, with sail expanded,
And with keel that makes no ripple,
Landward gliding, gliding smoothly
Where the islands, robed in beauty,
With their woods of fir and maple,
Hang above the flowing crystal.

Friend ! who on the deck reclining,
On this summer morning radiant,
Sharest with me all the prospect,
All the glory, all the beauty, —
Yonder depths of sky resplendent,
Earth's adorning, and its festal
Pomp of many-shaded verdure,
Touched with this pure flood of sunshine, —

Ocean's haze of softest purple,
And the river's sparkling current,
And the soft, fresh air's caressing, —
Let it be no evanescent
Fleeting vision of the moment :—
Fix it perfect and enduring
On the heart's most precious pages,
On its best-remembered pages ;
There to be recalled at pleasure ;
There to shed illumination
On the somber days and silent,
When the light of youth has faded,
And the voice of joy no longer
Soundeth frequent in our chambers.
Let us be the happier ever
For this bright, this happy morning !

Original.

IS HEALTH PROPER FOR YOUNG LADIES?

Enter Mrs. FLUSTER and MISS MENDUM, meeting.

Mrs. Fluster. This is Miss Mendum, I believe.

Miss Mendum. The same, madam.

Mrs. F. And I am Mrs. Fluster.

Miss M. The aunt of my little pupil, Ruth Penway ?

Mrs. F. The same.

Miss M. Be seated, madam. (*They sit.*)

Mrs. F. I have come, Miss Mendum, to expostulate with you on the course you are pursuing in regard to my niece's education.

Miss M. I shall be happy to receive your suggestions. You are aware that Mr. Penway, on going to Europe, confided his daughter to my charge, making me promise that I would bring her up as I would my own child. I assure you I feel the responsibility of the office.

Mrs. F. Ah! if you had had my maternal experience, you would have been more careful in guarding her from the coarse, vulgar habits into which she has fallen.



Miss M. Coarse, vulgar habits? There is no more ladylike girl in my school. What do you mean, madam?

Mrs. F. I mean what I say. You need not put on that dignified air, miss. I know who your father was!

Miss M. All the world may know that, madam. He was a good carpenter, and an honest, intelligent man. But let us keep to the point. What are these coarse, vulgar habits of which you speak?

Mrs. F. Why, miss, when my brother-in-law sent Ruth to you, three years ago, she was as delicate, refined, pale-faced a child as one would wish to see. She could not have weighed more than fifty pounds. Now she has doubled in weight—has a brown, ruddy complexion, a robust figure, and stands erect as a May-pole. The poor child has altogether lost that graceful stoop which I used to admire.

Miss M. But are not all these facts an evidence that she has improved in health?

Mrs. F. Health, indeed! Who wants to see a coarse, exuberant state of health in an heiress and a belle? It may do very well in a washerwoman; but, let me tell you, it is very uninteresting in Ruth Penway.

Miss M. I differ from you so entirely that it seems absurd for me to argue against your opinion.

Mrs. F. Did you say my opinion was absurd, miss? Did you dare to say that?

Miss M. I said no such thing. All that you have told me of Ruth's health gratifies me extremely. My training has been directed to produce the very result which you seem to disapprove.

Mrs. F. Your training has made her a romp—a great, strong, masculine girl, as brown as one of those German women who spend their summers in picking berries.

Miss M. What has she done to offend your sense of propriety?

Mrs. F. Was n't she seen last Wednesday morning, when the thermometer was at zero, actually shoveling snow from the sidewalk before your house?

Miss M. I saw it, madam, and delighted I was to see it. When I thought of the poor, puny little thing, who came to me three winters ago, weak and shivering,—and when I looked upon the active, graceful girl, her cheeks glowing with health, her limbs warm with exercise, braving the cold and the sleet, tears of pleasure sprang to my eyes, and I felt proud of my work.

Mrs. F. What will you say, miss, to her being seen on Hacmetac Pond, with skates on her feet, moving at most unbecoming speed over the ice, and carrying a stick bent at the end in her hand?

Miss M. I gave her the skates and the stick, and taught her the use of them.

Mrs. F. And you sit there and confess it! What would my venerable instructress, Miss Sophonisba Primwood, have said to

see one of her pupils skating like a boy? She would have fainted on the spot!

Miss M. Did she think that the boys ought to have a monopoly of the healthful out-of-door exercises?

Mrs. F. She knew what belonged to a lady. She never would let us walk out except in single file, with a monitor at the head. Ah! she had studied the proprieties. I am indebted to her for all my knowledge of deportment. The doctor of the village called her a model schoolmistress. She used to put more business into his hands than all the families in the place. There was hardly a day that he was not called in to attend some one of the young ladies. Such recommendations of her seminary as he used to give!

Miss M. Though I can not boast, madam, of the number of my doctor's visits, I can boast of those of my market-man.

Mrs. F. I can only pity, miss, your want of refinement. I shall by and by expect to see your young ladies driving hoop, or playing at puss-in-the-corner.

Miss M. As soon as the weather is propitious, your expectation will be fulfilled.

Mrs. F. Shall we see football?

Miss M. The feminine dress forbids. Besides, we have more agreeable sports. If you will come next spring, you shall see how well Ruth can use the rake and hoe. You shall also see her scull a boat across the pond after lilies.

Mrs. F. Abominable! And you encourage such things! What if she should fall overboard?

Miss M. She would not care much; for Ruth is a capital swimmer.

Mrs. F. A swimmer? My niece a swimmer? Your treatment of her is atrocious! (*Rising.*) What next, miss? Perhaps pugilism and the broadsword exercise!

Miss M. (rising). Well, to be candid, Ruth is anxious to take lessons in fencing, and I do not know but I shall let her learn the principles of the art.

Mrs. F. Worse and worse! If I do not hear of her taking part in a prize-fight, I

shall be glad. I shall write to her father at once, denouncing your whole system.

Miss M. You have been anticipated. He has known it these two years.

Mrs. F. Well, if he is fool enough to submit to it, I will go among my fashionable acquaintances, and expose the whole thing.

Miss M. You will oblige me by so doing. It will save me some money in advertising.

Mrs. F. Provoking woman!

Miss M. Permit me to say, madam, that you are behind the age. Ill-health is getting to be unfashionable. Dyspepsia is no passport to the best society. A cough is no certificate of what you would call gentility. Sensible people are beginning to realize the importance of abundant air and exercise, not only to boys and men, but to girls and women. To be "interesting," a young lady need no longer cultivate a pallid face, or protest that she is "ready to die with fatigue" after a walk of a mile. The example of the high-bred women of England, who walk their eight or ten miles a day, is influencing us more and more. So, if you would be in the fashion, you must give up your antiquated notions on the subject of feminine exercise.

Mrs. F. You are an essentially vulgar person, miss, and I shall not bestow my superior cultivation upon you any longer. You will soon find what it is to have my disapproval. [Exit.

Miss M. Poor Mrs. Fluster! Her disapproval has no terrors. Her recommendation is what I dread. [Exit.

WORDS ABOUT WORDS.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH has well said that, "in a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or more amusing than that of tracing out the etymology and primary meaning of the words we use. There are cases in which knowledge of more real value may be conveyed from the history

of a word than from the history of a campaign."

An examination of almost every word employed in this quotation would confirm its truth and illustrate its meaning. Take the principal one—the word *derive*. It means primarily and in its etymology, *to flow out from*, as a river from its source; the last syllable of *derive* is indeed identical with the word *river*. When we speak of a word being derived, therefore, we employ, though often unconsciously, a very poetical figure, and suggest the idea that it branches out from its simple original meaning into various ramifications, and passes through many changes in its course; and when we speak of tracing out the derivations of a word, we mean that we will follow the course of this river up to its fountain-head.

Let us begin with the term *Pagan*. The Latin word *paga'ni* meant villagers; indeed, our word *peasant* seems to have been formed from it. But it was among the rural population that Christianity spread most slowly; so that, at a time when the inhabitants of the large cities—the centers of mental activity and intelligence—had, for the most part, received the Gospel, the peasants, or *paganī*, still continued to worship their old deities. Hence this word began to suggest the idea of idolatry, and at length came to express it exclusively, so that *idolater* and *pagan* became synonymous.

The history of this single word is sufficient to disprove the allegation that the spread of Christianity in its early ages was due to the ignorance and superstition of its converts, since it shows that they were drawn from those who were the least open to this charge.

The word *Pagan* is by no means the only name of reproach derived from the rustics. *Villain*, or *vilein*, as it was formerly spelt, is just *villa-in*, that is, a servant employed on a ville or farm. *Churl* (from which comes our name Charles) meant originally a strong man, and then a rural laborer. A *boor* was a farmer; and a neighbor was simply a *nigh boor*. A *coward* was one

whō *cowered* in the presence of an enemy; a *caitiff*, one who had allowed himself to be taken *captive*.

Valor and *value* are the same word, and were spelt alike till the reign of Elizabeth, the *valor* of a man being regarded as his *value*. The same feeling is contained in the Latin word *virtus*, virtue. Its etymological signification is that which is becoming in a *vir* or man; this the Romans deemed to be military valor and fortitude preëminently. A virtuous man, in their esteem, was a brave soldier. Among their degenerate descendants, a *virtuoso* is a collector of curiosities and articles of taste!

But our language is not without indications that the people retaliated upon their rulers in giving ill names. Our word *cheat* seems clearly derived from the *escheats* or legal forfeitures of property to the king or feudal lord, and which were often enforced under false pretences.

The word *exact* has two meanings—as when we say any thing is exactly correct, and when we speak of an extortionate exaction. It is derived from the Latin word *ex-actum*—forced out. The connection between these various and seemingly discordant meanings is seen when we remember that the claims of the feudal lords upon their serfs (or servants) were so exorbitant, that if exactly exacted, the *exaction* had to be forced out from them.

The suspicion with which all classes regarded learning is clearly indicated by one of the terms for magic, *gramarye*—that is, grammar. A *spell*, or something read, was a magical incantation; a witty or knowing person was a *witch*.

As a contrast to those expressions which connect rudeness with rusticity, we may point out such words as *urbane*, *civil*, *civilize*, *polish*, *polite*, as all indicating the life or deportment characteristic of a citizen—*urbs* and *civis* being the Latin, and *pōlis* the Greek terms for a city. From *pōlis* we likewise get politics and policeman. *Courtesy* and *courship* clearly enough originate with the *court*; and when a lady would be courteous, she makes a *courtesy*.

From the court to the king is an easy transition. In our present use of the terms, to say that *kingship* implied cunning, would be invidious; but a cunning man is originally one who *kens*, as our Scotch friends would say—that is, a *knowing* man—our Teutonic ancestors regarding knowing and doing as so closely connected, that to *ken* and to *can*, or to be able, were identical with them. The *king*, therefore, was he who knew most and could do most.

Queen, or *quean*, like the Greek *gu'ne*, with which it is connected, originally meant merely woman, then wife; and hence the *queen* came to point out the wife of the king by preëminence. *Noble* is for *nōtable*, or known man. *Peer* means equal to, or on a *par* with, and originated in the equality of nobles in the feudal times. A *duke* is a *dux*, or leader; a *marquis* had charge of the marches, or frontiers of the kingdom.

A *count* had the jurisdiction of a county, and gained his title from being a *co'mēs*, or companion of the king; a *viscount** was vice-count; an *earl* and an *alderman* are now very remote from one another, but both are titles of honor derived from seniority—they are early or elder men; a *baron* is a barrier, or defender; a *baronet* is a little baron; a *sheriff* is a shire-reeve—the *reeve* being an officer whose duty it was to levy fines and taxes.

BREVITIES.

"Look here, mother," said a young lady just beginning to take lessons in painting, "see my picture; can you tell me what it is?" The mother, after looking at it some time, answered: "Well, it is either a cow or a rosebud—I am sure I can not tell which."

One hour a day gained by rising early is worth one month of labor in a year. The difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equiv-

alent to the addition of ten years to a man's life.

Theodore Hook once said to a man at whose table a publisher got very much elated with wine, "Why, you appear to have emptied your *wine-cellar* into your *book-seller*."

A rather thick-headed witness, in a police court, was asked the question whether a certain party "stood on the defensive." — "No, sir," he innocently replied, "he stood on a bench."

Bonaparte once at a party placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said, very abruptly, "Madam, I don't like that women should meddle with politics." — "You are very right, general," she replied, "but in a country where women are beheaded it is natural they should desire to know the reason."

An old gentleman, being asked what he wished for dinner, replied, "An appetite, good company, something to eat, and a clean napkin."

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do, the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economize his time.

It is a terrible thought to remember that nothing can be forgotten. I have somewhere read that not an oath is uttered that does not continue to vibrate through all time, in the wide-spreading current of sound; not a prayer lisped, that its record is not to be found stamped on the laws of nature by the indelible seal of the Almighty's will.

A lazy fellow once complained in company that he could not find bread for his family. "Neither can I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I have to work for all the bread I get."

"If we are to live after death, why don't we have some certain knowledge of it?" said a skeptic to a clergyman.—"Why did n't you have some knowledge of this

* Pronounced *vīkount*; the *s* being mute.

world before you came into it?" was the reply.

Said the distinguished Lord Chatham to his son: "I would inscribe on the curtains of your bed, and the walls of your chamber, 'If you do not rise early, you can make progress in nothing. If you do not set apart your hours of reading, if you suffer yourself or any one else to break in upon them, your days will slip through your hands unprofitable and frivolous, and unenjoyed by yourself.'"

Man doubles all evils of his fate by pondering over them. A scratch becomes a wound; a slight an injury, a jest an insult, a small peril a great danger, and slight sickness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.



THE RAVEN.

THIS bird is common on the continent of Europe, and in most parts of Asia and America, but it is now seldom seen in England, except in a domesticated state. It is more frequently found in the Hebrides than in any other part of Great Britain. In those islands it lives principally on fishes which have been cast on shore by the waves, and on carrion of various kinds, such as dead sheep or lambs, whose death the Raven is accused with some justice of hastening.

It is a crafty bird, and can with difficulty be approached. Both in a wild state and in domestication it is very sagacious. In England it is often made an amusing pet, from its cunning and tricks, as well as for its power of pronouncing words and sentences with great distinctness. Mr. Charles Dickens, in his novel of Barnaby Rudge, having given a description of a raven, that seemed somewhat exaggerated even for a work of fiction, vindicated himself from the charge of investing the bird with imaginary powers, in a letter, from which the following passages are quoted :

"The raven in this story is a compound of two great originals, of whom I have been, at different times, the proud possessor. The first was in the bloom of his youth, when he was discovered in a modest retire-



THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phæl'anx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud,—

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within,—

And fling it, beautiful and free,
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God !

JOHN MASON GOOD.

ment in England by a friend of mine, and given to me. He had from the first, as Sir Hugh Evans says of Anne Page, 'good gifts,' which he improved by study and attention in a most exemplary manner.

"He slept in a stable,—generally on horseback,—and so terrified a Newfoundland dog by his preternatural sagacity, that he has been known, by the mere superiority of his genius, to walk off, unmolested, with the dog's dinner, from before his face. He was rapidly rising in acquirements and virtues, when, in an evil hour, his stable was newly painted. He observed the workmen closely, saw that they were careful of the paint, and immediately burned to possess it. On their going to dinner, he ate up all they had left behind, consisting of a pound or two of white lead; and this youthful indiscretion terminated in death.

"While I was yet inconsolable for his loss, another friend of mine, in Yorkshire, discovered an older and more gifted raven at a village public house, which he prevailed upon the landlord to part with for a consideration, and sent up to me. The first act of this sage was to administer on the effects of his predecessor, by disinterring all the cheese and halfpence he had buried in the garden—a work of immense labor and re-search', to which he devoted all the energies of his mind. When he had achieved this task, he applied himself to the acquisition of stable language, in which he soon became such an ad-ept' that he would perch outside my window, and drive imaginary horses with great skill all day.

"Once I met him unexpectedly, about half a mile off, walking down the middle of the public street, attended by a pretty large crowd, and spontaneously exhibiting the whole of his accomplishments. His gravity under these trying circumstances I never can forget, nor the extraordinary gallantry with which, refusing to be brought home, he defended himself behind a pump, until overpowered by numbers.

"It may have been that he was too bright a genius to live long, or it may have

been that he took some pernicious substance into his bill, and thence into his maw; which is not improbable, seeing that he new-pointed the greater part of the garden wall by digging out the mortar, broke countless squares of glass by scraping away the putty all round the frames, and tore up and swallowed, in splinters, the greater part of a wooden staircase of six steps and a landing; but, after some years, he too was taken ill, and died before the kitchen fire. He kept his eye to the last upon the meat as it roasted, and suddenly turned over on his back with a sepulchral cry of 'Cuckoo!' Since then I have been ravenless."

The extraordinary gravity which marks the demeanor of the raven has something almost preternatural in it. The manner in which he sets about a piece of mischief, as if he considered it a moral duty, is most absurd. A raven in a Mr. Wood's possession used to watch the gardener taking particular pains to prop up and secure a valuable plant. The labor was always in vain, for the raven, with a sidelong step and an unconcerned air, as if he were thinking of any thing but the plant, would sidle by it, when one wrench of his bill laid the unfortunate plant on the earth, and the raven moved off with a most provoking air of innocence. Another raven watched with great curiosity the process of opening and reading a letter, which Mr. Wood went through. The latter dropped the paper, when the raven took a sidelong kind of a walk toward it, tore it into scraps, and ran away with the largest piece under a water-but, where he kept watch over it.

We have spoken of the raven's capacity for imitating sounds and uttering sentences. A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for April, 1857, gives an account of a tame raven, who divided his time equally between a small church, where prayer-meetings were frequent, and a stable, where he was accustomed to the society of hostlers. In perching on the window-sill of the church, and in listening at the door, he had learned to repeat quite distinctly the words "Let us

pray." In the stable, as might be supposed, he had picked up words of a far different import. This raven was known by the name of the Parson among the stable-boys. He was one evening taken as a curiosity to an evening party. Here he perched on the back of a chair, having beneath him the bald head of a worthy old gentleman, and exclaimed, "Let us pray!" As the party was composed of serious persons, the raven might have departed with a good reputation, had he not, in his ambition to show off his accomplishments, ventured further, and immediately added, "Go it, old fellow!"

The raven lays from four to seven eggs, of a pale-green color, spotted with greenish brown. The length of the bird is two feet two inches, and the expanse of wing four feet eight inches.

The raven was found by the Franklin exploring expeditions far north in the Arctic regions.

The Leisure Hour.

ACTING RHYMES. — A word is fixed upon, to which all the players in succession have to express a rhyme in dumb show.

We will suppose the word given to be *root*. — The first player elevates his foot, tugging at the air, and making faces of pain, as if undergoing the agony of pulling on a tight *boot*.

The second points an imaginary gun to *shoot*. The third looks up at a picture-frame, as to a lady's casement, and, assuming the aspect of a despondent lover, appears to be playing the lute.

The fourth makes violent and angry faces, thumping his palm as if in the height of a *dispute*.

The fifth twists up a roll of paper, and puts it up to his mouth, making the grimaces usually attendant on the early study of the *flute*, &c.

Forfeits may be exacted for imperfect or badly-expressed rhymes. The amusement of the game, of course, depends on the nature of the rhymes selected by the players, and their powers of expressing them humorously. Every word must be guessed by the company before another representation is begun.

THE WHISTLE. — A whistle is attached to the skirts of an unsuspecting individual. He is then placed in the middle of the players (all standing up), having been previously shown another whistle, which he is told is to be passed round the company, and sounded while his back is turned — his office being to detect the player. The person on whom he has turned his back a lively takes hold of the whistle attached to

him, and blows on it. The victim turns quickly round at the noise. The other, no less quick, has let go the whistle, and while he is watching closely to detect its presence in this quarter he hears it sounded at his back. He turns round again — whenever he looks for the whistle it is sounded behind him. It is as well to put a stop to the game at the first signs of insanity exhibited by the bewildered victim. This, however, is quite optional.

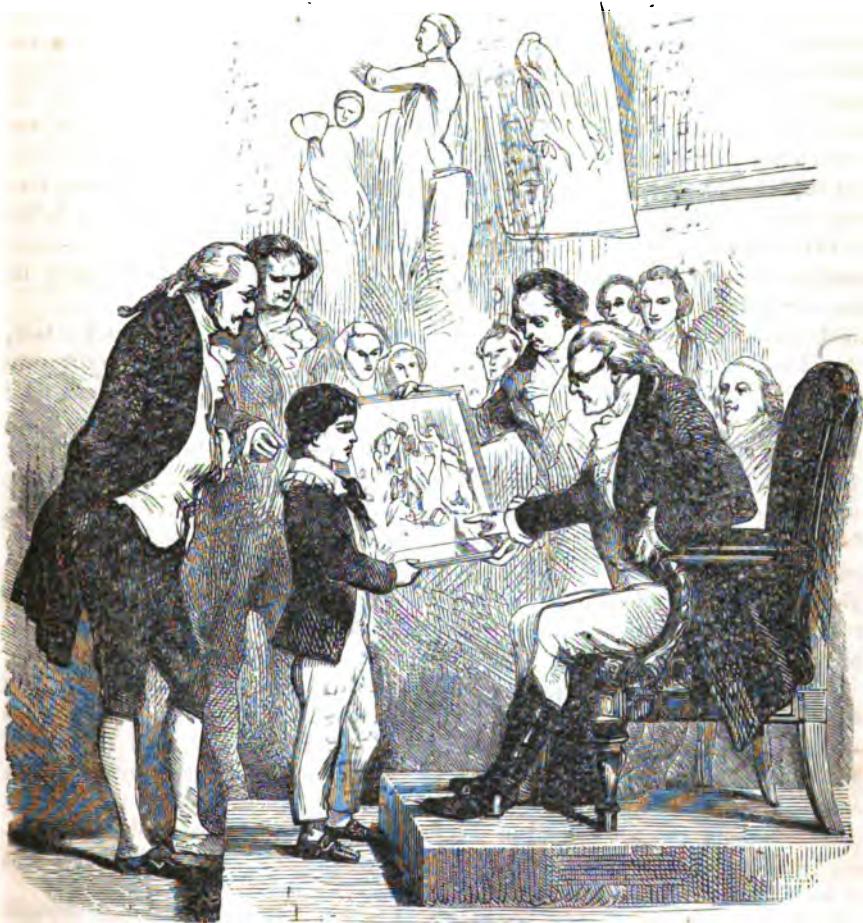
THE MIRACULOUS VESSEL. — Take a tin vessel of about six inches in height, and three in diameter, and having a mouth of only a quarter of an inch wide; and in the bottom of the vessel make a number of small holes, of a size sufficient to admit of a common sewing-needle. Plunge the vessel into water, with its mouth open, and when it is full cork it and take it out again; then, as long as the vessel remains corked no water will come out of it, but as soon as it is uncorked the water will immediately issue from the small holes at the bottom. It must be observed, however, that if the holes at the bottom of the vessel be more than one sixth of an inch in diameter, or if they be too numerous, the experiment will not succeed; for in this case the pressure of the air against the bottom of the vessel will not be sufficient to confine the water.

HOW TO TELL A LADY'S AGE. — Just hand this table to the lady, and request her to tell in which columns her age is contained. Add together the figures at the top of the columns in which the age is found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen. You will find the number seventeen only in two columns, namely, the first and fifth, and the first figures at the head of these columns make seventeen. Here is the magic table:

1	2	4	8	16	82
3	8	5	9	17	83
5	6	6	10	18	84
7	7	7	11	19	85
9	10	12	12	20	86
11	11	18	18	21	87
13	14	14	14	22	88
15	15	15	15	23	89
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	28	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	43	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	58	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
61	62	62	62	62	62
63	63	63	63	63	63

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

NO. V.—MAY, 1858.—VOL. I.



3 William Ross receiving a Prize.

"I WILL TRY."

THERE is a society in London known as the Society of Arts. Its object is the encouragement of talent in the various departments of art. Prizes are awarded by the society sometimes to painters for their pictures, and sometimes to humble artisans for

improvements in weaving, or in the manufacture of bonnets, lace, or artificial flowers.

More than half a century ago, a little fellow named William Ross, not twelve years of age, was talking with his mother about an exhibition of paintings at the So-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by EPES SARGENT, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the District of Massachusetts.

ciety's rooms. William was very fond of paintings, and could himself draw and color with remarkable skill. “Look you, William,” said his mother; “I saw some paintings in the exhibition which did not seem to me half as good as some of yours.”

“Do you really think so, mother?” asked he. — “I am sure of it,” she replied. “I saw paintings inferior, both in color and drawing, to some that are hanging in your little chamber.” William knew that his mother was no flatterer, and he said, “I have a mind to ask permission to hang one or two of my paintings on the walls at the next exhibition.” — “Why not try for one of the prizes?” asked his mother.

“O! mother dear, do you think I should stand any chance of success?” said William. — “Nothing venture, nothing have,” said his mother. “You can but try.” — “And I will try, mother dear,” said William. “I have a historical subject in my head, out of which I think I can make a picture.” — “What is it, William?” — “The death of Wat Tyler. You have heard of him? He led a mob in the time of Richard the Second. Having behaved insolently before the king at Smithfield, Tyler was struck down by Walworth, Mayor of London, and then dispatched by the king's attendants.”

“It is a bold subject, William, but I will say nothing to deter you from trying it.” — “If I fail, mother, where will be the harm? I can try again.” — “To be sure, you can, William! So we will not be disappointed should you not succeed in winning the silver palette offered by the Society for the best historical painting.”

Without more ado, little William went to work. He first acquainted himself with the various costumes of the year 1381. He learnt how the king and the noblemen used to dress, and what sort of clothes were worn by the poor people and laborers, to which class Wat Tyler belonged. He also learnt what sort of weapons were carried in those days.

After having given some time to the study of these things, he acquainted him-

self thoroughly with the historical incidents attending the death of the bold rioter. He grouped in imagination the persons who were present at the scene — the king and his attendants, Walworth, the mayor, Wat Tyler himself, and in the background some of his ruffianly companions.

The difficulty now was to select that period of the action best fitted for a picture, and to group the figures in attitudes the most natural and expressive. Many times did little William make a sketch of the scene on paper, and then obliterate it, dissatisfied with his work. At times he almost despaired of accomplishing any thing that should do justice to the conception in his mind. But, after many trials and many failures, he completed a sketch which he decided to transfer to canvas.

He now labored diligently at his task, and took every opportunity to improve himself in a knowledge of colors and their effects. At length the day for handing in his picture arrived. He then had to wait a month before there was any decision as to its merits. On the day appointed for the announcement of the decision many persons of distinction were present, including ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Duke of Norfolk.

William's mother was present, of course. She sat waiting the result, with a beating heart. What a proud mother she was when, after the transaction of some uninteresting business, it was announced that the prize of a silver palette for the best historical picture was awarded to the painter of the piece entitled “The Death of Wat Tyler”!

When it was found that little William Ross was the successful artist, the applause of the audience broke forth with enthusiasm. To see such a little fellow gain a prize over competitors of mature age, was a novelty and a surprise. William was summoned with his picture to the duke's chair, and there he received such counsel and encouragement as were of great service to him in his future career. He is now Sir William Ross, miniature painter to the

Queen, having risen to fortune and rank by carrying out, with determination and perseverance, his simple promise to his mother of "I will try."

SKATING IN DRESDEN.

A READER of the SCHOOL MONTHLY has a cousin residing in Dresden, in Saxony, from whose letter we are permitted to make the following extract, giving a lively account of the winter sports she has witnessed:

"The winter is considered to have been unusually mild; but nevertheless the ponds are frozen, and the boys and girls keep up a brisk skating all the time, unless prevented by a really serious storm.

"Skating is greatly in vogue here, and women of all classes delight in becoming proficients in this exercise. Some of the ladies skate remarkably well. You can not imagine how lively the ponds look when covered by skaters, some waltzing in couples, others forming a ring, a great number pushing their friends about in small fanciful sledges, while the remainder, with

to get on without help after five or six essays, and we hope to follow in their footsteps when occasion offers."

We can assure the writer that the ladies of Boston are quite as devoted to the exercise of skating as those of Dresden. During the past winter Jamaica Pond, in our vicinity, was frequently the scene of very fleet and graceful skating on the part of young ladies. There is no more exhilarating exercise, and every year it is getting to be more generally practiced.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

Continued from page 70.

XXVI.

I FIND the following passage in one of the medical journals of the day: "The best *preventative* is abstinence." There is no such word as "*preventative*." It is a gross blunder, but a very common one. *Preventive* is the right word; and yet we find as distinguished a writer as Sir David Brewster falling into the error of inserting a superfluous syllable.

XXVII.

Avoid such forms of expression as "*Do like I do*," "*She ran like he did*." These are mere vulgarisms. Substitute *as* for *like*, and you have the correct form. The blunder is more common in the Southern and Middle States than in

the Northern.

XXVIII.

In certain States of the Union it is common to hear such expressions as the following: "*Don't let on* about it," "*If you let on*, I shall be offended," &c.; the conventional meaning attached to *let on* being to *betray* or *disclose*. The idiom is vulgar, local, and provincial, and would be unintelligible to a person accustomed to hear nothing but pure English. Indeed, we believe it is peculiar to portions of the United States. The sooner it is banished from decent society, the better.

their hands in pockets or muffs, wander up and down the pond, sometimes accosting acquaintances, and again amusing spectators by a display of their varied feats.

"We went with some friends, the other day, to try our fortune on the ice, and I liked it extremely at first; but after a short time, what with constant exertion to maintain my equilibrium, and with the novel feeling of the skates, I was very glad to resign them, and be pushed about in a sledge.

"I saw, however, several of our schoolmates who told us that they had been able



xxix.

It is contrary to authority to deprive the *s* of its sharp hissing sound in the words *precise*, *desolate*, *design*, and their derivatives.

xxx.

There is an old jest on record of a person hearing another pronounce the word curios-
ity "*cuosity*," and remarking to a by-
stander, "That man murders the English
language."—"Nay," replies the person
addressed, "he only knocks an eye (*i*) out." I am reminded of this when I hear such
pronunciations as the following: "Lat'n" for Latin, "sat'n" for satin, and Britain
pronounced so as to rhyme with *written*. The sound of short *i* without stress should
be the vowel sound in the last syllable of
these words; also of the following: Captain,
curtain, mountain, fountain. In *evil* (pro-
nounced *e'vl*), *cousin*, *basin*, and several
other words, the vowel sound in the unac-
cented syllable is wholly dropped. (See
remarks page 31.)

xxxi.

Many people have an odd way of saying "I expect," when they only mean "I think," or "I conclude;" as, "I expect my brother is gone to Richmond to-day," "I expect those books were sent to Paris last year." This is wrong. *Expect* can relate only to *future* time, and must be followed by a future tense, or a verb in the infinitive mood; as, "I expect my brother *will go* to Richmond to-day," "I expect to *find* those books were sent to Paris last year." Here the introduction of a future tense, or of a verb in the infinitive mood, rectifies the expression without altering the sense; but such a portion of the sentence must not be omitted, as no such ellipsis is allowable.

xxxii.

"Whether," sometimes an adverb, sometimes a conjunction, is a word that plainly indicates a choice of things. It is highly improper, therefore, to place it, as many do, at the head of each part of a sentence, as in "I have not yet made up my mind

whether I shall go to France, or *whether* I shall remain at home." The conjunction should not be repeated, as it is evident the alternative is expressed only in the combination of the *two* parts of the sentence, not in either of them taken separately; and the phrase should stand thus: "I have not yet made up my mind whether I shall go to France *or* remain at home."

xxxiii.

Don't is a contraction of *do not*, and not of *does not*. *Don't* for *does not* (as in "*he don't study*") is a vulgarism. If you must indulge in a contraction, say *he does n't study*.

xxxiv.

"He had to wait in an antechamber." Carefully avoid spelling the last word *anti-chamber*. An *antechamber* is the chamber that leads to the chief apartment. *Ante* is a Latin preposition, and means *before*; as, to *antedate*, that is, "to date beforehand." *Anti* is a Greek preposition, and means *against*; as, *anti-monarchical*, that is, "against government by a single person."

xxxv.

Some hypercritic says, "Do not say *mis-taken* souls, but *mistaking* souls." This is "putting too fine a point on it." *Mistaken* is the passive form of *to mistake*, yet custom has authorized its use with an active signification. "I am *mistaken*" is used to signify *I mistake, misunderstand*. "My meaning is *mistaken*" is used to signify "my meaning is *misunderstood*." Thus the same form is used both actively and passively. When we say "I am *mistaken*" instead of "I *mistake*," we avoid the un-English expression, "I am *mistaking*." So we may continue to sing "Mistaken souls, who dream of heaven," &c., without supposing we are giving utterance to bad English.

Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are lost for ever.

THE STUDY OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.



HOUGH it be impossible and absurd to wish that every young man should grow up a naturalist by profession, yet this age offers no more wholesome training, both moral and intellectual, than that which is given by instilling into the young an early taste for out-door physical science.

The education of our children is now more than ever a puzzling problem, if by education we mean the development of the whole humanity, not merely of some arbitrarily chosen part of it. How to feed the imagination with wholesome food, and teach it to despise French novels, in comparison with which the old fairy tales and ballads were manful and rational; how to counteract the tendency to shallow and conceited sciolism, engendered by hearing popular lectures on all manner of subjects, which can only be really learnt by stern methodic study; how to give habits of enterprise, patience, accurate observation, which the counting-house or the library will never bestow; above all, how to develop the physical powers, without engendering brutality and coarseness,—are questions becoming daily more and more puzzling, while they need daily more and more to be solved, in an age of enterprise, travel, and emigration, like the present.

For the truth must be told, that the great majority of men who are now distinguished by commercial success have had a training the directly opposite to that which they are giving to their sons. They are, for the most part, men who have migrated from the country to the town, and had in their youth all the advantages of a sturdy and manful hillside or seaside training; men whose bodies were developed, and their lungs fed on pure breezes, long before they brought to work in the city the bodily and mental strength which they had gained by loch and moor.

But it is not so with their sons. Their

business habits are learnt in the counting-house; a good school, doubtless, as far as it goes, but one which will expand none but the lowest intellectual faculties; which will make them accurate accountants, shrewd computers and competitors, but never the originators of daring schemes, never able and willing to go forth to replenish the earth and subdue it.

And in the hours of relaxation, how much of their time is thrown away, for want of any thing better, on frivolity, not to say on secret profligacy, parents know too well; and often shut their eyes, in very despair, to evils which they know not how to cure. A frightful majority of our middle-class young men are growing up effeminate, empty of all knowledge but what tends directly to the making of a fortune; or rather, to speak correctly, to the keeping up the fortunes which their fathers have made for them; while of the minority, who are indeed thinkers and readers, how many, women as well as men, have we seen wearying their souls with study undirected, often misdirected; craving to learn, yet not knowing how or what to learn; cultivating, with unwholesome energy, the head at the expense of the body and the heart; catching up, with the most capricious self-will, one mania after another, and tossing it away again for some new phantom; gorging the memory with facts which no one has taught them to arrange, and the reason with problems which they have no method for solving; till they fret themselves into a chronic fever of the brain, which too often urges them on to plunge, as it were to cool the inward fire, into the ever-restless sea of doubt and disbelief.

It is a sad picture. There are many who may read these pages whose hearts will tell them that it is a true one. What is wanted in these cases is a methodic and scientific habit of mind, and a class of objects on which to exercise that habit, which will vitiate neither the speculative intellect nor the moral sense; and those, physical science will give, as nothing else can give them.



THE EIDER* DUCK.

THOSE of us who have ever known the warmth of an eider-down covering at night should be glad to learn something of the bird to which we are indebted for our comfort. The icy seas of Arctic America appear to be the principal resorts of this species of bird. Some eider ducks, however, pass their winters on the coast of New Jersey. The bird wanders as far south as the capes of the Delaware. From November to the middle of February, small numbers of old birds are usually seen about the extremities of Massachusetts Bay, and along the coast of Maine.

Parry found the eider duck abundant on the shores of Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay. On many occasions these birds afforded a valuable and salutary supply of fresh provision to the crews of vessels employed in those seas. It is a singular fact that the down of the eider duck must be plucked from the bird when living, as it seems to lose its peculiar elasticity and softness when taken from the bird after its death. The eider ducks are handsome birds, with much white in their plumage, and are very gentle and familiar.

The female duck plucks the down from her own breast for the purpose of making a soft nest for her young; but after she has laid a number of eggs, these and the down are both removed by the hunters, the eggs being very palatable, and the down valuable as an article of commerce. The patient creature then re-lines her nest with the last

down on her breast, and lays a few more eggs; again both down and eggs are taken by greedy man. The poor mother has now no more down to give; so the male bird comes forward, and the nest is lined a third time.

Two or three eggs are then laid, and these the poor creatures are permitted to raise; not from any kindly feeling, but to lure them back to the same spot again the following year, for they like to haunt familiar ground. Their nests are made of sea-weed and moss; Mr. Audubon saw many of them in Labrador. When the young are hatched, the mother frequently carries them on her back to the water; and when they are once afloat, none of them return permanently to the land that season. The down is so very elastic that a ball of it held in the hand will expand and fill a foot-covering for a large bed.

THE VALUE OF FRESH AIR.

It is estimated that during one day's healthful existence no less than sixty hogsheads of pure atmosphere must enter the human lungs. This is allowing but one pint for each inspiration, and but eighteen inspirations for each minute; though it must be clear to all that during active exercise it frequently happens that in one minute of time more than twice eighteen inspirations take place, and considerably more than a pint of air enters the lungs at a single inspiration.

Now, this immense volume of air is on purpose to give life to the liquid essence of our food—life to the dead blood. Until acted upon by the atmosphere, the fluid which is traversing the lungs is, to all intents and purposes, dead, and consequently totally incapable of repairing worn structures, of carrying on functions, or of maintaining any vitality in the system; nay, it even contains in its elements a considerable quantity of pernicious poison, brought to the lungs to be given out in the act of breathing, lest it should kill the human fabric. The poison alluded to is carbonic acid.

* The *ei* of this word has the sound of long *i* as in *ice*.

To breathe in an atmosphere of carbonic acid is death, as rapid as it is certain.

Let us imagine, then, forty individuals to have entered a room of sufficient size to receive them without overcrowding. We may as well consider it an ordinary school-room, and the forty individuals forty industrious pupils. This will give us an opportunity of noticing, among other things, how impure air affects the thinking brain. Suppose them diligently at work, then, in an unventilated apartment, with the door and windows closed. Now, calculating from the same estimates as before, in one minute from the time of entry each of the forty pairs of lungs has performed eighteen respirations; and with every respiration a pint of air has been deprived of a fourth part of its oxygen, and the same volume of carbonic acid has been mingled with the atmosphere of the school-room.

In one minute of time, therefore, forty times eighteen pints, that is, seven hundred and twenty pints,—as we are not speaking of adults, we will say six hundred pints of the inclosed air,—have been deprived of no less than a fourth of their creative oxygen; while an equal volume of the destroying acid is floating in the apartment, and influencing the blood at every inspiration. Or (which will be found, upon calculation, to amount to the same thing), in one single minute, as much as one hundred and fifty pints—upwards of eighteen gallons of air—have altogether lost their life-creating power; the deficiency being made up by a deadly poison.

Now, since such a change takes place in one minute, let me beg of you to reflect what change takes place in ten, what in twenty, what in half an hour; what must be the amount of poison which the lungs of these unfortunate victims are inhaling, after an hour of such confinement. And yet how common it is, not for school-children alone, but for persons of all ages and conditions, to be shut up in low-pitched, badly-ventilated apartments, for more than five, six, or seven hours together! Allow me to remind you that in the human body the blood cir-

culates once in two and a half minutes. In two and a half minutes all the blood contained in the system traverses the respiratory surface. Every one, then, who breathes an impure atmosphere two and a half minutes, has every particle of his blood acted on by the vitiating air. Every particle has become less vital—less capable of repairing structures, or of carrying on functions: and the longer such air is respired, the more impure it becomes, and the more corrupted grows the blood.

Permit me to repeat, that after breathing for two and a half minutes an atmosphere incapable of properly oxygenating the fluids which are traversing the lungs, every drop of blood in the human being is more or less poisoned; and in two and a half minutes more even the minutest part of all man's fine-wrought organs has been visited and acted upon by this poisoned fluid—the tender, delicate eye, the wakeful ear, the sensitive nerves, the heart, the brain; together with the skin, the muscles, the bones throughout their structure—in short, the entire being. There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by vivified blood—not a point but must have suffered injury.

Without food or exercise, man may enjoy life some hours; he may live some days. He can not exist a few minutes without air. And yet, what laws are so infringed as the laws of respiration? In our temples of public worship, in our courts of justice, in our prisons, our mines, our factories, and our schools, ventilation was, until lately, almost disregarded; nay, is still, in many places, entirely disregarded. And as for private dwellings, it may be most unhesitatingly affirmed that even for the wealthier classes of society, not one house in a hundred—perhaps not one in a thousand—is constructed on sound sanitary principles with respect to its ventilation.

I allude not so much to lower stories as to dormitories. How rare to find a dormitory whose atmosphere at early morning would be no more tainted than when it was entered for repose the previous night. Yet,

be it borne in mind that whenever, after a night's repose, the slightest degree of closeness is perceptible in a chamber, it is an incontrovertible proof that the chamber is not well ventilated; and that, whatever may have been the benefit which the system may have received from sleep, that benefit has been partly neutralized by the ill effects of an impure atmosphere.



THE VOICE OF SPRING.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I AM coming, I am coming ;
Hark ! the little bee is humming ;
See, the lark is soaring high
In the blue and sunny sky ;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See, the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over ;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen ;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark ! the new-born lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd !
All the birds are singing loud :
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee, look around !
Flowers in all the fields abound ;
Every running stream is bright ;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven ;
God for thee the spring has given, —
Taught the birds their melodies ;
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food : —
Pour thy soul in gratitude !

CONTENTMENT.

God sets bounds to our lot : let us, then, set bounds to our desires, and bring our mind to our condition.

A small estate, honestly come by, which a man is content with, enjoys comfortably, serves God with cheerfully, and puts to a right use, is much better and more valuable than a great estate ill got, and then ill kept or spent. It carries with it more inward satisfaction, a better reputation with all that are wise and good ; it will last longer, and will turn to a better account in the great day, when men will be judged, not according to what they had, but what they did.

There is no time lost while we are waiting God's time. It is as acceptable a piece of submission to the will of God to sit still contentedly when our lot requires it, as to work for him when we are called to it.

It is better to live poorly upon the fruits of God's goodness, than live plentifully upon the products of our own sin.

It much more deserves and demands our care, what estate we shall go to in the other world when we die, than what estate we shall then leave behind us in this world.—*Matthew Henry.*

MANUFACTURE OF MARBLES.—There is something ingenious in the manufacture of these toys. The greater part of them are made of a hard stone, found near Coburg, in Saxony. The stone is first broken with a hammer into small cubical fragments, and about one hundred or one hundred and fifty of them are ground at one time in a mill, somewhat resembling a flour-mill. The lower stone, and which remains at rest, has several concentric circular grooves ; the upper stone is of the same diameter as the lower, and is made to revolve by water or other power. Minute streams of water are directed into the furrows of the lower stone. The pressure of the runners on the little pieces rolls them over in all directions, and in one quarter of an hour the whole of the rough fragments are reduced into nearly accurate spheres.



STRATFORD UPON AVON.

We present a picture of the church in which the mortal remains of Shakspeare lie buried. This church is situated in the village of Stratford, in England, upon the north bank of the River Avon. Stratford is a small town, of between three and four thousand inhabitants. The river is here crossed by a bridge of fourteen arches.

Various fires in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries destroyed most of the older buildings, and that in which Shakspeare died was wantonly razed by its proprietor; but the house in which the great poet was born has been preserved. The church, a spacious and handsome edifice on the margin of the river, surrounded by large elms, contains a bust of Shakspeare, and the tombs of himself, his wife, and daughters.

Original.

THE NEW SCHOOLMASTER.

CHARACTERS.—JOHN, OLIVER, MR. HARDCASE.

Enter JOHN and OLIVER, meeting.

John. Well, Oliver, have you heard that we are to have a new teacher to-morrow?

Oliver. I heard we are to have one next week.

John. Next week is too soon.

Ol. So say I. When we got rid of Master Pliant, I thought we were rid of school for the season.

John. Poor Pliant! How we plagued him!

Ol. Yes, and how he would have thrashed us, if he had dared!

John. Yes. He was one day going to flog little Frank; but I told him, if he did it, he or I would have to go down, the next time we met out of doors. So he did n't do it.

Ol. I told him you and I would put him under the pump, if he did n't shorten our lessons.

John. Good! But, Oliver, what do you hear of the new master?

Ol. I hear he is a little fellow, smaller than I am. We shall have no trouble in keeping him under.

John. We must let him see, at the start, that we intend to do pretty much as we like.

Ol. Yes. We must give him to understand that we can whip him, if we choose, and that he must be careful how he offends us.

John. But how shall we make him fully aware of that?

Ol. Leave it to me. At our first meeting in the road I will give him a hearty slap on the back, and ask him how his aunt is. If he shows fight, you must stand by to help me. We can master him between us, I reckon.

John. I shall be on hand. I'm not afraid but I could manage him alone. So, if you don't draw him out, I will.

Ol. Who comes here?

Enter Mr. HARDCASE.

Mr. Hardcase. Good-morning, boys! Is there any sport going on in this part of the country?

John. Sport enough, sir! In the first place, we are to have a game of football yonder, in Deacon Dunbar's big lot. Then we are to have a wrestling-match, and then, after dinner, we are going in the boat across the pond to fish.

Mr. H. A pleasant bill of performances! But how happens it you are not at school? Is there a vacation?

Ol. Yes, one of our own making. We forced the schoolmaster to give up, in disgust.

Mr. H. Tell me about it.

Ol. Why, you see he was a young fellow, about your age, I should think, and we almost worried his life out of him.

Mr. H. What was his offense?

John. His offense was in being a schoolmaster.

Mr. H. The monster! But was he severe in his management?

Ol. Yes; he wanted to make us learn grammar.

Mr. H. The tyrant! You knew grammar enough, already, for all practical purposes, I suppose?

Ol. To be sure, we did! He set us long lessons, and then, because we would n't learn them, he threatened to complain to the school committee.

John. Yes, he done that —

Mr. H. Stop! Say *did* that, if you please.

John. Well, he *did* that several times, till we lost all patience.

Ol. He once kept me an hour after school; and what do you suppose it was for?

Mr. H. Perhaps to do a stupid * sum in arithmetic.

Ol. No; to learn how to spell the name of the second month in the year.

Mr. H. Why, what a fussy old fellow he must have been! Well, how did you spell it?

Ol. F-e-b, feb, u, febu, a-r-y, ary; February. Is n't that right enough?

Mr. H. Well, there is a prejudice in favor of an *r* at the beginning of the second syllable; but, if you choose to drop it, where's the harm?

Ol. Exactly. That's what I said.

Mr. H. But how about the *new* master? Are you not afraid you may have made a bad exchange? You remember the fable of the frogs who prayed to Jupiter for a king?

John. No, we don't. What is it?

Mr. H. Well, in answer to the prayer of the frogs, Jupiter sent them a harmless log. But, not content with so tame a king, they prayed for another; whereupon Jupiter sent them a stork, who forthwith began to devour them as fast as he could.

Ol. O, we're afraid of no King Stork — not we!

John. No, stranger; we are the boys to whip any schoolmaster the committee may send against us.

Mr. H. Are you quite sure? Courage will come and go, you know.

Ol. Not ours.

Mr. H. How do you mean to do it?

Ol. Well, supposing we were to meet him here: I am to go up and give him a good thump between his shoulders, as if in play; and then, if he resents it, I am to pitch in and whip him; and if I can't do it alone, John is to help me. O! we mean to break him in at the outset.

Mr. H. Truly, a rare plot! But what

* Give long *u* in this word its *y* sound, as in *mute*, *cube*, &c. Some persons will say *stoopid*, which is wrong. Long *u*, however, after *r* in the same syllable, as in *rule*, *rude*, has the sound of long *oo*. In *new* give the *y* sound, as in *few*.

if the schoolmaster should take you by the ears, and knock your thick skulls together?

John. I'd like to see him do it! We would give him particular fits.

Mr. H. Well, now, boys, I have a surprise for you. (*Producing a letter.*) Can you read the address on that letter?

Ol. and John (reading together slowly). "To Andrew R. Hardcase, Esq., Teacher."

Mr. H. You have read it correctly. Now, do you understand what it means?

Ol. Why, that's the name of the new schoolmaster.

Mr. H. Yes, it is *my* name. The new schoolmaster stands before you. You seem astonished. Now is the time to "break him in," you know. Why do you not begin? — Mute? Motionless? Not a word? Not a blow? Not a thump between the shoulders? How is this, boys? You hang your heads. — I see. It is only your modesty that stands in the way. Well, we shall meet again, my young friends. For the present, good-by. [*Exit.*]

Ol. (still holding down his head). Has he gone?

John (looking round cautiously, and drawing a long breath). Yes, he has gone. Why did n't you do as you said you were going to? I was waiting for you, all the while.

Ol. There was mischief in his look.

John. So, he frightened you, did he?

Ol. No, it was n't that. He only took me by surprise. If I had been prepared for him, I should have given it to him about right. If he were to come in now, I would punish him so that he could n't see out of his eyes.

John. Yes, if he were to come in now, I should be all right. He took us by surprise, you see. But he did n't dare touch us.

Réenter MR. HARDCASE.

Mr. H. (standing between them). Come here, my young friends. Nearer. A little nearer, if you please. (*Harshly, and stamping his foot.*) Nearer, I say! (*They draw suddenly near, and he takes each by*

the ear.) It occurred to me, after I left you, that perhaps you were rather taken by surprise; so I have come back to give you another chance to carry out your intentions against the new master. (*Pinches their ears.*)

John. O! Don't!

Ol. (howling). Stop that, will you?

Mr. H. Now, are not you a pretty couple of blockheads?

Ol. (crying). Why don't you go at a fellow of your size?

Mr. H. A pleasant understanding at the commencement saves a deal of trouble.

John. Let go my ear, will you?

Mr. H. Not yet. (*Wrings it, and JOHN utters a cry of pain.*) I wish you to understand fully, my young friends, that the new master is not a King Log. (*Lets go their ears.*) I will now once more bid you good-by. This is lesson number one. Remember.

[*Exit.*]

John. Oliver!

Ol. John!

John. King Stork has come.

Ol. Poor innocent babes, what will become of us?

John. No more playing truant!

Ol. No more skipping of lessons!

John. No more fun in school-time!

Ol. John, I don't feel like kicking football. I think I'll go home.

John. Well, mother thought I had better take some paregoric and squills. I think I'll go and take some. Good-by.

[*Exeunt different ways.*]

WHERE DOES WOOD COME FROM?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from

the earth in which it grows. The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterward put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During a space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude every thing but air from getting access to the earth below it.

After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven, and put in the balance.

Astonishing was the result. The earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it; yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds!* Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth. We are therefore compelled to repeat our question, "Where does wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives: the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion—it was derived from the air.

Can it be? Were those great ocean spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their

vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America—were these all obtained from the thin air? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.

ON THE ABUSE OF THE IMAGINATION.



E careful of the imagination. Do not let it play you tricks. Let reason keep it in wholesome check. From the imaginative faculty we derive much of our happiness; but the abuse of the imagination, by ourselves or others, is productive of some of the worst evils to which man is subject. So powerful is the effect of the imagination upon the bodily system, that men have been nearly killed by its operation, while others have been restored to health by the same agent.

In order to test the power of the imagination, three London physicians, a few years since, agreed to find some rugged and healthy man, and see what effect their reiterated assurance that he was dangerously ill would produce. They concerted a plan, and in the following manner carried it into execution. They went to a road over which a number of market-men were passing into the city. Proceeding along at considerable distances from one another, the first physician looked earnestly for some suitable subject for the experiment.

He had not gone far before he met a stout man driving a team, who appeared the very picture of health and strength. "Good-morning, my friend," said the physician; "you look too unwell to be so hard at work, sir."—"Unwell!" answered the countryman. "I never had a sick day in my life."—"Indeed!" replied the physician, shaking his head, with an air of solicitude "That's bad; such persons seldom survive their first illness; I advise you, my friend,

to take care of yourself; I am afraid you are not long for this world." The physician then rode on.

"That man is a fool," said the countryman to himself; "I never felt better." He tried to laugh it off; but his imagination had been kindled. He felt of his forehead to find if he were feverish. His attention being called to his head, he now thought it did feel a little full. There was a peculiar sensation in his brain. What did it mean? His stomach, too — was n't there a slight — a very slight sensation of nausea? He had not proceeded far on the road before the second physician met him.

"Friend," said this experimenter, "I hope you have not far to travel to-day; you look as though you ought to be in bed rather than at work." The poor man felt the blood rush to his head, startled as he was by this second shock to his imagination. "I do feel rather strangely," said he; "I am afraid I am going to be sick." — "Going to be sick!" rejoined the cold-blooded physician. "If you were one of my patients, I should fear you were never going to be well. If you value your life at all, I advise you to go home as quick as possible, and send for a physician."

The countryman now began to feel that he was a sick man in earnest. Faint and trembling, he proceeded a little further, when the third physician met him, and, eying him for a moment with an earnest gaze, remarked, "You must hold your life pretty cheap, my friend, to be out, ill as you are. You look as if you had just escaped from a sick bed."

The poor countryman could stand it no longer. His knees trembled, his head grew dizzy, and he was carried into a neighboring house, and placed in a bed, *seriously ill*. And it was the unanimous opinion of the physicians that if the deception had not been explained, he would have died. Had the physicians a right to make such an experiment, even for the purposes of science? They had no more right to do it than a man would have to throw you overboard to see whether you would float.

The narrative shows, however, in a forcible light, how the imagination may be abused till sickness or insanity is produced. Here was a man in perfect health led to imagine himself dangerously ill, till he made himself so. Similar cases are known in which men with abundant means for the support of themselves and their families for the rest of their natural lives have imagined that they would come to want, till in their dread of poverty they have become monomaniacs. The most pitiable of delusions this, springing as it does from a miserable avarice, or an exaggerated attachment to the perishable things of this life!

I have known children to abuse the imagination till they dreaded to be alone in the dark; or to dwell on the subject of burglars till they were afraid to look in a closet, lest they should find one hiding there. In a healthy state, the imagination lends a charm to every good and beautiful thing which a benevolent Providence has bestowed for our comfort and joy; but, if perverted and abused, the imagination may be made a source of lifelong wretchedness and disease.

HABIT OF THINKING. — Thought engenders thought. Place one idea upon paper, and others will follow it, until you have written a page. You can not fathom your mind. There is a well of thought there which has no bottom. The more you draw from it, the more clear and fruitful it will be. If you neglect to think yourself, and only use other people's thoughts, you will never know what you are capable of. At first your ideas may come out in lumps, homely and shapeless; but time and perseverance will arrange and polish them. Learn to think, and you will learn to write; the more you think, the better you will express your ideas.

THE TOAD is regarded by the French gardeners as an invaluable assistant. Four or five toads will keep a garden free from bugs, worms, and flies.



Branch of the Holly-Tree.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O, READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-Tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an Intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.
Below, — a circling fence, — its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.
I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize ;
And in the wisdom of the Holly-Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.
Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere, —
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude, —
Gentle at home amid my friends I 'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.
And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.
And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves a sober hue display,
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-Tree ? —
So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng ;
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they ;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

ROBERT SOUTHHEY.

Original.
THE VALUE OF GOOD TEMPER.

HOW could you keep your temper through all that ? " asked Laura Somers of Mary Remington, who stood behind the counter of a retail dry-goods shop. Mary had been taking down package after package, silk after silk, and muslin after muslin, to exhibit to a captious old lady, who had pretended to be desirous of making a purchase, but who, after having kept Mary waiting upon her a full hour, ended her examination by remarking, " I think I 'll buy nothing to-day."

" We shall be happy to have you call again," replied Mary, with perfect good temper. — " I fear I have given you a good deal of trouble," said the old lady. — " I would rather be occupied than stand still," returned Mary, with a smile, adding, " In a few days we shall have some new goods in, and perhaps we shall then be better able to suit you." — " Very likely," said the old lady, as she took her departure.

" How could you be so civil to that old plague ? " reiterated Laura ; " did you ever see her before ? " — " Never ; she is a stranger to me." — " Probably she will never enter the shop again." — " Perhaps not." — " Well," said Laura, " that same old creature came, about an hour ago, into the shop where I tend, and kept me unrolling goods for her, showing laces and silks, and I don't know what, just as she has been doing here, and wound up in the same way with the remark, ' I shan't buy any thing to-day.' I could n't help saying, ' I did n't expect you would.' I let her see what I thought of her."

" You did very wrong, Laura," said Mary. " You owe it to your employer to treat his customers with perfect patience and respect." — " Not when they trifle with you in that way." — " Yes, even then ; for you are not to be the judge of their trifling." — " I could see by her manner that she did n't want to buy." — " If she did n't want to buy *then*, she might at some future

time, or might have it in her power to influence others wishing to buy."

"Do you know," continued Mary, "that the great reason why our dry-goods dealers object to employing saleswomen, instead of salesmen, is that their lady customers say they receive more civility from the latter than from the former? Thus our sex is, with but few exceptions, debarred from an occupation much better suited to them than to the men. You ought to be careful how you give occasion for the reproach which our own sex brings against us."

"Surely we have enough to try our patience," said Laura. — "Granted; and that is the very reason why our patience ought to be well disciplined," retorted Mary. — "I can not help showing it when I am vexed," said Laura. — "Therefore control your vexation, and correct the evil at the fountain-head," replied Mary. "We can cultivate good temper, just as we can cultivate any other faculty. I do not think I am naturally a good-tempered person, but principle has helped make me one. I see the absolute necessity of good temper in my present calling; I feel I should wrong my employer by appearing cross to the humblest of his customers. And do you know the countenance and the manner react upon the heart; and that in acquiring the external habit of good temper we may make the internal habit conform?"

"I can't be a hypocrite," said Laura; "I can't smile on a person when I want to turn him or her out of the shop." — "Understand me," replied Mary; "the self-control which I recommend is very far from hypocrisy. The soft answer with which we are counseled to turn away wrath may be wrung from us with an effort, but it would be a strange perversion of moral teaching to say that it was therefore hypocritical. The blunt, angry retort may have the merit of frankness; and a blow may sometimes have a similar merit; but she who controls her anger gains a victory over selfishness, which disarms the passion itself, and insures her self-respect."

The conversation here ended. Laura,

petulant and unconvinced, withdrew to her own shop, and Mary turned away to attend to new customers. She went home that night weary and thoughtful. Her mother was an invalid and a widow; there were three younger children, and the whole family were chiefly dependent upon Mary for their support. Sometimes, when she thought of the possibility of her being thrown out of employment by illness or some other cause, she would shudder at the prospect. But she had a hopeful and religious habit of mind, and did not suffer desponding thoughts to throw their gloom over her long.

The next day, as she stood at her post behind the counter, the old lady who had so put her patience to the test the day before entered the shop, and made some large purchases. Then, turning to Mary, she said: "It was not without a purpose that I troubled you so yesterday. The truth is, I am in search of a suitable person to take charge of a lace and thread store in our part of the city. We are sadly in want there of such an establishment, and the keeper of it will not fail to do well. I wished to see if you were good-tempered and accommodating; and I was so pleased with the result of the trial, that I have concluded to propose that you should take charge of the new shop."

Mary was delighted at the prospect; but an insurmountable objection soon presented itself. "Of course, madam," she said, "it will require money to commence such a business, and that I have not. I am quite poor." — "And I am quite rich," retorted the old lady, with a smile. "All the risk shall be mine, and all the profit shall be yours. I have acquainted myself with your circumstances, habits, and capacities. You are a good saleswoman, as I know, and a good accountant, as I learn; and, above all, a good daughter. I have seen your mother; she approves. I have seen your employer; he, though reluctant to lose you, gives his consent. Now, what say you?"

To an offer so advantageous Mary could return but one reply. She knew the re-

sponsibilities of the business ; but she felt equal to them. She took possession of the shop, bought her goods, and stocked it. She soon became noted for her exquisite taste in laces. Her gentle and unaffected manners made her popular. The growth of the city, in five years, made the shop of Miss Mary B—— one of the most central in the principal street. She was prosperous beyond her heart's wish, and only labored on for the benefit of others. Her benefactress lived to be proud of the sagacity of her choice. "It was your good temper that won me," she used often to say to Mary.

And what became of Laura ? Handsome and accomplished, she made what the world called "a brilliant marriage." But there is an old proverb which applies to her case. It is this : "Praise a fair day at night." Laura had not been married five years when she was separated from her husband on the plea of "incompatibility of temper." Poor Laura ! She never could learn to give the soft answer which turneth away wrath : and this, in the married state, is a fatal incapacity. Indeed, what is the position or relation of life, in which good temper is not a treasure and a charm ?

WHAT WE OWE TO THE PEOPLE OF ASIA.

If the European wishes to know how much he owes to the Asiatic, he has only to cast a glance at an hour of his daily life. The clock which summons him from his bed in the morning was the invention of the East, as were also clep'sydras* and sundials. The prayer for his daily bread, which he has said from his infancy, first rose from the side of a Syrian mountain. The linens and cottons with which he clothes himself, though they may be very fine, are inferior to those which have been made from time immemorial in the looms of India. The silk was stolen, by some missionaries, for his benefit, from China. He could buy better steel than that with which he shaves

himself, in the old city of Damascus, where it was first invented.

The coffee he expects at breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of Upper India prepared the sugar with which he sweetens it. A school-boy can tell the meaning of the Sanscrit words sacchara canda. If his tastes are light, and he prefers tea, the virtues of that excellent leaf were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese. They also taught him how to make and use the cup and saucer in which to serve it. His breakfast-tray was lacquered in Japan. There is a tradition that leavened bread was first made on the waters of the Ganges. The egg he is breaking was laid by a fowl whose ancestors were domesticated by the Malaccans, unless she may have been, though it will not alter the case, a modern Shanghai.

If there are preserves and fruits on his board, let him remember with thankfulness that Persia first gave him the cherry, the peach, the plum. If in any of those delicate preparations he detects the flavor of alcohol, let it remind him that that substance was first distilled by the Arabians, who have set him the praiseworthy example, which it will be for his benefit to follow, of abstaining from its use. When he talks about coffee and alcohol, he is using Arabic words. We gratify our taste for personal ornament in the way that Orientals have taught us, with pearls, sapphires, rubies, diamonds. Of public amusements it is the same. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China ; and as regards the pastimes of private life, Europe has produced no invention which can rival the game of chess.

We have no hydraulic constructions as great as the Chinese canal, no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese wall ; we have no Artesian wells that can at all approach in depth to some of theirs ; we have not yet resorted to the practice of obtaining coal-gas from the interior of the earth ; they have borings for that purpose more than three thousand feet deep. — Dr. Draper.

* The clep'sydra was a timepiece used by the Greeks and Romans, which measured time by the discharge of a certain quantity of water.



The Colossus of Rhodes.

THE ISLAND OF RHODES.

The Island of Rhodes is only ten miles distant from the coast of Asia Minor, and is about thirty-six miles long by eighteen wide, and one hundred and twenty in circumference. The soil is most fruitful; and delicious fruits — oranges, figs, and grapes, as well as olives and corn — can be produced in the greatest abundance. As to climate, the air is said to be so serene that not a day passes without sunshine. The summers are never hot, and the winters never cold.. Rhodes has its name from a Greek word, signifying the place of roses.

The ancient Rhodians were distinguished as navigators; and ship-building is the

chief employment of the present inhabitants of the island. Formerly the city was adorned with temples, statues, and paintings, while the theater was the admiration of the world. The most celebrated work of art, however, was the *brazzen Colossus*, a statue dedicated to Apollo, or the sun, and regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. Of this no vestige now remains. Its feet are said by some writers to have stood upon two moles which formed the entrance of the harbor, and ships under full sail passed between its legs, its height being one hundred and five feet. It was erected 280 years before Christ, and was thrown down by an earthquake fifty-six

years after. It lay neglected in the harbor for eight hundred and ninety-four years, or till A. D. 670, when it was sold to a Jewish merchant by the reigning caliph.

The metal weighed seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and is said to have cost three hundred talents, or one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars, and to have loaded nine hundred camels, giving to each a burden of eight hundred pounds. This great work of art was a product of the genius of a native of the island, and consumed twelve years of labor. Such were the dimensions of the gigantic statue that a man could not meet his arms around one of the thumbs.

Rollin informs us that some authors have affirmed that the money arising from contributions for the restoration of the statue amounted to five times as much as the loss which the Rhodians had sustained by its destruction. But this covetous people, instead of employing the sums they had received, in replacing the statue, agreeably to the intention of the donors, pretended that the oracle of Delphi had prohibited them from the attempt, and given them a command to preserve the money for other purposes, by which means they afterward enriched themselves.

The schools of Rhodes attained so high a degree of celebrity in ancient times, that they were resorted to by some of the greatest men of Rome, among whom were Marcus Brutus, Cicero, Cato, Caesar, and Pompey. The geographer Strabo, in describing Rhodes, says that "the beauty of its harbor, its streets and walls, and the magnificence of its monuments, rendered it so much superior to all other cities as to admit of no comparison." Not the slightest remains of the old city are now to be found.

In the year 1310 the Christian Knights of St. John took possession of Rhodes. After having been in their hands for about four hundred years, during which period they several times bravely repelled strong armies of besiegers, it was finally taken by the Turks in the year of our Lord 1522.

Rhodes has ever since remained a province of the Turkish empire.

Recently this lovely island has been the scene of terrible disasters. About three o'clock on Sunday morning, October 12th, 1856, the sleeping inhabitants of Rhodes were startled by a shock of an earthquake, which lasted for seventy-five seconds, and which no one had ever known to be equaled either in duration or violence. The whole island seemed to rock to and fro, as though a plaything in the hand of a giant, and that giant in a rage.

In the city, the walls of the castle, the towers, the churches, and the mosques, all suffered more or less, while of one thousand houses there were not two which escaped either being utterly overthrown or rendered nearly or quite uninhabitable; and many of the unfortunate occupants were buried under the ruins. It was estimated that the damage amounted to at least sixteen hundred thousand dollars. Of the forty-four villages on the island, all were greatly damaged. Ten were utterly destroyed, some hundreds of the inhabitants being killed outright, and many more wounded dangerously.

This earthquake was not the only calamity which befell Rhodes in the year 1856. Hardly had the affrighted and houseless inhabitants of the city begun to breathe freely, when another misfortune succeeded. Four weeks had not elapsed when, on the 6th of November, the city powder magazine, containing three hundred thousand pounds of powder, was struck by lightning, and exploded, spreading devastation and ruin. By this event the old Church of St. John, dating from the year 1500, was destroyed, together with more than a thousand houses, and some of the finest streets, including a third of the whole city.

A thousand of the inhabitants were on this occasion killed, either by the falling in of the houses, or by fragments of stones which were driven like cannon-balls through the air. Poor Rhodes! It has had a beautiful history; but its glory has departed,

and centuries will probably pass before any portion of its former grandeur can be restored. And yet its soil is fertile as ever, and its climate as delicious; and the blue sky looks down on the fair island as tenderly as when its brass Colossus glittered in the noonday sun.

THE BREEZE IN THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. HINXMAN.

'T WAS a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together:
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, and sweet, and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Checked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn could hear
The wild birds' happy chorus.

And, lo! from its haunts by cave or rill
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's center,
Like a privileged thing, that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar-cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling fall of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of Him who had poured the rills,
And through the green mountains led them,
Whose hand, when he piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love,
On those calm summits dwelling.

For Declamation.

INAUGURATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

From the oration of the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, at Richmond, Va., Feb. 22d, 1858, on the occasion of the inauguration of Crawford's statue of Washington.

THIS is no idle ceremonial of grief which we celebrate to-day. The State of Virginia is now about to discharge the last duty which she owes to the memory of Washington. She has invoked the aid of human genius; and, lo! there stands its work. "The animated bust," — untenanted, it is true, by the "fleeting breath," but a mighty study, an incorporate tale, which speaks — and, O! how much! — not only of that consummate character which it was formed to express, but also of him who made it; of that bright genius, who, having married a mortal to an immortal name, like some of those victims of unearthly love of whom poets sing, has perished in giving birth to the mighty conception with which it teemed. His chisel now rusts beside the mouldering hand which once wielded it with almost creative power. But the work of his genius will live; and his name, connected now with one which can never die, will be borne through succeeding ages, as the vine is supported by the oak which it crowns and adorns. They will live together; and long may that union of grace and strength endure!

This day is eminently appropriate to the occasion which we celebrate. It was this day which gave birth to him who was not only "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," but whose name is the representative name of perhaps the greatest epoch* in human history. Of all human nativities, there is none other which connects itself more largely with the destiny of men.

It was on this day, one hundred and twenty-six years ago, that Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, the son of a simple country gentleman. No pealing artillery proclaimed his advent into the world. No churches resounded

* Pronounced *ep'ok.*

with the Te De'um, and no procession of priests and nobles paused on bended knee to thank God for the event which continued the succession of an imperial dy'nasty ; neither fêtes,* nor holiday, nor public rejoicing, marked for him the expectation with which is received the birth of one of the princes of the earth.

We do not know how far even the mother dared to hope, or whether she dreamed of more for him than the common success of life. How little prēscent is man ! In that humble chāmber was cradled the minister of destiny. There reposed the infant in whose future career were to be garnered more of man's hopes for prōgress and improvement than had ever rested upon mortal conduct before ; and there, too, were folded "hands that the rod of empire might have swayed," if in heart and head he had not been too elevated to desire it.

Here, as in so many other instances, Providence appears to have left public expectation at fault in regard to its instruments. The very accidents of his position seem to have been arranged with a design to train and discipline him for the great struggle of his life. At a time of life when others who were to be actors in the same scene with himself, and supposed, perhaps, to be more fortunately circumstanced, were pursuing their studies in the halls of learning, he was surveying lands in the wilderness. At the age of sixteen he was already clothed with the duties and responsibilities of manhood, and braved the perils and difficulties of that wild mode of life.

Thus early inured to danger and hardship, and thrown upon his individual resources to encounter them, the experience of his life must have served to strengthen and elevate his character. It taught him presence of mind in the face of danger, and self-reliance in the midst of unexpected difficulties and trials. Nor were these the only teachings of his forest life. For doubtless in that close communion with nature and himself he learned lessons of manly

virtue, and derived that knowledge of the secret springs of action which is so essential to a thorough acquaintance with human nature in general.

Above all, he was thus imbued with that wild love of freedom and independence, and that stern sense of individualism, which made him incapable of counting the cost of resistance, if his liberty was at stake. Such was the school in which our fathers were best prepared for the great revolutionary struggle which awaited them !

Original.

THE HERO THROUGH COWARDICE.*

CHARACTERS.—CAPTAIN PUMPKIN, CAPTAIN WAIT, GENERAL FOGY, and two Officers of his Suite.

Enter PUMPKIN and WAIT, meeting.

Pumpkin. My dear Wait, never was the face of a friend more welcome ! (*Shakes hands.*) Have you any idea what they are going to do with me ?

Wait. Why, Pumpkin, my boy, what's the matter ? Your hand shakes like an aspen-leaf.

Pump. The commander-in-chief, General Foggy himself, has sent for me, and I am here prepared — no, unprepared — for the worst.

Wait. The battle is over ; you got a nice little wound in the shoulder ; perhaps General Foggy wants to thank you for your gallantry.

Pump. My gallantry ! Do not mock me, fellow-student. Tell me frankly, will it be by *hanging*, or by *shooting*, that I shall have to expiate my offense ?

Wait. What offense do you mean ?

Pump. I mean cowardice—rank cowardice, or rather cowardice in the ranks ; in short, desertion, running away at the very commencement of the action. Could n't I get my punishment changed to transportation for life ? Botany Bay would be more agreeable than a noose round the neck.

Wait. I have n't heard the first word

* The e in *fête* has the sound of long a.

* Partly founded on recollection of a story in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

against your conduct. What was it? Explain.

Pump. O, dear! O, dear! What a fool I was to join the army! I had not been in service a week before I discovered that I was an arrant coward — the very prince of poltroons.

Wait. Why did n't you leave? Ours is a wretched profession. Here have I been waiting these ten years for promotion. During that time I have been in fifteen actions, and received a dozen wounds; and here I am, still a poor captain.

Pump. My dear fellow, please do not interrupt me. Circumstances I could not control kept me where I was. But, as the great battle of Puttyfoolagah — my first engagement — approached, I resolved to — to —

Wait. To do what?

Pump. To take French leave; in short, to run away. I could n't get a chance to do this till after the trumpets had sounded, and the troops were in motion. Then, frightened out of my wits, and wishing to get rid of the fellows behind, I told them I would be the death of them, if they dared to follow me. Fast as my legs could carry me, off I darted in the direction of a hill, where, through the smoke, I could just see a belt of trees that seemed to offer safety. On I ran, a hundred soldiers following and striving to catch me, or cut me down. By and by, some of them seemed to get before me, and try to stop me. Driven to desperation, I cut right and left with my sword, and still rushed on, on and up the hill, waving my good blade, thrusting and cutting like a madman, screaming in an agony of terror, till, having gained the top of the hill, I attempted to run down, but sank, blinded with smoke, and fainting, on the sward.

Wait. But who were the witnesses of your flight?

Pump. My own company — sergeants, common soldiers, and all. The rascals rushed after me, like so many wolves. The louder I screamed, the louder they seemed to yell.

Wait. Did they secure you?

Pump. When I came to my senses, I found myself in comfortable quarters, with the surgeon at my side. One of the fellows who had got in front of me in my flight, and who, by the way, did n't seem dressed like my men, had thrust a bayonet in my shoulder; but it did no great harm.

Wait. Hark! I hear the general coming.

Pump. Stand by me, *Wait*. Now for it. Captain, if I have my choice between being hung and being shot, which would you recommend?

Wait. Well, shooting is the most military.

Pump. Then I 'll choose hanging.

Wait. Hush! The general is here.

Enter GENERAL FOGY and Suite.

General Foggy. Captain Pumpkin, your hand! (*Shakes hands.*) Gentlemen, let me introduce to you the hero of Puttyfoolagah. (*The Officers bow.*) Yes, gentlemen, I do not hesitate to declare that but for the amazing gallantry of Captain Pumpkin in carrying the Eastern Battery, — but for the desperate valor which led him up that difficult hill, cheering on his men with the most exciting vociferations, and performing prodigies with his single arm, — but for that brilliant and sagacious achievement, undertaken on his own responsibility, and carried out by his own individual daring and exposure, Puttyfoolagah would have been to us a scene of disaster and defeat, instead of triumph. (*Applause from Wait and the Officers.*) Captain Pumpkin, I only have it in my power to promote you to the rank of General. It will rest with your sovereign to bestow on you yet higher honors. Your wound exempts you from further service. You will at once proceed home to England as bearer of dispatches. (*Converses in dumb show with his Officers.*)

Pump. (*aside to Wait*). I say, *Wait* — what does it all mean? Is it irony?

Wait (*aside to PUMPKIN*). Irony? No. Foggy always means what he says. You are

the most fortunate fellow in the army. Say something in reply to the general.

Pump. (*to the General*). Old Fogey — excuse me, I meant to say *General* Fogey — I — you — he — we — that is —

Gen. F. General Pumpkin, I see your embarrassment; and it is as becoming, sir, as your valor. Modesty is always the companion of true merit.

Pump. Really, old Fo — that is, *General*, General Fogey, I — upon my word — I — in short — the British lion — the British lion, I say — — — (*Gesticulates, without speaking.*)

Gen. F. General Pumpkin, it is not every man who can *talk*, as well as *act*. We excuse, nay, admire your diffidence. And yet, at the proper time, you do not fail even in speech. Gentlemen, what do you suppose were the heroic words with which he kindled the enthusiasm of his soldiers at the decisive moment? “Dare to follow me,” said he, “dare to follow me, and I will be the death of you!”

Pump. (*aside to Wait*). Stand by me, Captain, or I shall sink!

Gen. F. Noble, sublime exclamation — “Dare to follow me, and I will be the death of you!” An exclamation, gentlemen, which placed death for country foremost, as the impelling motive to a brave action. Nobly did our gallant troops respond to the intrepid call. Nobly did they follow their devoted leader up that difficult ascent, till, faint and wounded, he sank on the ground, in the very embrace of victory. (*Captain Wait and the two Officers applaud, by clapping their hands.*)

Pump. (*aside to Wait*). Captain, I can't stand it much longer. I'm in a cold sweat all over.

Gen. F. I see it pains you, General Pumpkin, to hear your own praises sounded. Your grateful country, sir, will compel you to hear far more than I can offer. To that country, sir, you will now make your preparations to return. (*Shakes hands with him.*) I bid you, sir, good-day. (*Exit with the Officers of his Suite,*

who also shake hands with PUMPKIN, and bow profoundly.)

Pump. Captain, what do you think of that?

Wait (laughing). Well, *General* Pumpkin, I think you deserve your laurels quite as much as half of the heroes who make a noise in the world deserve theirs.

Pump. Instead of being shot, I am promoted.

Wait. Yes; but you expected a very different sort of promotion — eh?

Pump. Promotion by a ladder, leading to — we won't say where. Don't speak of it. — Well, what am I to do?

Wait. Do? In war we judge by *deeds*, not by *motives*. You have taken Puttyfoolagah. There's no doubt of that. So, put on your new epaulets, and draw your three thousand pounds a year.

Pump. No, Captain, no. I will show I can be a *moral*, if not a *military* hero. I will go to the commander-in-chief, confess the truth, and resign my honors.

Wait. Pumpkin, you will be the bravest man in the army, if you do that!

Pump. I'll do it. Come and hear me. (*Going.*)

Wait. Stay! I shall countenance you in no such folly.

Pump. Then I go alone.

Wait. The commander-in-chief will think your wound has made you crazy. He'll not believe you.

Pump. Nevertheless, I shall make a clean breast of it.

Wait. What you intrusted to my honor is safe. It shall go no further.

Pump. I know that. So I am going to proclaim it to the world. Good-by. [*Exit.*]

Wait. Obstinate fellow! He will spoil all, if I do not hold him back.

[*Exit after him.*

THE following beautiful inscription, it is said, may be found in an Italian grave-yard: “Here lies Etela, who transported a large fortune to heaven in acts of charity, and has gone thither to enjoy it.”

BREVITIES.

A LEARNED writer says of books: "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, may inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating the undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few, alas! are let on long leases.

"Did you pull my nose in earnest, sir?" — "Certainly I did, sir." — "It is well you did, sir; for I do not put up with jokes of that kind."

One of the difficulties experienced by foreigners in acquiring the English language may be illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors?"

The following example of bad punctuation strongly illustrates the necessity of putting stops in their proper places: "Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down." — Punctuate it right.

Dr. Bowring calculates that if all the bricks, stones, and masonry, of Great Britain, were gathered together, they would not be able to furnish materials for the great wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together would not make the towers and turrets which adorn it.

One undeniably excellent reform that Noah Webster has made in his Dictionary is in rejecting the superfluous and unmeaning *s* which some writers tack on to the end of such words as *toward*, *backward*, *onward*,

hitherward, &c., making them *towards*, &c. Shakspeare, who had a quick ear for euphony, always rejected the *s* from these words.

Temperance, open air, easy labor, simple diet, and pure water, are good for a man all the days of his life. — Sound sleep cometh of moderate eating. — Unquiet meals make ill digestions. — He that would have a clear head must have a clear stomach.

I tell you honestly, said the celebrated Doctor Abernethy, what I think is the cause of the complicated maladies of the human race: it is the gormandizing and stuffing and stimulating the digestive organs to an excess, thereby producing nervous disorders and irritations. The state of their minds is another grand cause; the fidgeting and disquieting yourselves about what can not be helped; passions of all kinds. Malignant passions, pressing upon the mind, disturb the cerebral action, and do much harm.

Foote once asked a man without a sense of a tune in him, "Why are you for ever humming that tune?" — "Because it haunts me," was the reply. — "No wonder," said Foote; "you are for ever murdering it."

"Will you give me small Williams for an X.?" says Young America, laying a ten-dollar bill on the counter. — "Why do you call them Williams?" — "Because I have seen so few of them lately, I do not feel familiar enough to call them Bills."

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over before the gentleman fell asleep, but was awakened by the clergyman, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir," was the reply, "to excuse me; I can sleep very well where I am."

"Does the razor take hold well?" asked the barber. — "Yes," groaned the martyr, "it takes hold well, but it does n't let go."

A gentleman passing the shop of Mr. Haswell, tea-dealer, observed that his name would be *as well* without an H.



For the School Monthly.

THE MOTHER'S VIGIL.

My boy, as watching by thy bed
I look upon thy pillow'd head,
How many hopes, how many fears,
Start up to paint thy future years !
O ! now thy dreams are innocent,
As if by heaven's own angels sent.
That placid brow, that sudden smile,
Have in them naught of sin or guile.
Surely that sleep serene, unmoved,
Is what *He* giveth his beloved,
When *He* his choicest balm would shed
Upon his youthful servant's head.

Dear boy, how long, alas ! shalt thou
Preserve that pure, unwrinkled brow ?
How long with joyous spirit keep
The tranquil heart that gives such sleep ?
Not long, I know ; for Passion's din
Too soon shall startle all within,
And soon Temptation's honeyed word
And Pleasure's summons shall be heard.

Ah ! when the tempter comes, at length,
Be God's own warning word thy strength.
Ah ! then recall thy mother's prayer,
And to the Source of love repair ;
Let every earnest look she gave
Be then a help to guide, to save.
Let every sigh and hope of love
Be ties to draw thy soul above !

C.

Be courteous. Remember that bad manners make bad morals. A kind *no* is often more agreeable than an uncoateous yes.

GUM AK'ABIC. — In Morocco, about the middle of November, — that is, after the rainy season, which begins in July, — a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and principal branches of the acacia-tree. In about fifteen days it thickens in furrows, down which it runs, either in a vermicular (or worm) shape, or commonly assuming the form of oval and round tears, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as they belong to the white or red gum-tree. About the middle of December, the Moors encamp on the borders of the forest, and the harvest lasts six weeks. The gum is packed in very large sacks of leather, and brought on the backs of bullocks and camels to certain ports, where it is sold to the French and English merchants. The gum is highly nutritious. During the whole time of harvest, of the journey, and of the fair, the Moors of the desert live almost entirely upon it ; and experience has proved that six ounces of gum are sufficient for the support of a man for twenty-four hours.

To ridicule old age is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night.



Ross's Release.

ROSS'S VOYAGE AND RESCUE.

THE object of the second Arctic voyage of Captain Ross was to search for a north-west passage by some opening leading out of Regent's Inlet. He left England in the *Victory*, a vessel fitted with a steam-engine, in May, 1829. He entered Prince Regent's Inlet in August, and by the middle of that month began to encounter mountains of floating ice. Through many impediments he worked his way along three hundred miles of undiscovered coast, and on the 7th of October went into winter quarters.

Here he remained till September, 1830. He had made a few excursions over the ice during the preceding winter, and had discovered a large lake, to which he gave the name of Melville. The ship was now once more buoyant on the waves, but they had hardly gone three miles when they were again frozen in. A second dreary winter was now before them; nor was it till April, 1831, that excursions of any extent could be undertaken over the frozen surface of land and sea.

On the 27th of September, after many unavailing efforts to get out of the ice, the party found themselves completely fixed, for a third winter. Their last year's navigation had been three miles—this season it was extended to four! The spirits of the adventurers now began to droop in earnest. It was determined to abandon the *Victory*, and proceed in their boats three hundred miles to Fury Beach, where they hoped to replenish their stores out of the supplies left by Captain Parry. On the 1st of July the whole party reached their destination at the beach.

A month was here spent in fitting out their boats. They at length launched them, but it was the 29th of August before they arrived at the junction of Prince Regent's Inlet and Barrow's Strait. They now found that the ice opposed their passage, and that their only alternative was to return to Fury Beach, and there spend their fourth Arctic winter. This place they reached again on the 7th of October. They suffered a good deal from cold; but they threw up walls of snow which sheltered them from the winds,

and they caught a few foxes which served as food.

The party realized, however, that if they were not liberated the ensuing summer, there was little prospect of their surviving another year. On the 8th of July, 1833, the whole party quitted their dreary home; and on the 14th of August they found a lane of water leading northward through ice. This they followed, till on the 17th they saw the wide expanse of Barrow's Strait open before them.

At four o'clock in the morning of the 26th they were roused from sleep by the startling announcement from the look-out man of "a sail!" Viewed through the glass, it proved to be a ship. You may imagine the emotions of these poor, weather-beaten mariners, in their fragile boats, at the sight. About ten o'clock another ship was descried; but, a breeze springing up, the two vessels seemed to be leaving them. Happily a calm succeeded, and by hard rowing Ross's boats were brought so near that their signals were perceived, and a boat was lowered from the larger ship to meet them.

The ship proved to be the Isabella, of Hull. Ross and his men were hospitably received, and on the 18th of October, 1833, they arrived in England, where they were welcomed with enthusiasm, all hopes of their safety having been for some time abandoned. The picture represents the first encounter of Ross's boats with the Isabella and her consort in the Arctic seas.

A CHILD'S TESTIMONY.

BY S. H. HAMMOND, ESQ.

 WITNESSED, a short time ago, in one of our higher courts, a beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth. A little girl of nine years of age was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony committed in her father's house. "Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being

offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.—"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is any thing further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter." Assured by the kind tone and manner of the judge, the child stepped toward him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart. "Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge. The little girl stepped back, with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered, "No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed. "I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake. "I mean were you ever a witness before?" —"No, sir; I never was in court before," was the answer.

He handed her a Bible, open. "Do you know that book, my daughter?" She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible." —"Do you ever read it?" he asked. —"Yes, sir; every evening." —"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge. —"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses. "Now," said the judge, "you have been sworn as a witness, will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the state-prison," answered the child. —"Any thing else?" asked the judge. —"I shall not go to heaven," she replied. —"How do you know this?" asked the judge again. The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments,

pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that," she said, "before I could read." — "Has any one talked to you about being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lips quivered with emotion. — "Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of the truth was perfect. — "God bless you, my child," said the judge; "you have a good mother. — This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was; but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth as spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies, until he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villainy had manufactured for him a sham defense. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff.

The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the

cunning device of matured villainy to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity (terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his perjured associates) with which she spoke was like a revelation from God himself.



RISE EARLY.

Insidious Sloth her object gains,
If but a hearing she obtains.

A youth accustomed to sleep late,
And make the breakfast-table wait,
Was asked, "Why lie so long in bed?"
"I listen to a cause," he said :
"As soon as I unclose my eyes,
My better angel bids me rise :
'Up! up!' she says, 'to meet the sun ;
Your task of yesterday's undone ;
A thousand fresh delights you miss,
In dozing at an hour like this ;
You lengthen out the hours of slumber
Beyond what health and nature number ;
Arise, if you a man would be !
From these enfeebling toils be free !'

'Lie still!' cries Sloth ; 'it is not warm ;
An hour's more sleep can do no harm ;
You will have time your work to do,
And leisure for amusement too.' "

Much must be heard on either side,
The question fairly to decide ;
And ere the long debate is o'er,
Time and occasion are no more !
Would you the joy of victory know,
Pause not to parley with the foe :
Play not the sluggard and the dunce, —
Awake ! arise ! start up at once !

PRESENT time is all-important. The poorest day that passes over us is the *confux* of two eternities. It is made up of currents that issue from the remotest past, and flow onward into the remotest future.

Original.

**THE TOWN-MEETING AT GRABTOWN,
ON BUILDING A NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.**

Town-Clerk. The meeting will please come to order. Is it the pleasure of this meeting to nominate a chairman? and whom will they nominate? Squire Grabb is nominated. Is it your pleasure that Squire Grabb shall be chairman? It is a vote.

Squire G. (taking the chair). Will some one nominate a secretary?

Farmer Bright. I move that the Town-Clerk be secretary of the meeting.

Squire G. Is it your pleasure that the Town-Clerk be secretary of this meeting? It is a vote. Gentlemen, the meeting has been called to decide on the site of the new school-house, and on the style and size of the structure. Of course, we must consult economy in this business. And, first, touching the site of the building. An idea has occurred to me by which we may kill two birds with one stone, as the saying is. It has long been a subject of complaint to the people of the upper village that our present hog-pound is too small; that the hogs have no good place to root in; that it is badly exposed for their shelter in winter, and is destitute of trees and shrubs for their comfort in summer. Some people think it is n't a healthy place for hogs. At any rate, the hogs don't seem to like it. They don't thrive there; and some of the upper village people have offered to give the town a nice lot for a hog-pound, if we will move it there. Now, gentlemen, my proposition is to take our present hog-pound for the site of the new school-house, and to accept the offer of the upper village people for the removal of the pound. We shall thus accomplish a double purpose without expense.

Lawyer Chatter. I second the proposition of our enlightened chairman. The pound, though unfit for hogs, would be an excellent place for a school. True, it is only twenty feet by twenty; but children can be packed close. True, there is a marsh close by, and people on the borders complain of the prevalence of fevers; but

our worthy physician, Dr. Pshaw, will tell you that the place is healthy as need be. True, there are no trees near by; so much the better — the boys will not be climbing after birds' nests. And so, Mr. Chairman, I hope the proposition to take the hog-pound for the site of the school-house will prevail.

Mr. Sharp. I am sorry to differ from my friends who have preceded me; but I think we can cut off an angle from the old burial-ground, that will afford a site quite as economical as the hog-pound, and more central. It is a rough, gravelly piece of ground; nothing will grow there; the old tombs in the vicinity are in a ruinous state, and some dainty people refuse to live opposite, because of bad smells. But the children will not mind the smells; or, if they do, they will soon get used to them. I hope, therefore, that the idea of the hog-pound will be abandoned, and that a slice will be taken off the old burial-ground for the desired purpose.

Mr. Skinflint. Mr. Chairman, I have listened with profound interest to the remarks of the liberal and enlightened speakers who have preceded me. None, sir, can doubt their patriotism; none can throw a suspicion on the purity and loftiness of their motives. I hope my fellow-citizens will believe that I also am actuated by the sincerest devotion to the public good; that in me also the spirit of Seventy-Six burns bright — bright, Mr. Chairman — I say bright. Sir, I am willing to make a sacrifice of my self-interest to promote the public welfare in this matter. Sir, it has been suggested by several enlightened citizens that the town might make a great saving in the matter of a school-house by buying my old stable, and fixing it up with benches and desks.

Farmer Bright. The gentleman will excuse me for interrupting him; but I would inquire whether he has not repeatedly said that the old stable was n't fit for his cattle, and that he must build a new one.

Mr. Skinflint. Well, sir, it does n't follow that it may not be made into a very

respectable school-house. The gentleman did not hear me out. Reluctant as I am, fellow-citizens, to part with a building endeared to me by ancestral associations, and many tender ties, yet out of regard to the rising generation I am willing to sell the stable at a sacrifice; and furthermore, in case the town will give me my price for it, I will make a donation to the town of the lot bounding my cow-yard on the south, and which is just big enough to receive the stable. Here, sir, in this charming locality, with my cow-yard on the south, and my spacious pig-pen on the north, it will be the fault of the rising generation if they do not make rapid progress in their studies.

Mr. Easy. I move, Mr. Chairman, that the hog-pound be selected as the site for the new school-house.

Mr. Crane. I second the motion.

Squire G. You have heard the motion, gentlemen. It is moved and seconded that the hog-pound be the site. Are you ready for the question?

Farmer Bright. I'd like to argue the point a little, Mr. Chairman; but I'm a poor speaker, and somehow the right words won't come when I want them. However, here's my son, Jeff, who can talk like a book, boy though he is. He knows just what I think on this matter of the school-house, and if it's agreeable to the meeting he shall speak in my stead.

Squire G. I presume there will be no objection. We will hear what Jeff has to say.

Jeff. Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens: I thank you for your permission to speak. The question is one in which the boys are especially interested, and I am happy to represent them, however feebly, on this occasion. Sir, it is no trivial question. It has bearings which must affect the welfare of immortal souls. (*Sensation.*) Sir, I do not overstate the question. Is it a light matter whether your children are surrounded, in their school hours, by influences that contribute to their happiness and health? Is it a light matter whether they breathe a contaminated air, and pine in a narrow,

uncongenial enclosure? Sir, I would not be wanting in deference to any gentleman of this meeting; certainly not to its chairman; but when I heard him pleading for the hogs and neglecting the children, when I heard him propose the hog-pound as the site for the new school-house in order that the hogs might have a better place, I could not believe that he was serious. What, sir! a place not fit for hogs fit for your children and their teachers? (*Loud applause.*)

Squire G. (rapping). Order! order! The speaker will please confine himself to the subject before the meeting, and not indulge in any impertinent remarks.

Jeff. Sir, I can conceive of nothing more pertinent than the inquiry whether a place which the very hogs protest against is suitable for a school for human beings. But I see from the faces before me that I need not press my objections further. We may love pork, sir, but we love our children better. (*Tumultuous applause.*)

Squire G. Order, I say! If the young gentleman can not regulate his remarks so as to produce no disorder, he had better stop speaking.

Jeff. Certainly, if the audience desire it. (*Cries of "No!" "Go on!" "Hit him again!" "That's the talk!" "Give it to him!" "Children before hogs!" &c.*)

Jeff. There seems to be a desire, sir, that I should proceed. Allow me to discuss the proposition of the gentleman who wishes us to take up with the fag-end of an old burial-ground for our school-site. The charm by which he would captivate us is the *economy* of the plan. Sir, the economy which he recommends is the self-same economy that would lead a man to buy tainted beef for his family, because he could get it cheaper than good beef. (*Applause and laughter.*)

Mr. Sharp. Mr. Chairman! Mr. Chairman! Is this in order?

Squire G. Silence! No interruption!

Jeff. The tainted beef, sir, may lead to a doctor's bill much longer than the butcher's. It may do for hyenas, but not for

healthy human appetites. Sir, such penny-wise, pound-foolish policy is not for us. I come now to the third proposition — the proposition of the free and enlightened citizen who wants us to buy his old stable and convert it into a school-house. (*Laughter.*) Sir, I bow to the eloquence with which he commended the plan to our acceptance; with which he expatiated on the romantic attractions of the locality, with his cow-yard on one side, and his piggery on the other. (*Applause.*) Sir, I admire as much as any man the public spirit, the generosity, the magnanimity, which induced him to propose to make us a free gift of a lot of land, the acceptance of which by the town would raise the value of his adjoining lots ten times the value of his gift. I also admire the self-sacrificing devotion which leads him to give up, with many tears, his "ancestral" stable, at his own price, now that it is no longer fit for *four-legged* cattle. (*Laughter and applause.*)

Mr. Skinflint. Mr. Chairman, I call the young man to order! It is shameful, sir, shameful, that such personalities should be permitted!

Squire G. The speaker is not out of order.

Mr. Skinflint. I protest, sir, against — (*Cries of "Put him out!" "Trip him up!" "Skin him!" "Choke him!" "Punch him!" &c.*)

Jeff. Sir, I think we have given a quietus to the *stable* plan. An *unstable* plan it has proved. And now, sir, what shall we do? I will tell you what. Select the best and healthiest ten-acre lot in the town for your school-lot. (*Applause, and cries of "Good!" "That's it!"*) What are a few dollars, sir, compared with the health, the well-being of your children, during the most impressionable period of their lives? Let it be a spot combining beauty of prospect and situation with perfect salubrity. Let it be such as to afford a spacious playground and shaded walks, where young and old may delight to ramble. Let every scholar have the privilege of planting a tree on the land. How will your posterity

bless you for your foresight in setting apart so large a lot at a time when land was cheap, and no public burden was entailed by the act! Build a school-house, sir, worthy of such a site — large, commodious, well-ventilated. The intelligent emigrant will say, as he looks on your tasteful and liberal provision for education, "Here will I pitch my tent — here, where my children can have the advantages of a good and healthy school — a school in which regard is had to the training of the body, as well as of the mind." And so, sir, you shall find that your real estate will rise in value, and that a judicious expenditure is in the end the best economy. I move, sir, that the ten-acre lot belonging to the town, on Walnut-street, be all appropriated to the site of the new school-house and its grounds. (*Applause, and cries of "Question!"*)

Mr. Easy. I second the motion.

Squire G. The first motion in order is, Shall the hog-pound be selected as the site for the new school-house? Those in favor of the motion will say *Ay*. ("Ay," from *SKINFLINT.*) Those opposed to the motion will say *No*. (*Loud and almost unanimous No.*) The *Noes* have it. Are you ready for the second question? (*Cries of "Question! Question!"*) Those in favor of taking the ten-acre lot for the new school-house will say *Ay*. (*Loud and almost unanimous Ay.*) Those opposed to the motion will say *No*. ("No," from *SKINFLINT.*) The *Ays* have it.

Jeff. I move that this meeting do now adjourn.

Squire G. It is moved and seconded that this meeting do now adjourn. Is this your pleasure?

(*A tumultuous "Ay," during which the meeting breaks up.*)

With eight or ten *dramatis personæ* (more will be better), this little sketch may be easily represented on a small school-room platform. There should be a table and chairs for the Chairman and Secretary; the rest might either sit or stand.

UNDERSTANDING without wealth is like feet without shoes: wealth without understanding is like shoes without feet.

The Leisure Hour.

THE ECHO.—This game consists of a story told by one of the players, interrupted by an echo from the others at the mention of certain agreed-on words. These words should be the names of different articles having reference to the subject of the story:

For instance, supposing **THE ADVENTURES OF A SOLDIER** to be fixed on, it will be advisable to select such terms as *soldier, regiment, cannon, furlough, and the names of various military accoutrements—knapsack, shell-jacket, forage-cap, bayonet, sword, uniform, cartridge-boz, musket, cross-belt, &c. &c.* Each player (with the exception of the story-teller) takes a name from the list. The story is commenced. When the narrator pronounces one of the words agreed on, the player to whom it has been allotted must echo it, subject to the following regulations:—if pronounced only once, he must repeat it twice; if pronounced twice, only once. A general word, such as *accoutrements*, should be reserved to express a number of objects together. When this is pronounced, all the players (except *soldier, furlough, and all whose names do not apply to any article forming part of a military outfit*) must repeat it at once,—subject to the rules of repetition (as to whether once or twice) already given.

Example.—THE CORPORAL'S FURLOUGH. Corporal Sabertash, a brave **SOLDIER**—**SOLDIER (soldier!)** in the 245th **REGIMENT**—(*regiment, regiment!*) having returned from the wars, was allowed a month's **FURLOUGH** (*furlough, furlough*). His heart bounded at the prospect of revisiting his native village, and pressing once more to his bosom the being of whom he had never ceased to think, even amidst the roar of the **CANNON**—**CANNON (cannon)**, and the clash of the **SWORD**—**SWORD (sword)**; he hastily equipped himself in his **UNIFORM** (*uniform, uniform*), polished up his **MUSKET** (*musket, musket*), and strapped on his **KNAPACK**—**KNAPACK (knapsack)**. “Hang your **SHELL-JACKET** (*shell-jacket, shell-jacket*) and **FORAGE-CAP**—**FORAGE-CAP (forage-cap)**,” said he. “I'll leave them behind me, and astonish them all by appearing before them in my **FULL ACCOUTREMENTS** (*accoutrements, accoutrements*).”*

He marched on for a few miles, when he made a halt. “No hurry,” said he, “now. I'm not with the **REGIMENT** (*regiment, regiment*). I shall rest little.” So he unstrapped his **KNAPACK**—**KNAPACK (knapsack)**, got rid of the most cumbersome of his **ACCOUITEMENTS** (*accoutrements, accoutrements*), and composed himself to a nap under a shady oak.

He was roused by the most piercing cries. With the instinct of a **SOLDIER** (*soldier, soldier*), he seized his **MUSKET** (*musket, musket*), and marched to the spot whence the cries proceeded, with the speed of a **CANNON**—**CANNON (cannon)**—ball. Judge of his horror, when he beheld a young and lovely female, struggling with four masked ruffians, each with a drawn **SWORD** (*sword, sword*). They were endeavoring to drag her to a carriage, which stood at a little distance.

* Spoken by all together, with the exceptions already mentioned.

Our brave **SOLDIER** (*soldier, soldier*), seeing their intention, attacked them with the butt-end of his **MUSKET**—**MUSKET (musket)**. Two of the ruffians fell. A desperate struggle ensued between our hero and the remaining two. Unfortunately, having left his **BAYONET** (*bayonet, bayonet*) under the tree, his **MUSKET**—**MUSKET (musket)** was of little service to him at close quarters. He, however, seized a **sword** (*sword, sword*) from one of the prostrate villains, and defended himself manfully. One fell bleeding to the earth, his skull cleft in twain. The fourth escaped. Our hero was about to pursue him, when the lady called on him to stay.

“For Heaven's sake, sir,” she said, “incur no more risk on my account. The recollection of his villainy will be sufficient punishment for him.”

“That voice!” exclaimed our **SOLDIER** (*soldier, soldier*); “can it be possible?”

The maiden started, looked in his face, and, with a loud scream, fell fainting in his arms. It was Margaret, the object of his early love!

“And who, dearest,” inquired our **SOLDIER**—**SOLDIER (soldier)**, after the first rapturous greetings were over, “were the ruffians from whom I rescued you—thanks to this good **sword** (*sword, sword*)?”

“The three who lie there I know not,” answered Margaret. “But the one who has escaped, and who was their leader, I recognized in spite of his mask. He has long annoyed me with his persecuting addresses, but I refused to become his bride. Could I forget my own true **SOLDIER**—**SOLDIER (soldier)?**”

“His name—his rank?” inquired our hero impetuously.

“His exact rank I know not, but he is, like yourself, a **SOLDIER** (*soldier, soldier*), though in a far higher station.”

“His name?” repeated the corporal, clutching his **MUSKET**—**MUSKET (musket)** fiercely.

“Sir Reginald Mandeville!”

With a wild cry of despair our hero fell prostrate on the greensward.

It was the name of the commanding officer of his **REGIMENT** (*regiment, regiment*)!

* * * * *

Our ill-fated hero was tried by a court-martial for assaulting his commanding officer, and was condemned to an ignominious death. The gallant **SOLDIER** (*soldier, soldier*), who had so often faced the **CANNON**—**CANNON (cannon)** of the enemy, fell pierced by the **MUSKET** (*musket, musket*) shots of his comrades. The whole **REGIMENT**—**REGIMENT (regiment)** attended his funeral. His **ACCOUITEMENTS** (*accoutrements, accoutrements*) were buried with him.

And poor Margaret! a weapon surer than the **MUSKET** (*musket, musket*), keener than the **SWORD** (*sword, sword*), and more deadly than the **BAYONET**—**BAYONET (bayonet)**, Despair, pierced her gentle bosom. She died of a broken heart, crushed by the tragic events that marked the untimely close of the corporal's **FURLOUGH** (*furlough, furlough*).

This touching history will serve as a model for an infinity of others. The object of the narrator should be to impart so much interest to his story as to make his hearers forget to give the echo at the proper time, or not the right number of times

—for either of which deviations from the rule, forfeits must be rigidly exacted.

PROVERBS.—One of the party is sent out of the room: the rest busying themselves with thinking of a proverb, a poetical quotation, or any known sentence—to be discovered by him on his return.

To effect this, he is entitled to ask questions from the company all round, beginning with the person on his left. The question may be whatever he pleases, but the answer from the first person must contain the first word of the proverb; from the second, the second; and so on, each player taking a word in succession, going round the company as many times as may be necessary, till the proverb is completed.

The great skill of the game is to contrive the answers so that the fatal word may not be conspicuous.

Example.—The proverb chosen is, “*A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.*”

QUESTION, No. 1. What do you think of the weather?

ANSWER. I think it will be A fine day tomorrow.

Q. No. 2. Hum! What do you think—do you think we shall have rain?

A. I have no corns. I am neither a peacock, nor a barometer; nor any BIRD, beast, or mathematical instrument, to indicate the weather.

Q. No. 3. What is your opinion of the domestic policy of the Peruvians?

A. I think they behaved very well IN the matter of the Lobos Islands.

Q. No. 4. What is the difference between fish alive and live fish?

A. THE difference there is between a cow and an oyster-knife.

Q. No. 5. What is the opinion of Pythagoras respecting wild-fowl?

A. I have not a copy of Shakspeare at HAND at present.

Q. No. 6. Do you think there is any prospect of a war between Jerusalem and Madagascar?

A. I am inclined to think there IS.

Q. No. 7. If a herring and a half cost three half-pence, what is the price of worsted stockings in the height of the season?

A. The question is not WORTH answering.

Q. No. 8. Do you think I shall solve this difficult problem?

A. Probably in the year nineteen hundred and fifty-TWO.

Q. No. 9. Come, you'll help me to find it out, won't you?

A. Not if it's IN my power to avoid so doing.

Q. No. 10. Do you feel inclined to work me a pair of braces?

A. Not in THE least, I assure you; you don't deserve it.

Q. No. 11. Can't you do any thing to assist me in my experiments?

A. I am not to be caught with salt. I know how many beans make five. I object to beating about the BUSH; and you may catch a weasel asleep, if you have the power.

The player may make his answer as long as he likes, but must be able to repeat it word for

word, if called upon to do so. In the example we have given, the word *bush* (however artfully overlaid) would probably lead to detection, from the rarity of its occurrence in ordinary conversation, and the well-known character of the proverb. It is therefore advisable to select proverbs or quotations composed of the most ordinary phrases. The guesser may be allowed some time for deliberation; but, if compelled to give it up finally, must leave the room again and try another.

THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.—The individual to whom the company think proper to grant a Physician's Diploma, at once—with a degree of good fortune which is rare in the early stages of his arduous profession—drops into an excellent practice. By a calamitous coincidence, all the company are taken ill at once, and he is sent for to prescribe for them. He visits each patient in succession, beginning with the one next to him, going through the usual legerdemain of feeling the pulse, punching the ribs, looking at the tongue, auscultation, and asking questions as to the various complaints; the origin of which he ascribes to the most ridiculous causes—such as *inflammation of the temper, overeating, love, catching cold through leaving off shirts, &c.* The complaint itself he must pronounce to be something with an impossible crack-jaw name, genuine or manufactured, such as *Antiphlogistic Elephantiasis, Peripneumonia of the lumbar vertebrae, &c.*, and prescribe a number of medicines equally difficult of pronunciation—taking a careful note of each prescription.

When he has seen and prescribed for all his patients, he calls upon one of the players to tell him what is the matter with such or such a patient (naming any one he pleases), and what he would recommend as a remedy. The person thus called upon is compelled to repeat, word for word, the name already given, by the Doctor, to the patient's complaint, and the exact drugs prescribed. Few students will be found to “pass” this severe examination—almost as much pains having been taken to bewilder them, by hard words and unmeaning mystifications, as would be resorted to on a similar occasion by a veritable board of examiners. The “plucked” ones of course pay forfeits.

E In reply to many inquiries in respect to the *clubbing terms* for the SCHOOL MONTHLY, we refer readers to the third page of the cover. Agents, teachers, postmasters, &c., who may be disposed to aid in the circulation of the work, by getting subscribers, will hear of very liberal inducements by addressing the publisher. School-boys, who may wish to take the work at light expense, can do this by getting up clubs of five or more. In some cases where boys wish to have the reading of the work, and are willing to share the ownership with others, ten of them, by contributing ten cents severally, can make up a year's subscription. At the end of the year they can bind the work and place it in the school library, with the names of the donors. One copy, at least, of the SCHOOL MONTHLY, ought to be taken in every school in the country in which reading, declamation, and grammar, are taught. A little effort and management, on the part of teachers and pupils, would accomplish this at an expense so trifling as to be hardly felt by the poorest.

SARGENT'S SCHOOL MONTHLY.

NO. VI.—JUNE, 1858.—VOL. I.



TOO INDULGENT BY HALF.

BY A LADY.

I HAD been frequently invited by my old school-friend, Mrs. Curtis, to pay her a visit; and on one of the balmyest days of May I went to fulfill my promise. It was a large and rather old-fashioned house in which my friend lived. I pulled the heavy

hall-door bell, and its loud peal brought a smiling damsel to the entrance. Peeping from behind her skirt was a light-haired, blue-eyed little urchin, with rather a dirty face, and a still dirtier pinafore. I spoke pleasantly to him, and then stepped into the hall.

The housemaid ushered me into a large

dining-room, in which Mrs. Curtis was sitting on a low chair, with a little work-table before her, very busily engaged in making a white frock ; a fine fat baby was crawling on the carpet, and stretching out its chubby arm to reach a rattle. Mrs. Curtis jumped up when I entered, and hastily exclaimed, " My dear Miss Penrose, I had no idea it was you ! Why, it must be later than I thought. I 've been so busy trying to finish this frock, that the time slipped by ; but do come up stairs and take off your things," she added, catching up the baby. " O ! Dicky, Dicky, what a dirty pinafore, — and clean on this afternoon, too ! Where have you been ? Come with mamma, and have your face washed."

I felt a little uncomfortable. I feared I had come before I was expected : but little Mrs. Curtis seemed to take every thing so easily, and appeared withal so very glad to see me, that I was fain to take all in good part, and with a smiling face followed my hostess.

" There 's Fanny," said Mrs. Curtis, as a pretty little girl, with a head of curly hair, darted across the landing. " Come here, darling, and speak to Miss Penrose." Fanny put her finger in her mouth, and, shyly coming forward, gave me her cheek to kiss.

" Have you been to Mary, love ? " asked Mrs. Curtis of her little daughter. — " Yes," said Fanny, pouting her lips. — " Then take Miss Penrose into the spare room, dear, and if you like you can stay with her till she 's ready to go down stairs, and then I can dress the baby."

Fanny hung down her head, but took my proffered hand, and led the way to the spare room. The bed was covered with children's clothes of every description — the baby's hat and feathers, Dicky's few velvet tunic, and coats and frocks without number. Fanny stood still at the window, looking into the garden, and now and then stealing a glance at me from under her long curls. She was a pretty child ; but I fancied she looked spoiled, and as if she had been accustomed to a great deal of notice.

When we left the bed-room the merry-looking housemaid was waiting at the top of the stairs to show me into the drawing-room. " I should think the children must be every thing here," thought I, as I noticed the quantity of costly toys, some of them sadly broken and defaced. " Every room in the house seems given up to them." In a few moments Mrs. Curtis came in with the baby dressed in a clean white frock, beautifully worked, and followed by Dicky, arrayed in his velvet tunic.

It was now next to impossible to carry on any thing like conversation ; for, in the first place, the children were continually getting into mischief, and had to be alternately coaxed, reproved, and threatened ; and in the next place, Mrs. Curtis seemed to have no ideas but what were in some way or other connected with her maternal relationship. She was evidently wrapped up in her children, to the exclusion of every thing else.

The husband now entered, who, after warmly shaking hands with me, sat down in his easy-chair, and complained of being very much fatigued. I expressed my sympathy, but Mrs. Curtis was too much taken up with adjusting the baby's frock to hear what her husband said. In the mean time Fanny and Dicky were quarreling about a Noah's ark, which both wanted to get possession of ; Mr. Curtis was trying to make me understand that a certain famous astronomer was about to deliver a set of lectures, but the contentions of the young disputants were so noisy that I could comprehend nothing. At last, Mr. Curtis, irritated and annoyed, exclaimed, " My dear, is n't it time for the children to go into the nursery ? "

" They 'll go soon, dear," said Mrs. Curtis, with unmoved equanimity. " Here 's Jane coming in with tea. Fanny, love, ring the bell for Mary." But Fanny was out of temper, and would not do as her mother desired. " Thank you, Miss Penrose," said Mrs. Curtis, as I rose from my seat. " O, Fanny, darling, that 's naughty ; you should do as mamma bids." Fanny

had heard this a hundred times before, but the admonition had never been enforced, and consequently had lost its effect.

When the bell was rung, Dicky (who knew what it was for) crept under the table, and there was a long struggle and a loud cry before Mary could drag him out and carry him up stairs. "May n't I stay down and have tea here?" whispered Fanny to her mother, when Dicky had left the room. Mrs. Curtis urged a faint remonstrance, but it was overruled by her persevering little daughter, who gained her point, and Jane was directed to bring the high chair, and place Miss Fanny upon it. Mr. Curtis, who foresaw the consequences, did not look pleased with this arrangement. He wanted a little quiet talk with me; but this was now out of the question, for Miss Fanny kept her tongue in active motion, in spite of her mother's constant remonstrances — "Don't talk so much Fanny, love; see, you interrupt your father; sit still, darling, and try to be quiet; what do you want, dear? a bit of cake? yes," etc. etc.

Children are delightful in their place, and a charming source of pleasure and interest; but they are certainly not in their place when their wild, unrestrained spirits and untutored manners disturb a circle of well-bred visitors, too polite to exhibit any signs of annoyance even at the wildest outbreaks.

I had hoped that when tea was over and the table was cleared, Fanny would be dispatched to the nursery; but I was mistaken. Mrs. Curtis liked her children to have the full benefit of a visitor's praises and admiration, and accordingly Dicky and the baby both made their appearance again, and the next hour was a scene of mischief and rudeness among the children, foolish indulgence on the part of the mother, and undisguised vexation on the part of Mr. Curtis. At last the riot became unbearable, and even Mrs. Curtis herself despaired of restoring any thing like order. The children were therefore coaxed up to bed by the promise of "something nice" in the nursery, the mother accompanying them.

While she was absent the carriage came to the door for me, and in ten minutes I was on my way home. "Poor Mrs. Curtis!" thought I to myself; "no one can doubt her devotion to her children, and her anxiety to make them happy; but surely she must be mistaken in her management, or they could never have become so rude and ill-behaved. And Mr. Curtis, too,— how uncomfortable his home must be! He must feel himself quite neglected sometimes; and, fond as he is of intelligent society, must be afraid to ask his friends to see him, lest his own children should worry and disturb them."

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

BY CAROLINA OLIPHANT.*

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I!
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Why should we stay?

Where are those dear ones now,
Once our delight?
Dear and more dear, although
Hidden from sight!
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly, time, fly speedily—
Come, life and light!

A PERSON who was recently called in court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was *out of danger*." — "No," replied the witness, "I considered the patient *in danger* as long as the doctor continued his visits."

* Written in her seventy-sixth year.



THE REINDEER.

The reindeer is a native of the polar regions; another of the many forcible examples of the inseparable connection of animals with the wants of human society, and of the goodness of God in providing for his creatures. The reindeer has been domesticated by the Laplanders from the earliest ages, and has alone rendered the dreary regions in which this portion of mankind abides at all supportable. The civilization of those extreme northern regions entirely depends upon the reindeer. A traveler going from Norway to Sweden may proceed with ease and safety even beyond the polar circle; but when he enters Finmark he can not stir without the reindeer. The reindeer alone connects two extremities of the kingdom, and causes knowledge and civilization to be extended over countries which, during a great part of the year, are cut off from all communication with the other portions of mankind.

As camels are the chief possession of an Arab, so the reindeer comprise all the wealth of a Laplander. The number of deer belonging to a herd is ordinarily from three hundred to five hundred; with these a Laplander can do well, and live in tolerable comfort. He can make in summer a sufficient quantity of cheese for the year's consumption; and during the winter season can afford to kill deer enough to supply him and his family pretty constantly with

venison. With two hundred deer, a man, if his family is small, can manage to get on. If he has but one hundred, his subsistence is very precarious, as he can not rely entirely upon them for support. Should he have but fifty, he is no longer independent, nor able to keep a separate establishment.

As the winter approaches, the coat of the reindeer begins to thicken in the most remarkable manner, and assumes that color which is the great peculiarity of polar quadrupeds. During the summer, this animal pastures upon green herbage, and browses upon the shrubs which he finds in his march; but in winter his sole food is the lichen * or moss, which he instinctively discovers under the snow.

Harnessed to a sledge, the reindeer will draw about three hundred pounds, though the Laplanders generally limit their burdens to two hundred and forty pounds. The trot of the reindeer is about ten miles an hour, and their power of endurance is such, that journeys of one hundred and fifty miles in nineteen hours are not uncommon. There is a portrait of a reindeer in one of the palaces of Sweden, which is said to have drawn, upon an occasion of emergency, an officer, with important dispatches, the incredible distance of eight hundred English miles in forty-eight hours.

Pictet, a French astronomer, who visited the northern parts of Lapland in 1769, for the purpose of observing the transit † of Venus, started three reindeer in light sledges for a short distance, which he actually measured, in order to know their speed, and the following was the result: The first deer performed three thousand and eighty-nine feet in two minutes, being at the rate of nearly nineteen English miles in an hour; the second did the same in three minutes, and the third in three minutes and

* Pronounced *l'ken* or *lick'en*. The word is derived from the Greek.

† In astronomy, a *transit* is the passing of any planet just by or under any other planet or fixed star.

twenty-six seconds : the ground chosen for the race was nearly level.

The reindeer requires considerable training to prepare him for sledge traveling, and he always demands an experienced driver. Sometimes, when the animal is ill broken, and the driver inexpert, the deer turns round and rids himself of his burden by the most furious assaults ; but such instances of resistance are exceptions. He is ordinarily so docile that he scarcely needs any direction, and so persevering that he toils on, hour after hour, without any refreshment, except a mouthful of snow, which he hastily snatches. To the Laplanders this animal is a substitute for the horse, the cow, the sheep, and the goat : the milk affords them cheese ; the flesh, food ; the skin, clothing ; the horns, glue ; the bones, spoons ; the tendons, bow-strings, and when split, thread. A rich Laplander has sometimes more than a thousand reindeer.

For Declamation or Reading.

THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.*

(APRIL 19, 1775.)

HEN day came, it came in all the beauty of an early spring. The trees were budding ; the grass growing rankly a full month before the season ; the blue-bird and the robin gladdening the genial time, and calling forth the beams of the sun, which on that morning shone with the warmth of summer ; but distress and horror gathered over the inhabitants of the peaceful town. There, on the green, lay in death the gray-haired and the young ; the grassy field was red "with the innocent blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

Seven of the men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded — a quarter part of those who stood in arms on the green. These are the village heroes, who were

* From the new volume of the History of the United States, by the Hon. George Bancroft.

more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. Their names are had in grateful remembrance, and the expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise, from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from the accidental impulse of the moment ; their action was the slowly-ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

The light that led them on was combined of rays from the whole history of the race : from the traditions of the Hebrews in the gray of the world's morning ; from the heroes and sages of republican Greece and Rome ; from the example of Him who laid down his life on the cross for the life of humanity ; from the religious creed which proclaimed the divine presence in man, and on this truth as in a life-boat floated the liberties of nations over the dark flood of the middle ages ; from the customs of the Germans, transmitted out of their forests to the councils of Saxon England ; from the burning faith and courage of Martin Luther ; from trust in the inevitable universality of God's sovereignty, as taught by Paul of Tarsus and Augustine, through Calvin and the divines of New England ; from the avenging fierceness of the Puritans, who dashed down the mitre on the ruins of the throne ; from the bold dissent and creative self-assertion of the earliest emigrants to Massachusetts ; from the statesmen who made and the philosophers who expounded the revolution of England ; from the liberal spirit and analyzing inquisitiveness of the eighteenth century ; from the cloud of witnesses of all the ages to the reality and the rightfulness of human freedom. All the centuries bowed themselves from the recesses of a past eternity, to cheer in their sacrifice the lowly men who proved themselves worthy of their forerunners, and whose children rise up and call them blessed.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed, "O, what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw that his country's independence was rapidly hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm did but bear him the more swiftly toward the undiscovered world.



EARLY TENDENCIES.

THE faculties of young children resemble a troop of raw recruits in the field of battle, who have not yet learned to comprehend their relative positions, or to obey instinctively the commands of their officers. Each is full of his own activity and ardor, but the strength and well-directed force resulting from united exertion is wanting; the consequence is irregularity of action, and rapid defeat. A simple but beautiful little anecdote, in illustration of this point, occurs to me, which, while it serves to prove the truth of the remark, will show how easily judicious treatment can overcome the irregular activity of certain faculties, necessary in themselves, and highly useful when under the control of the superior sentiments.

The mother herself related the fact to me, as follows: One day, happening to leave some change on the table, near which her little girl, four years old, was playing, on returning to the room she missed the money. It immediately occurred to her

that the child had taken it up to play with, and accordingly she asked her where the money was. The child denied that she had touched it, but in a manner that betrayed some uneasiness. The lady, however, took no notice of this, and rang for the servant, who said she had not been in the room since her mistress left it. The mother, now feeling certain that her daughter had the money, and seeing something folded in her apron, requested her, in a gentle manner, to show her what she had there. The child turned away, saying she had been picking some stones up in the garden.

How did the mother act? She wisely led the little girl into an adjoining room, where they might be quite alone, and then firmly but quietly unfolded the tightly-clasped hands, and discovered the money. How difficult, in such a not uncommon case, to act wisely! namely, to prove to the child the greatness of the fault, and yet avoid the appearance of severity. The mother thus touchingly surmounted the trial: instead of betraying anger, instead of upbraiding or inflicting punishment, she sank into a chair and burst into tears. The child, instantly overcome by this direct appeal to her feelings of attachment and her highest sentiments, rushed broken-hearted into her mother's arms, and hid her tears of shame and repentance in her bosom. The impression thus made has never been effaced, and the child is for ever rescued from a tendency which, however slight in the first instance, might, if often repeated, have become a direct habit.

RULES FOR HOME EDUCATION.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say.
3. Never promise them any thing unless

you are quite sure you can give them what you promise.

4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it is done.

5. Always correct your children for *wilfully* disobeying you, but never punish them in anger.

6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you, or make you lose your self-command.

7. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.

8. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment, should the fault be renewed.

9. Never give your children any thing because they cry for it.

10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden under the like circumstances at another.

11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.

12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.

13. Never allow of tale-bearing.

14. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and the sure method of securing happiness.

15. Guard them against the indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

If these simple rules were reduced to daily practice by parents and guardians, how much misery would be prevented, how many in danger of ruin would be saved, and how largely would the happiness of a thousand domestic circles be augmented!

all the faculties of his mind, the one which is developed at the earliest period, the most easily affected, and consequently swayed by good or evil influences.

During youth, therefore, the age of faith, when the wild and wondrous, the terrible, as well as all that is brightly fair, of the seen or the unseen world, is simply and at once believed, it is most important that the food of the mind should be both pure and invigorating.

And this influence upon the mind of youth is not a mere passing one; it will continue scarcely less powerful when that mind has attained the vigor of manhood, and become familiar with the realities of the world. Too often, indeed, the cold, calculating spirit engendered by too exclusive a devotion to the accumulation of wealth will partly sear and harden in the mind what was once soft, genial, and "apt of belief;" giving to every thing but its bare market value; and thus faith will waver, and love for the unseen grow dead, or altogether cease.

But still, where the imagination has in early life been rightly and not unduly affected by poetry, its influence will be more or less felt *for good*, even through years of mere worldly, selfish life, and contend nobly for what is pure and worthy of belief.

All young persons learn to repeat poetry with much greater ease than prose; and a single verse of a simple ballad, once committed to memory, may lie dormant in the mind for years, and yet at length awake and come back with all its original freshness upon the imagination. A single strain only may at first recur; but gentle thoughts and associations will one by one steal in, and the partial, the casual, or forgotten acquaintance will be renewed, and the poem of early years will be, as it were, the poet's hand of welcome and friendly greeting.

Probably, among all the lessons in which children are drilled, there are none which lodge so firmly in the memory as the forms of language which they acquire in reading poetry. How important, then, that our

POETRY FOR THE YOUNG.

In all real education the cultivation of the imagination forms a most important, if not an essential part; and this cultivation is more readily carried on by a gradual introduction to poetry than by any other means. The imagination of a child is, of

reading-books should be purged of all poor, feeble, and inferior verse; of every line that is in bad taste, worthless, and unmeaning. We have been surprised at the defects in most of the reading-books in use, in this respect. The most insipid doggrel is often inserted, to the exclusion of what is elevating and ennobling. Teachers and examiners can not be too particular in exacting a high literary standard in poetry, since the highest is consistent with the most perfect simplicity.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

Continued from page 132.

XXXVI.

"He was obliged to *fly* his country." Say *flee* his country. The mistake is a common one.

XXXVII.

"With all your *getting*, get wisdom." Carefully avoid saying *git* for *get*, *yit* for *yet*, and *gitting* for *getting*. An opposite fault is often committed in the pronunciation of such words as *rinse*, *since*, in which blunderers convert the sound of short *i* into that of short *e*.

XXXVIII.

"He does nothing for her *main'tenance*." Put the accent on the first syllable, and never say or write *maintain'ance*, unless you would be set down by the critical as an ignoramus.

XXXIX.

"It *eventuated* in his leaving the country." Shun this word. It is an Americanism, and rarely, if ever, used by writers of pure English.

XL.

"Received this day of Mr. Brown twenty dollars on account." Say, "Received this day *from*," &c.

XLI.

Aint and *haint* are often used by persons who ought to know better. We hear the expression "he *aint*," for "he is n't,"

"they *aint*," for "they are n't" (are rhyming with *far*); "we *haint* seen him," for "we *have n't* seen him," &c.

XLII.

"Numbers were *massacred*." Pronounce *massacred* with the accent on *mas*, and *red* like *erd*; as if the word were *mas'sa-ker'd*. Never say *massacred* or *mas'sa-cree*, as some persons do, less, perhaps, from ignorance than from having been erroneously taught when young. So difficult is it to get rid of habits of speech that we take up in early youth!

XLIII.

"The affair was *compromised*." Pronounce *com'promised* in three syllables, and place the accent on *com*, sounding *mised* like *prized*. The word has nothing to do with *promised*, as some persons seem to imagine. The noun *com'promise* is accented like the verb, but we distinguish the noun by giving the *s* in the last syllable its hissing sound, like the *c* in *mice*.

XLIV.

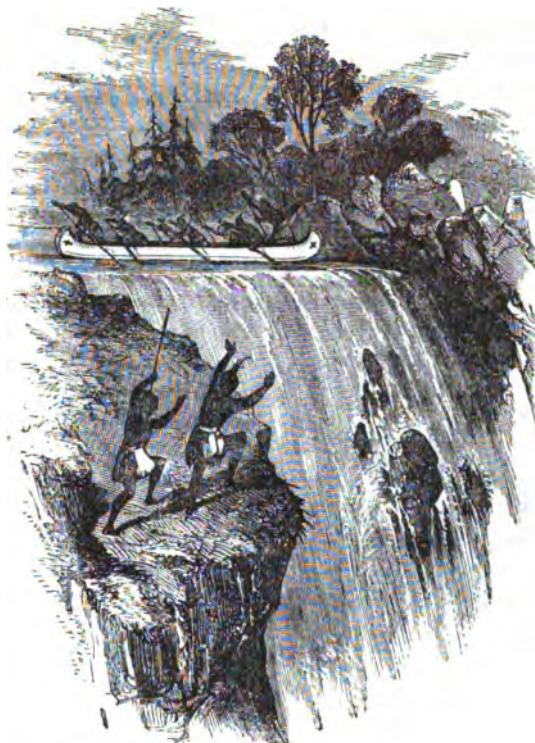
"John and Henry both read well; but John is the *best* reader." Say, "the *better* reader," as *best* can only be properly used when three or more persons or objects are compared. "Which is the *best* of the two?" Say *better*. This error is a very common one.

XLV.

"You are very *mischievous*." Pronounce *mischievous* with the accent on *mis*, and not on *chie*.

XLVI.

I heard a very pretty young lady remark, the other day, that "there had been a *tremendous* freshet" in her part of the country. She did not seem to me half so pretty after this. Put no superfluous sound of *i* or *y* in the last syllable of *tremendous*. The same young lady remarked that she had "looked through a *colyume* of advertisements," that morning. *Column* does not rhyme with *volume*. The *u* in the former word is short, as if it were spelled *kol'lum*.



A PERILOUS ESCAPE.

It is related by Captain Back that, not many years ago, a canoe was pursuing its way quietly down one of the streams which flow into Hudson's Bay. It was approaching one of the many portages with which these streams abound, and the bowman and the steersman were standing erect at stem and stern, casting quick glances ahead and on either side, as they neared the waterfall which obstructed their passage.

The approach to the landing-place was somewhat difficult, owing to a point of rocks which projected into the stream, in the direction of the fall, and round which it was necessary to steer with some dexterity, in order to avoid being drawn into the strong current. The fearless guides, however, had often passed the place in former years in safety, and accordingly dashed at the point with reckless indifference, their paddles flinging a circle of spray over their heads, as they changed them from

side to side, with graceful but vigorous rapidity.

The swift stream carried them quickly round the point of danger, and they had almost reached the quiet eddy near the landing-place, when the stem of the canoe was caught by the stream, which in an instant whirled them out from the shore, and carried them downward with fearful rapidity. Another moment, and the gushing waters dragged them, despite their most frantic efforts, to the verge of the waterfall, which thundered and foamed among frightful chalets and rocks many feet below.

The stem of the canoe overhung the abyss, and now the voyageurs plied their paddles with the desperation of men who felt that their lives depended on the exertions of that terrible minute. For a second or two the canoe remained stationary, and seemed to tremble on the brink of destruction; and then, inch by inch, it began slowly to ascend the stream. The danger was past!

A few more nervous strokes, and the trembling bark shot like an arrow out of the current, and floated in safety on the still water under the point.

The whole thing, from beginning to end, was the work of a few seconds; yet who can describe or comprehend the tumultuous gush of feelings created, during these short seconds, in the bosoms of the careless voyageurs? The sudden, electric change from tranquil safety to the verge of almost certain destruction—and then—deliverance!



NAOMI ; OR, THE CREDULOUS CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

ONCE upon a time, in an old city in France, at the end of an old street, in an old house quite black with age, there lived a disagreeable old lady, who had the care of a very little granddaughter. This poor child was very much afraid of her grandmother, who was not at all a nice person, for every one ran away from her because of her ill-temper. She was not one of those grandmothers, like the grandmothers of our day, who often, indeed, spoil their grandchildren, and who take them out for nice walks, and give them sweetmeats, and buy them toys;—O, no! this one was always cross, and lived in a gloomy room with one old servant even more disagreeable than herself; and, to make matters worse, so sadly deaf, she could not even hear the thunder roar.

The constant sight of those two suffering women, of that lonely house, that ancient furniture, those old-fashioned dresses, had made Na'omi so very timid, she scarcely dared to breathe. The lovely verdure of the country had never charmed her eyes, and hardly did she know the sky was blue;

for, the old lady's sight being very weak, she would not let the windows of her room be opened. The sun made her sad, she said, because she could no longer see it without pain.

Naomi did not remember to have seen any thing in her infancy which had given her pleasure; no little red shoes when she was at nurse; and now she was six years old, no pretty pink dress, which little girls are so fond of, and in which they generally look so nice. Instead of this, they had muffed her up in a little old figured damask, that had been worn by all the grandmothers of the family for two hundred years, at least, and only some pieces of which were now remaining. You may imagine the poor little thing looked frightful in such a dress.

As to playthings, Naomi did not even know what they meant. But she had learnt to read, and as soon as she could read with ease she did not feel inclined to do any thing else. As long as it was daylight, she read; and as soon as the lamp was lighted, she read again. She did not always understand what she did read;—how could she? She had seen so little! And yet it was a great delight to her to find that there were other objects in the world besides that wretched house, those two grumbling old women, and those ugly old things which were constantly round her. Her childish fancy, having nothing to direct it, was constantly going wrong. It is a terrible thing, that quantity of false ideas which may spring up in the mind of a child who has seen nothing, but whose thoughts are busy.

Naomi's father had gone to the wars: this was the reason why, having lost his wife, and being unable to bring up his daughter himself, he had intrusted her to her grandmother; and this was the reason, too, why Naomi was so unhappy.

One day, for the first time in her life, she found herself alone in a garden. At first the brilliant sunshine dazzled her, but afterward became delightful. She felt such joy, such intense joy, it made her heart

beat quickly. And then she jumped, she skipped, she ran ; she did not know, indeed, exactly what she did, every thing about her seemed so lovely, and the sky appeared so very, very high.

At some little distance from her, basking in the sun, lay a good-tempered dog, that wagged his tail whenever Naomi came near him. She at length perceived him, and turned pale with fright : she took him for a wolf ; but he was neither more nor less than a spaniel. She soon, however, reassured herself with the thought that wolves were only found in forests, and came very rarely into towns.

The big dog was, moreover, so inclined to play with the string of her shoe, and appeared altogether to have so little ferocity about him, that Naomi ventured to open a little conversation with him, but without knowing precisely who or what he was.

Now, you must know that, as nobody had taken the trouble to explain to Naomi all that she read, many fictitious things had entered confusedly into her brain, and there fixed themselves as realities. Ogres who devour children, rats that invite one another to dinner, dogs and wolves that talk about their private affairs, pumpkins which change into carriages, bears that walk in gardens, boots which stretch seven leagues at a step, and a thousand other marvels of the kind, which she found in her story-books, all entered her belief without obstacle and without question.

"Who are you ? What's your name ?" said Naomi to the dog. The dog, flattered at being noticed, stood on his hind legs, looked her in the face, and replied to her polite inquiry in his usual way, and which may be expressed somewhat thus : "Wapp, wapp!" — "Wapp!" repeated the little girl ; "O, that's not a pretty name ; mine, now, is Naomi." The dog appeared to have nothing to say against her name, so the little girl changed the conversation.

"Will you come with me?" she said. The dog, seeing her run, now followed her. She ran about the garden for some time ; but, as the dog at last took to biting her

frock (that ugly frock, it really well deserved it!), Naomi got frightened ; so she stopped. The dog, then, seeing she was tired of play, walked gently off, and, raking up a bone of his acquaintance he had left since morning on the grass, sat himself down to gnaw it at his ease, without paying any more attention to Naomi. She, however, felt inclined to continue the dialogue.

"Will you come with me into the house?" she then inquired. The dog did not even look at her ; and Naomi, growing impatient, raised her voice. "Will you come in with me? Now tell me, yes or no!" The dog never once changed his posture. Naomi, much angered, and already spoiled by liberty, was resolved to punish what she thought his sulkiness. "Ah, you'll not speak, eh?" she cried ; "but I will force you pretty soon." And then she seized on a stick she found upon the path, and with all her strength began to beat the dog upon the back, who was far from understanding what was meant.

A servant, who was spreading some clothes to dry at no great distance, ran to the help of the poor beast. "I say, young lady," she cried out, "what are you hitting our dog for?" — "Because he will not answer me," said Naomi, in a rage. — "Answer you!" repeated the woman, with a burst of laughter. "Why, how stupid the child is ! She thinks that dogs can talk !" Naomi, seeing she was laughed at, walked off in a pet.

CHAPTER II.

At length, Naomi's father returned from the wars, and she traveled about with him for some time. She was then sent to a boarding-school, and as her credulity was every where laughed at, she soon fell into the opposite error. She began to doubt every thing, even the most positive truths. Her schoolmates now amused themselves with this fresh defect.

"If you plant this cherry-stone," one of them would say to her, "a tree will spring up in its place ;" or, "If you shut this grub up in a box, by and by it will turn into a

pretty butterfly." At this, Naomi would toss her head, and reply, knowingly, "Ah, you are trying to catch me; but don't think I shall believe such falsehoods now!"

If a grown-up person said to her, "When you are as big as I am, you will do so and so,"—"I as big as you!" she would answer; "O, no! I know very well I shall always be little: how can I ever grow bigger?"

One day, some bricklayers had come to repair the garden-wall, and had dug a hole which they filled with lime. "Be very careful, miss," they said to Naomi, who was watering some flowers close by, "not to throw any water on this lime, for you may burn yourself."—"But this is cold water," she replied, laughing; "how can I burn myself with cold water?" Quite persuaded that they were making a joke of her credulity, she gave the lime a good share of the contents of her watering-pot, and then began playing with the pieces. But she soon was heard to utter frightful cries, for she had burnt herself severely.

A short time afterward, her father took her with him to Normandy, to an old mansion standing near the sea, which had just been left him by the will of a deceased relative. Naomi, who had heard of this relation, who was an uncle, and recently dead, asked what was meant by dying. A little boy who stood near when the question was put replied, "Why, look here, it is to be like this mouse I have just killed; it's no good, my shaking him; he will not move again."

The same evening, Naomi came crying to her father, and through her tears exclaimed, "It is dead! it is dead!"—"What is dead?" he inquired, somewhat alarmed.—"My watch," said Naomi. For her watch had stopped ticking.

CHAPTER III.

It is a sad truth, my children, to teach you; but it is certain that the only cures for our faults are the sorrows which spring from them. The heart alone corrects the head: we must suffer bitterly for our errors

before we learn to know and then correct them: this the story of Naomi will show you.

Her imagination misled by ill-directed reading, her mind, which no one had guided during its early beliefs, after having given credence to impossible marvels, had come at last to consider in the light of fable what was told her of the prodigies of nature.

Her father almost daily warned her not to go playing on the sands by the sea at the hour when the tide came in. "You don't know how to swim," he said; "so, if you fell into the water, what would become of you?"—"I should become a fish," she replied, quite calmly. Her father smiled at the answer, but was not the less anxious.

One day that he was from home, Naomi set off to find a little boy who was her usual playfellow. "I saw such pretty shells on the sand, yesterday!" she said to him; "get a basket, and come with me to look for them." They both ran down to the beach, where they remained playing for about an hour; and the basket was soon filled with shells.

"Let us go back now," said the little boy; "it is very late, and the tide is coming in."—"How tiresome you are, with your tide!" cried Naomi, in a pet. "What do you mean by the tide?"

"Why, you see, it's the moment when the sea, which is down there, comes right up here. It rises and rises upon the sand, till it reaches that rock; so that if any one should stop there he would be drowned. But after that, next morning, the sea goes away again, and goes down and down until it gets to where it is now; and every day it's the same thing."

Naomi laughed heartily at this explanation. "And do you believe all those silly things?" she asked.—"I believe that, for nothing is more true."—"Have you ever seen it?"—"No, but my mother told me so; and she always tells me not to come down here when the tide is coming in."

"Ah! she tells you that to prevent your coming on to the beach, and tumbling into

the water : just as they tell me that Old Bogey runs away with little girls who walk in the garden after dark, because my nurse does n't want me to go out, or is afraid I shall catch cold. Those silly tales are invented for very little children ; but that is no reason why we should believe them."

" But the tide is well known to every body." — " And is n't Old Bogey ? " — is n't he well known to every body ? And yet have you ever seen him ? There, get along ! — don't believe all those stories. If you only knew how I was laughed at when I was little ! For I believed all sorts of nonsense. I was afraid of being devoured by ogres ; of being changed into a cat ; I was always alarmed, when I was in a rage, lest I should see toads and snakes come out of my mouth. I believed, too ——"

" O, just look !" interrupted the boy. Naomi, on her knees, and busy with her shells, had her back to the sea. " Let me alone !" she cried out ; " what a little coward you are ! I 'll not play with you any more." But as she spoke she turned round her head, for she had just heard behind a singular rushing noise. What was her terror on observing that the sea was within a few paces of her feet ! The basket she had filled with shells, and which she had left a little distance off, was already almost under water, while the waves came on and on, with frightful rapidity.

" Let us run !" exclaimed the boy ; " let us run ! You see now mother was right." The two children set off, running with all the speed of fear ; but their poor little steps could not go so fast as the sea, that dreadful enemy, which was following them so closely.

Their feet sank into the wet sand ; their clothes, as they got wetted by the water, began to weigh them down, and they could no longer move with ease. Exhausted with fatigue, Naomi slipped and fell ; the boy, who ran faster than she, and was already a good way before, seeing her thus, came back to help her. And when he had done so, instead of running on again, he stopped

to help her on. He would not forsake her in the midst of danger, and save himself, as he had yet time to do.

But soon all their efforts became useless. The waves rolled swiftly in ; it was no longer sand they were walking in, but water ; and the waves were so large that there was no resisting them. The children cried out together, " Help ! help ! " But nobody replied.

At last an old fisherman perceived them, and although it was a matter of some danger, he resolved to try to save them. He rushed toward them, leaping from rock to rock like a young man. He got up to Naomi just at the moment when, knocked over by the dashing water, she was losing her senses. He saved her first, because he remembered that her father had assisted him on several occasions.

When he had placed her in safety, he went back to fetch the boy. But, alas ! it was too late. The waves had rolled over him, and the poor child was drowned. Naomi was so unhappy to have been the cause of the death of this noble boy, — the boy who had sacrificed himself for her, — that her grief brought her to a bed of sickness, where she lay many months in danger.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

I 'VE watched you now a short half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower ;
And, little butterfly, indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed.
How motionless ! — not frozen seas
More motionless ! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard ground is ours ;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers ;
Here rest your wings when you are weary,
Here lodge as in a sanctuary !
Come often to us ; fear no wrong ;
Sit near us on the bough !
We 'll talk of sunshine and of song ;
And summer days, when we were young ;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

WORDSWORTH.

Original.
CURIOSITY.

CHARACTERS.—MRS. CHALLONER, JANE, LAURA,
BRIDGET.

TIME.—*The Protectorate of Cromwell.*

Enter JANE and LAURA, meeting.

Jane. Pray tell me, Laura, what is going on in this house.

Laura. What do you mean, my sister?

Jane. Something mysterious is going on — of that I am certain. Father and mother have a secret. Have you any idea what it is?

Laura. They have disclosed nothing to me. What has excited your suspicion?

Jane. There is some one shut up in the little oaken chamber.

Laura. What makes you think so?

Jane. I have heard footsteps there. Every night, when they think we are in bed and asleep, father and mother go cautiously to the mysterious chamber, and pass a whole hour conversing in whispers with some one.

Laura. And what if they do? Why should you try to spy into their actions?

Jane. I am curious to know what it is all about. Another strange circumstance is this: a quantity of food disappears every day — no one knows what becomes of it. The cream, buttered toast, roast chicken, broiled fish, and boiled eggs, that are made way with by some one, can not be reckoned. Whoever he is, he has a good appetite — I will say that for him.

Laura. Be sure, if our parents have a secret, they have good reasons for keeping it one; and we should do very wrong to attempt to pry into it.

Jane. Now, don't lecture me, my dear Miss Prude, for I have a confession to make: I listened at the door a full hour last night.

Laura. A listener? My sister a listener? A spy on her own father and mother?

Jane. O! I can see you have quite as much curiosity as I have, though you do not like to admit it.

Laura. There is a difference between having curiosity and indulging it. If I

think it my duty to keep it in check, I can do so.

Jane. Nonsense! Do you know what I suspect? There is a young man concealed in that oaken chamber!

Laura. A young man? What ground for the suspicion have you?

Jane. I kept watch at the keyhole till the current of air through it made my eye water, and then I set Bridget to peeping.

Laura. What imprudence! Have you really enlisted the chambermaid as a spy? You know not what mischief you may be preparing.

Jane. How so?

Laura. How so? Know you not these are dangerous times in England — times of plots and counter-plots, outbreaks and executions? Every day we hear of some new conspiracy for the overthrow of the Protector's government. It was but a week or two since, there was an insurrection of royalists at Salisbury. Some have been captured and shot; but others still wander at large, trying to conceal themselves.

Jane. Really, sister, I do not see what all this has to do with the subject.

Laura. Then you must be as heedless as you are inquisitive. Our mother's younger brothers are royalists. What if the young man you suppose to be concealed in the oaken chamber should prove to be our uncle Edwin, one of the most furious of the enemies of Cromwell?

Jane (alarmed). Sister, you do not believe there is any likelihood of that?

Laura. Frankly, I do. I more than suspect he was one of those implicated at Salisbury. If so, his life is in peril. What was Bridget's report?

Jane. Alas! She said she saw a young man sitting reading in the chamber. She could not see his face, but saw he was in a military dress.

Enter BRIDGET.

Bridget. O, miss! I have a clue to it all now. I happened to mention the thing to my cousin, who is one of Cromwell's men, and a sergeant in the army. He at once

said it must be a royalist concealed in the house.

Jane (covering her face with her hands). Ah! What have I done! Bridget, you have ruined us! How could you speak of it out of the house?

Bridy. Where's the harm, miss?

Laura. What if your cousin should report it to his superior officer? — what if he should send a party with a search-warrant to this house? — and what if the result should be the arrest and execution of a young and near relative of the family?

Bridy. Dear, dear, I never thought of that! If that cousin of mine dares lift a finger against any one in this house, I'll make him repent it — I will!

Enter MRS. CHALLONER.

Laura. Dear mother, you look as if something was the matter. What has happened?

Mrs. Challoner. A party of soldiers are here to search the house. The man who heads them is inquiring for Bridget.

Bridy. Did he give his name, ma'am?

Mrs. C. Yes, his name is Vose, and he is a sergeant.

Bridy. It's that cousin of mine! O, ma'am, tell me what to do, and if I don't wind that John Vose round my finger, then I'm not my mother's child.

Mrs. C. Bridget, save us, if you can. You remember my brother, Edwin Cecil?

Bridy. That I do, ma'am — the handsomest, the prettiest-spoken gentleman in all the county. He gave me a guinea once for just holding his horse.

Mrs. C. Well, it is he who is concealed in the oaken chamber. He is a determined royalist.

Bridg. As for that matter, so am I, ma'am.

Mrs. C. If discovered, he will be killed, and the whole family, perhaps, ruined. Keep the soldiers away from that oaken chamber.

Bridg. It will take somebody smarter than John Vose to discover him, ma'am. I will throw the whole party off the scent.

Never fear. They shall kill me before I let them find Master Cecil. [Exit.]

Mrs. C. I fear the worst. How could they have been led to suspect us? If my poor brother should be arrested, he would certainly have to die, and I could not survive the affliction.

Jane. O, do not say that; for I am the culprit. It is through my fault that the soldiers are here.

Mrs. C. Explain yourself, my daughter.

Jane. O! it was my wretched curiosity that led to the mischief. I saw that you had a secret; and so intent was I to find it out, that I employed Bridget to watch. She mentioned the circumstance to her cousin, and now our poor uncle's hiding-place will be detected, and he will be caught.

Mrs. C. Unhappy girl! This makes the blow doubly cruel. The reflection that he was betrayed in my own family will be terrible indeed.

Jane. Forgive me, my mother!

Mrs. C. Often have I rebuked your curiosity. I did not think it would end in my brother's death.

Laura. Perhaps he will yet be saved. Here comes Bridget at a pace which promises good news.

Re-enter BRIDGET.

Mrs. C. How now, girl? Have they arrested him?

Bridget. Do my looks say so, ma'am? I have sent the whole troop, with John Vose at their head, on a wild-goose chase to Burtondale, fifteen miles off.

Mrs. C. He is saved, then! Heaven be praised!

Jane. O, it is more than I deserve! Are you quite sure, Bridget, they have given up the chase?

Bridg. You can see them from the window galloping down the road. I took them every where where Master Cecil was n't, and then told John to be off, and never trouble us again, if he held to the hope of ever making me Mrs. Vose.

Laura. And then he went?

Bridg. As if he had been shot, miss ; but I'm thinking he will have to wait a long while before he gets a lock of hair from me.

Laura. Fie, Bridget ! You should not deceive the young man. — Mother, you are ill.

Mrs. C. No, the news has made me well. You will not forget this lesson, Jane.

Jane. Never. When my curiosity gets the better of me again, the recollection of to-day's fright will be enough to cure me.

Mrs. C. And you, Bridget, — the less you gossip about family matters, in times like these, the safer it will be for all of us. You will not always find a John Vose, in time of need.

Bridg. As for that, ma'am, John is not the only man who would not care to say no when I wanted him to say yes.

Mrs. C. Do not rely on that. And now you shall all of you follow me to my brother's room, and we will take measures together for his future safety.

[*Exit with JANE and LAURA.*

Bridg. They had better give me the direction of affairs, I am thinking. O, I could baffle Cromwell and all his round-heads, — especially when the object was to save the life of so nice a young man as Master Cecil.

[*Exit.*

MÁXIMS FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS. — Never give reproof, if it can be avoided, while the feelings of either party are excited. If the parent or teacher be not calm, his influence is diminished, and a bad example is set. If the child is excited or provoked, he will not feel the force of argument or rebuke. On the other hand, do not defer too long. Seize the first favorable opportunity while the circumstances are fresh in the memory. Reprove each fault as it occurs, and do not suffer them to accumulate, lest the offender be discouraged by the amount.

HANNAH MORE said to Horace Walpole, “If I wanted to punish an enemy, it should be by fastening on him the trouble of constantly hating somebody.”



RELIGION THE UNFADING FLOWER.

BY REGINALD HEBER.

By cool Si-lo'am's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away ; —

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtues crowned
Were all alike divine, —

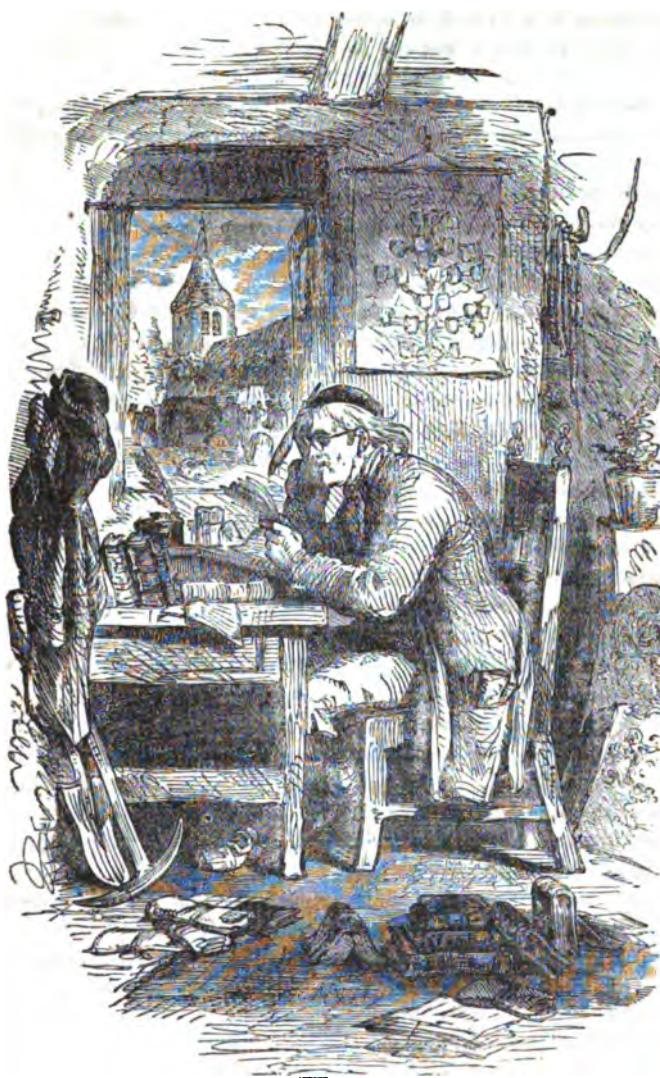
Dependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us all thine own !

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day : —

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.



The Sexton.

FORGIVENESS OF DEBTS.—A TRUE STORY.*

BY "A SEXTON OF THE OLD SCHOOL."

THE old standard merchants who transacted business on the Long Wharf, Boston

pier, when I was a boy, are dead, almost every one of them; and if all that I have known and heard of them were fairly told, it would make a very readable volume, highly honorable to many of their number, and calculated to operate as a stimulus on the profession, in every age.

One little narrative, which I received from the only surviving son of the individual

cause of truth and morality. The "old Long Wharf merchant," of whom and his sons the above incident is related, was the father of the narrator.

* This beautiful narrative (which we happen to know is a true one) is from "Dealing with the Dead, by a Sexton of the Old School," a collection of vigorous and interesting papers, upon a great variety of subjects, published in an elegant duodecimo volume of 668 pages, by Henry W. Dutton & Son, Boston. The writer, who adopted the quaint appellation of a "Sexton of the Old School," is Lucius Manlius Sargent, Esq., a gentleman of extensive scholarly attainments, who in his seventy-second year wields with unabated spirit and power a pen that has done good service in the

ual to whom it especially refers, spreads itself before my memory at this moment. A merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died February 18th, 1806, at the age of seventy-five, intestate.* His eldest son administered upon the estate.

The old gentleman used pleasantly to say that for many years he had fed a very large number of the Catholics on the shores of the Mediterranean during Lent; referring to his very extensive connection with the fishing business. In his day he was certainly well known; and, to the present time, is well remembered by some of "the old ones down along shore," from the Gurnet's Nose † to Race Point.

Among his papers, a package of very considerable size was found after his death, carefully tied up, and labeled as follows: "*Notes, due-bills, and accounts, against sundry persons down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit, or by severe dunning. But the people are poor: most of them have had fishermen's luck. My children will do as they think best. Perhaps they will think with me that it is best to burn this package entire.*"

About a month (said my informant) after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, of the existence of which we were already apprised. He read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it.

Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, and a man of strong, impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feeling by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other toward the fireplace indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames.

It was suggested by another of our number that it might be well first to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates and amounts, that we might be enabled, as

the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment that their debts were forgiven. On the following day we again assembled. The list had been prepared; and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, the amount of which, including interest, exceeded thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

It was about four months after our father's death (continued my informant), in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward* of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the *executor*.† He replied that he was *administrator*, as our father died *intestate*. "Well," said the stranger, "I have come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman." My brother, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk, requested him to take a seat.

The old man sat down, and, putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had done,—and there was quite a parcel of bank-notes,—as he sat, waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old, gray, meditative eyes turned on the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, *came hard*; and I secretly wished that the old man's name might be found on the *forgiven list*.

My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions—his name, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars: it had stood a long time, and, with the interest, amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the *forgiven list* attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and

* A ship that gets "to windward" of another ship has the advantage of her, because she takes the wind out of her sails, and can bear down upon her, if necessary.

† Observe the distinction in the use of the words *executor* and *administrator*. The former is appointed by a person making a will; the latter, by the law when a person dies without a will, or *intestate*.

* Dying without having made a will.

† A point of land in Massachusetts Bay.

told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there!

My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I shall never forget. "Your note is outlawed," said my brother; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there was no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we can not recover the amount."—"Sir," said the old man, "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it." And he laid his bank-notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I can not take this money," said my brother. The old man became alarmed. "I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over," said the old man; "I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent; he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bank-bills, returned them to the pocket-book, telling him that though our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due-bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raked, and scraped, and pinched, and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt.

"About ten days ago," said he, "I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my

mind. I did so—and now, what will my old woman say! I must get back to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—'*I have never yet seen the righteous man forsaken, nor his seed beginning bread.*'"

After a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.—After a short silence, taking his pencil and making a cast, "There," said my brother, "your part of the amount would be so much;—contrive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure derived from this operation, and the money is at your service."

Original.

IMPRESSIONMENT OF AN AMERICAN SEAMAN.

CHARACTERS.—CAPT. MARTINET, LIEUT. PERLEY,
HIRAM HANDY, CAPT. JOSEPH LUFF.

Enter CAPT. MARTINET and LIEUT. PERLEY, meeting.

Capt. Martinet. Well, Lieutenant, how does the prisoner bear his sentence?

Lieut. Perley. Stiffly and stubbornly, sir. He sticks to the assertion that he is a Yankee.

Capt. M. Yankee or Yahoo, he will have to swing at the yard-arm for mutiny in striking his commanding officer. The rascal hit me full in the face.

Lieut. P. Will it not be rather awkward, sir, if it should turn out that he is an American?

Capt. M. Of course, he is an American—a regular down-easter. You can tell that by his talking through his nose. But what do I care for that?

Lieut. P. We are on the verge of a war with the United States: this may help it on.

Capt. M. Let it come. What are we to do? We must have seamen. The law tells us we may take them by impressment. The Yankee ships are manned more than half by British seamen. We must board the Yankee ships to get the men we want. If, now and then, we impress a Yankee instead of a British subject, is that any reason why we should suffer the Yankee to

break the first law of the service, and strike his commander? No! Get ready the yard-arm, Lieutenant. The fellow must swing for it.

Lieut. P. Ay, ay, sir. I will see that every thing is ready.

Capt. M. Send the prisoner to me.

Lieut. P. Ay, ay, sir. [Exit.]

Capt. M. British subject or not, he put his dirty fist in my face. He has been tried by a court-martial and convicted, and it shall not be my fault if he is n't punished.

Enter HIRAM, with his arms pinioned.

Hiram. I was told you wished to see me.

Capt. M. Well, prisoner, what have you to say for yourself? You have had a fair trial, and been convicted of mutiny. The penalty is death by hanging at the yard-arm. The ceremony is fixed for this afternoon. Have you any objection to make?

Hiram. Objection? Yea, the objection that the murderer's victim makes to the murderer's blow. You know in your heart it will be murder.

Capt. M. What do you mean?

Hiram. I mean that I am not a British subject, and you know it. What right had you to take me out of an American vessel?

Capt. M. The right that British law and British power give us to seize and impress a British seaman wherever we can find one, on the high seas or elsewhere.

Hiram. But I am not a British seaman. I am a native-born American. Defend your claim to touch me, if you can.

Capt. M. We find we can not distinguish between English and Americans. If we took the word of every sailor who claims to be an American, we could n't get men enough for our ships. So it is a case of necessity, you see. Your true way was to keep quiet, and not turn mutineer.

Hiram. What if you were seized by an American press-gang, and placed on board an American ship; and what if, in trying to escape, you should strike an officer, and be sentenced to death — would not those who took your life for the act be rightly called murderers?

Capt. M. Prisoner, I do not choose to argue with you. If you have fallen under our laws —

Hiram. Fallen under your laws? I was forced — forced from my own ship on the high seas. Your plea is the pirate's plea.

Capt. M. Prisoner, the subordinate who strikes me must die, either by my own hand or by that of the law.

Hiram. I understand you now. You are more anxious to revenge your personal dignity than to punish a public wrong. But do not be too sure. There is many a slip between the cup and the lip. The diversion you have promised yourself for this afternoon will not come off.

Capt. M. If I live, you shall be strung up at the yard-arm this day!

Hiram. You think so; but you will be disappointed.

Capt. M. What is to prevent it, here on my own ship, with my own crew?

Hiram. As I left the deck just now, I saw a little sail-boat coming this way. Jotham was at the helm.

Capt. M. And who is Jotham?

Hiram. You know him; Captain Jotham Luff, of the American brig Nancy; my captain, from whom your press-gang forced me.

Capt. M. I told that impudent fellow not to come near me again. What will he do?

Hiram. I don't know. I only know he'll do something. He would never dare to go back to Marblehead and say that he had left me to be strung up at the yard-arm of a British frigate. The women would tar and feather him, and drag him in a cart, as they did old Floyd Ireson.

Capt. M. The execution shall take place at once.

Hiram. You are too late. I hear Captain Jotham's step on the deck. Here he comes.

Enter CAPT. JOTHAM LUFF.

Jotham. How are you, Captain? middling well, I hope. Well, Hiram, my boy, they have trussed you up like a turkey for the spit. (*Takes out jack-knife, cuts cords,*

and frees HIRAM.) There, Captain, it looked so uncomfortable, I could n't help it.

Capt. M. (shaking his fist). You impudent Yankee ! I 'll have you keel-hauled, you —

Jotham. Come, now, don't blaze away in that style ! Where 's the harm ? You are n't afraid, are you, of Hiram and me ?

Capt. M. What 's the object of this visit ?

Jotham. To take Hiram back with me.

Capt. M. I told you yesterday that no power on earth could save him from being hung. So, leave this ship, or I will call those who will put you into your boat by force.

Jotham. I reckon you 'll do no such thing. I reckon you 'll hear what I have to say, and then do what I tell you to. Sit down, and make yourself at home. (*Sits.*) Sit down, Hiram. (*HIRAM sits.*)

Capt. M. (standing). Well, there 's no impudence like that of a Yankee !

Jotham (whittling the stick that HIRAM was pinioned by). You must know, Captain, that when I left you yesterday I was almost as mad as you are now — pretty badly roiled up. When I got on board my brig, whom should I find there but two lords, Lord Pembroke and Lord Annesley, who had been out in a sail-boat, and had stopped to take a look at my vessel ! Perhaps you know them.

Capt. M. Yes, one of them is my nephew.

Jotham. Well, it occurred to me at once that two lords were about a fair exchange for an American sailor ; so I impressed them.

Capt. M. Impressed them ! What do you mean ?

Jotham (rising). Don't you know what *impressment* is ? When you force a man into your service against his will, that 's impressment. Do you think we Americans are going to stand that ? Never ! War first to the hilt ! We are ready for you ; the whole country is eager to wipe out the disgrace ; and war will come. Let it come !

Capt. M. What have you done to their lordships ?

Jotham. Treated them precisely as you have been treating Hiram, here.

Capt. M. Rascal ! Scoundrel !

Jotham. Keep cool ! It 's a fact. I put a stick through their elbows, and trussed them up, just as you had Hiram ; kept them on bread and water ; and this afternoon, if I don't prevent it, they will both be hung at the yard-arm of the Nancy.

Capt. M. Hung ! Your proof of this ?

Jotham (producing a letter). There 's the proof, in a letter from their lordships. Read it. You know the handwriting.

Capt. M. (reading aloud). "The Yankee will do what he threatens. Be sure of that. His vessel is a fast sailer, and can not be overtaken. Grant all he asks, if you would save our lives. Yours, ANNESLEY, PEMBROKE." Villain ! Do you mean to say you would hang two noblemen within sight of the English coast ?

Jotham. I do mean to say just that. Touch a hair of that lad's head, and before sundown they shall die like dogs.

Capt. M. What if I seize your person as a security for their lives ? You did n't think of that — eh ?

Jotham. O, but I did ! That was my risk. I left their lordships in the hands of my mate, Persevere Peabody, who has orders to hang them, in case I don't send him from your vessel before five o'clock a signal not to do it. (*Shows his watch.*) It 's after four, already, Captain.

Capt. M. Your mate will not dare to touch a hair of their heads !

Jotham. O, you don't know Persevere Peabody. Says he, as I was leaving, "Captain Jotham," says he, "I never hung a lord, in all my life ; but never fear ; I 'll do it in a style that shall be an eternal credit to the American eagle." And — will you believe it ? — the rogue, when he thought I was n't looking, put the clock half an hour ahead, that he might have an excuse for finishing the job the sooner. O, he is a terrible fellow, is Persevere Peabody.

Capt. M. (*alarmed*). Put the clock ahead? Then he may be about it now!

Jotham. That's a fact.

Capt. M. What's your signal for stopping this barbarity?

Jotham. That's my secret. I'm not such a simpleton as to tell you that before I have made all right.

Capt. M. Name your terms quickly.

Jotham. First, Hiram's release, and a safe return for him and me to our vessel.

Capt. M. Never! I'll never consent.

Jotham. Yes, you will. Second, ten guineas to Hiram, by way of damages.

Capt. M. I'll sink my ship first!

Jotham. No, you'll not. Third and last, a hundred guineas to me, for losses by detention of my brig in waiting for Hiram.

Capt. M. Do your worst! I'll never agree to such terms.

Jotham. Yes, you will.

Capt. M. Not till I am struck idiotic!

Jotham. Yes, you will.

Hiram. Never mind the ten guineas, Captain Jotham.

Jotham. Hold your tongue, Hiram! I'll not bate a farthing.

Re-enter LIEUT. PERLEY.

Lieut. Perley. The Yankee ship in the offing, sir, is firing minute-guns.

Jotham. All right.

Capt. M. What does it mean?

Jotham. It means that Persevere Peabody is making all ready to hang the two lords we impressed yesterday.

Capt. M. Stop him at once, or I'll have you put to the torture!

Jotham. You have my terms, Captain. I can't budge, let the British lion roar ever so loud. (*He and HIRAM take seats.*)

Capt. M. What shall I do, Perley?

Lieut. P. The Yankee has proved too clever for us. My advice to you is to knock under, at once.

Capt. M. Confound the extortionate, tobacco-chewing, psalm-singing trickster!

Lieut. P. Should any harm come to their lordships, you will be severely censured.

Capt. M. Too true. (*To JOTHAM.*) Look you, sir, I accept your terms.

Jotham (*starting up*). A safe return for Hiram and me; ten guineas for Hiram; a hundred guineas for me.

Capt. M. Yes, yes, yes.

Jotham. You hear, Lieutenant?

Lieut. P. The pledge is given.

Jotham. Then take the American flag out of my boat, and run it up to your fore-peak. Persevere Peabody will be disappointed, but he'll not dare to disobey.

Lieut. P. I'll have it done. [*Exit.*]

Jotham. Now, Captain, you'll sleep better and feel better, all the rest of your life, to think you've been saved from putting a fellow-creature to death.

Capt. M. Stop your palaver, and come and get your money. [*Exit.*]

Jotham. Well, Hiram, it will turn out not a bad speculation, after all.

Hiram. Better than my last whaling voyage, Captain.

Jotham. Huzza for our side! Huzza for free trade and sailors' rights!

Hiram. Just my sentiments, Captain! Huzza! [*Exeunt.*]

The preceding dialogue is partially founded on a true incident, which occurred in one of the English ports shortly before the last war between the United States and England. The incident was communicated to the writer by one of the crew of the American vessel from which an American seaman had been taken by impressment.

MISPRONUNCIATIONS.

IN A LETTER FROM MR. OLD.

SIR: The letter from Charlotte, in your April MONTHLY, on the improprieties in the use of the words *lay* and *lie*, set me to thinking if something could not be done toward correcting my mispronunciations. I have a daughter, a little more than eight years of age, and she was so much elated on her eighth birth-day that we call her *Atie Old*. Atie takes the SCHOOL MONTHLY, and reads all the articles. In the evening, as soon as work is ended, and we gather around the table, Atie insists upon reading the articles aloud to Mrs. Old and myself. After hearing her read the letter of

Charlotte upon *lay* and *lie*, a thought struck me. It was that Atie and I should enter into a contest for the correction of errors in pronunciation.

I proposed to Atie that she should point out to me all my mispronunciations, for every one of which I would pay her a cent; but, on the other hand, I should have the privilege to correct her errors on similar terms, and should deduct a cent for every one of *her* errors which I might correct. If in the result it should happen that she should be indebted to me, I would forgive her the debt; but if I should fall into her debt, I proposed to pay the balance found due. The terms were agreed to, and we entered upon the contest.

At the expiration of a week I owed Atie a hundred cents. The errors of mine which Atie corrected were mostly confined to common words, such as *ketch* for *catch*; *sot*, *wore*, *wither*, for *what*, *where*, *whither*; *jest* for *just*; *sperit* for *spirit*; *mornin* for *morning*; *nātional* for *nātional*; *dooty* for *duty*; *kittle* for *kettle*; *bunnet* for *bōnnet*; *fust* for *first*; *burst* for *burst*; &c. &c.

There is not one of these words which I did not know how to pronounce. I had myself taught Atie the correct pronunciation of most of them; and yet, such is the force of habit, when I am interested in conversation, and thrown off my guard, Atie is almost sure to catch me mispronouncing any one of these words which I happen to use. I should be very glad to correct these errors; I would give many years' subscription to the SCHOOL MONTHLY, if the outlay would purchase me exemption from the liability of making them; but, alas! it is hard for Mr. Old to correct inveterate habits.

At the close of the week I settled up with Atie, and gave her my promissory note, on interest, for one dollar. I found that she was getting so much the better of me that I was forced to ask odds in the game. I am to be allowed a cent for each error of hers which I detect, while she is to claim but half that sum for each error of mine. Even with this odds in my favor,

I am losing money. Atie has already won twenty-five cents toward the second dollar. I am afraid that I shall have to claim still greater odds on the third dollar, or else take extra pains to pronounce correctly.

I used to teach school in my young days, and the boys used to call me an *old* one then. I still take a deep interest in schools, and am occasionally invited to visit them. I find that the pupils in the schools now are much more careful in their pronunciation than I used to be when I attended school, or even when I taught school. I had occasion, not long since, in my visit to a school, to use the word *comma*. I pronounced it *comm̄*. As I am considered something of a critic here in Oldtown, this slip of mine provoked a smile on the face of the little girl whom I was examining. Such is the force of habit.

Being now in the confessional mood, I will add another to my list of errors. I had occasion, not long since, to write to a laborer in the cause of education in Boston, and in the course of my letter I used the word *diphthong*. In my early life I had acquired the habit of pronouncing it *dip-thong*, and on this occasion I spelt it accordingly, omitting the *h* in the first syllable. Latterly I have corrected the pronunciation, but not the spelling. I will say, for the benefit of your young readers, that the word is derived from the Greek, and in that language *ph* has the sound of *f*. The pronunciation should therefore be *diphthong*. Truly yours, J. OLD.

A NEW WORD.—A London paper says that Messrs Longman, having taken the advices of the highest authorities of the present day upon questions relating to the English language and literature, have signified their intention of having the word "telegram" henceforth inserted in all dictionaries published by them; and that it will accordingly appear as a recognized word in the forthcoming edition of Johnson's Dictionary, which is to be published under the superintendence of Dr. Latham.

From the Massachusetts Teacher.

BAD SPELLING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

SOME years ago, a teacher presented himself as a candidate for the mastership of a school, of which the salary was fifteen hundred dollars. His qualifications were deemed satisfactory in all respects except in spelling. On account of this deficiency he was rejected. See, now, what ignorance in this elementary branch cost him. In ten years his salary would have amounted to fifteen thousand dollars, throwing out of the calculation the increase which by good investment might have accrued from interest. Besides, the salary of the same school has since been advanced to two thousand dollars. But he might have remained in the position twice or three times ten years, as other teachers in the same place have done, and that large amount might consequently have been increased in proportion.

A gentleman, of excellent reputation as a scholar, was proposed to fill a professorship in one of our New England colleges, not many years since; but in his correspondence so much bad spelling was found that his name was dropped, and an honorable position was lost by him. The corporation of the college concluded that, however high his qualifications as a professor might be in general literature, the orthography of his correspondence would not add much to the reputation of the institution.

A prominent manufacturer in a neighboring town received a business letter from an individual who had contracted to supply him with a large quantity of stock; but so badly was it spelled, and so illegible the penmanship, that the receiver found it nearly impossible to decipher the meaning. An immediate decision must be given in reply; and yet, so obscure was the expression that it was impossible to determine what should be the answer. Delay would bring a loss; a wrong decision would lead to a more serious result. Perplexed with uncertainty, throwing down the letter, he declared that this should be the last business transaction between him and the writer

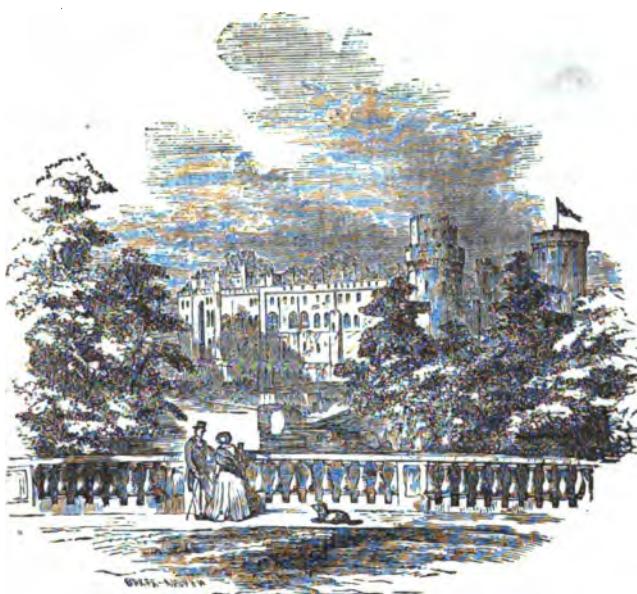
of such an illiterate communication; for, said he, "I am liable to lose more in this trade alone than I can make in a lifetime of business with him."

A gentleman, who had been a book-keeper some years, offered himself as a candidate for the office of secretary to an insurance company. Although a man of estimable character, possessed of many excellent qualifications, he failed of being elected because he was in the habit of leaving words misspelled on his books. The position would require him to attend to a portion of the correspondence of the office, and it was thought that incorrect spelling would not insure the company a very excellent reputation for their method of doing business, whatever amount might be transacted.

Inability to spell correctly exposes one to pecuniary loss. It is, moreover, an obstacle to an advancement to honorable station. Such instances as those recited above are satisfactory proofs; but that this defect in one's education is productive of mortification and mischief, is illustrated by the following actual occurrence:

A young teacher had received assistance from a friend in obtaining a school, and wrote a letter overflowing with gratitude to his benefactor, but closed it thus:—"Please *except* (accept?) my thanks for your kind favors in my behalf."

WORK, IF YOU WOULD RISE.—Richard Burke, being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother, Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then, again, I remember when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact that Richard Burke was considered not inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young man, if you would rise; but work—work!



From "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands."

WARWICK CASTLE.

FROM Stratford we drove to Warwick. This town stands on a rocky hill, on the banks of the Avon, in England, and is quite a considerable place, for it returns two members to Parliament, and has upward of ten thousand inhabitants; and also has some famous manufactoryes of wool combing and spinning. But what we came to see was the castle. We drove up to the Warwick Arms, which is the principal hotel in the place; and finding that we were within the hours appointed for exhibition, we went immediately.

With my head in a kind of historical mist, full of images of York and Lancaster, and red and white roses, and Warwick the king-maker, I looked up to the towers and battlements of the old castle. We went in through a passage-way cut in solid rock, about twenty feet deep, and I should think fifty long. These walls were entirely covered with ivy, hanging down like green streamers; gentle and peaceable pennons these are, waving and whispering that the old war-times are gone.

At the end of the passage there is a

drawbridge over what was formerly the moat, but which is now grassed and planted with shrubbery. Up over our heads we saw the great iron teeth of the portcullis. When we came fairly into the court-yard of the castle, a scene of magnificent beauty opened before us. I can not describe it minutely. The principal features are the battlements, towers, and turrets, of the old feudal castle, encompassed by grounds on which has been expended all the princely art of landscape gardening for which England is famous — leafy thickets, magnificent trees, openings, and vistas of verdure, and wide sweeps of grass, short, thick, and vividly green as the velvet moss we sometimes see growing on rocks in New England.

Grass-growing is an art and a science in England. The pains that are taken in sowing, tending, cutting, clipping, rolling, and otherwise nursing and coaxing it, being seconded by the misty breath and often falling tears of the climate, produce results which must be seen to be appreciated.

The great hall of the castle is sixty-two feet in length and forty in breadth, ornamented with a richly-carved Gothic roof. The sides of the wall are ornamented with

lances, corselets, shields, helmets, and complete suits of armor, regularly arranged as in an armory. Opening from this apartment on either side are suites of rooms, the whole series being three hundred and thirty-three feet in length. These rooms are all hung with pictures, and studded with curiosities of immense value.

We passed through a long corridor, the sides of which were lined with pictures, statues, busts, &c. One was a noble but melancholy bust of the Black Prince, beautifully chiseled in white marble; another was a plaster cast, said to have been taken of the face of Oliver Cromwell immediately after death. The face had a homely strength, amounting almost to coarseness. The evidences of its genuineness appear in glancing at it; every thing is authentic, even to the wart on the lip. The expression was noble and peaceful, bringing to mind the oft-quoted words,

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

MEMORUS WORDWELL.*

THE most extraordinary spelling, and indeed reading machine, in our school, was a boy whom I shall call Memorus Wordwell. He was mighty and wonderful in the acquisition and remembrance of words,—of signs without the ideas signified. The alphabet he acquired at home before he was two years old. What exultation of parents, what exclamation from admiring visitors! "There was never any thing like it." He had almost accomplished his Abs before he was thought old enough for school. At an earlier age than usual, however, he was sent; and then he went from *Ache* to *Abomination* in half the summers and winters it took the rest of us to go over the same space. It was astonishing how quickly he mastered column after column, section after section, of obstinate orthographies.

Those martial terms I have just used, together with our hero's celerity, put me in

mind of Cæsar; so I will quote him. Memorus might have said, in respect to the hosts of the spelling-book, "I came, I saw, I conquered." He generally stood at the head of a class every one of whom was two years his elder. Poor creatures! they studied hard, some of them, but it did no good: Memorus Wordwell was born to be above them, as some men are said to have been "born to command."

Master Wordwell was a remarkable reader, too. When but five years old he could rattle off a word as extensive as the name of a Russian noble, as easily as the schoolmaster himself. "He can read in the hardest chapters of the Testament as fast ag'in as I can," said his mother.—"I never did see any thing beat it," exclaimed his father; "he speaks up as loud as a minister." But I have said enough about this prodigy. I have said thus much because, although he was thought so surpassingly bright, he was the most decided ninny in the school. The fact is, he did not know what the sounds he uttered meant. It never entered his head, nor the heads of his parents and most of his teachers, that words and sentences were written, and should be read, only to be understood.

One little anecdote about Memorus Wordwell before we let him go.

It happened, one day, that the "sut and split" for the fire fell short, and Jonas Patch was out wielding the ax in school-time. He had been at work about half an hour, when Memorus, who was perceived to have less to do than the rest, was sent out to take his place. He was about ten years old, and four years younger than Jonas. "Memorus, you may go out and spell Jonas." Our hero did not think of the Yankee sense in which the master used the word *spell*. Indeed, Memorus had never attached but one meaning to it whenever it was used with reference to himself. He supposed the master was granting him a ride extraordinary on his favorite hobby. So he put his spelling-book under his arm, and was out at the wood-pile with the speed of a boy rushing to play.

* From "The District School As It Was," a volume of charming sketches of school life, from the pen of that distinguished laborer in the cause of education, Warren Burton.

"Have you got your spellin'-lesson, Jonas?" was his first salutation.—"I have n't looked at it yit," was the reply. "I mean to cut up this plaguy great log, spellin' or no spellin', before I go in. I had as lieve keep warm here choppin' wood, as freeze up there in that cold back seat."—"Well, the master sent me out to hear you spell."—"Did he? Well, put out the words, and I'll spell." Memorus being so distinguished a speller, Jonas did not doubt but that he was really sent out on this errand. So our deputy spelling-master mounted the top of the wood-pile, just in front of Jonas, to put out words to his temporary pupil, who still kept on putting out chips.

"Do you know where the lesson begins, Jonas?"—"No, I don't; but I s'pose I shall find out now."—"Well, here 'tis." (They both belonged to the same class.) "Spell A-hom-i-na-tion." Jonas spells. A-b-o-m bom a-bom (in the mean time up goes the ax high in air), i a-bom-i (down it goes again chuck into the wood), n-a na a-bom-i-na (up it goes again), t-i-o-n tion, a-bom-i-na-tion; chuck the ax goes again, and at the same time out flies a furious chip, and hits Memorus on the nose. At this moment the master appeared just at the corner of the school-house, with one foot still on the threshold. "Jonas, why don't you come in? Did n't I send Memorus out to spell you?"—"Yes, sir; and he has been spelling me. How could I come in, if he spelt me here?"

At this the master's eye caught Memorus perched up on the top stick, with his book open upon his lap, rubbing his nose, and just in the act of putting out the next word of the column. Ac-com-me-da-tion, pronounced Memorus in a broken but louder voice than before; for he had caught a glimpse of the master, and he wished to let him know that he was doing his duty. This was too much for the master's gravity. He perceived the mistake, and, without saying more, wheeled back into the school-room, almost bursting with the most tumultuous laugh he ever tried to suppress. The

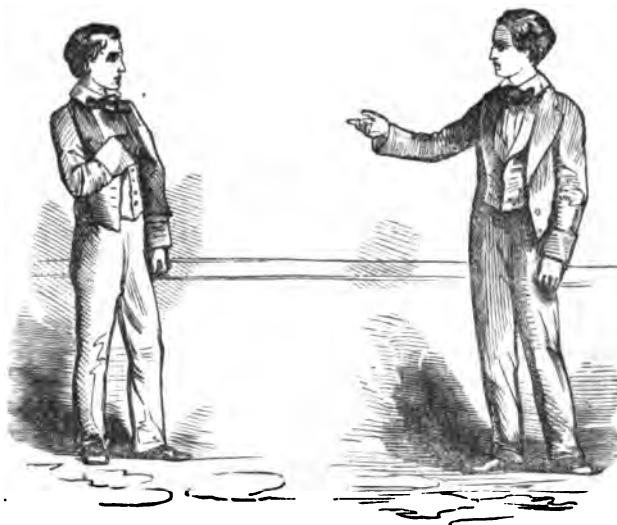
scholars wondered at his looks, and grinned in sympathy.

In a few moments Jonas came in, followed by Memorus with his spelling-book, who exclaimed, "I have heard him spell clean through the whole lesson, and he did n't spell hardly any of 'em right." The master could hold in no longer, and the scholars perceived the blunder, and there was one simultaneous roar from pedagogue and pupils; the scholars laughing twice as loud and uproariously in consequence of being permitted to laugh in school-time, and to do it with the accompaniment of the master.

LAWS OF HEALTH.—Children should be taught to use the left hand as well as the right.—Coarse bread is much better for children than fine.—Children under seven years of age should not be confined over six or seven hours in the house, and that time should be broken by frequent recesses.

—Children and young people must be made to hold their heads up, and their shoulders back, while sitting, standing, or walking.—The best beds for children are of hair, or, in winter, of hair and cotton.—From one to one pound and a half of solid food is sufficient for a person in the ordinary vocations of business. Persons in sedentary employments should drop one third of their food, and they will escape indigestion.—Young persons should walk at least two hours a day in the open air.—Young ladies should be prevented from bandaging the chest. We have known the worst diseases, terminating in death, which began in this practice.—Every person, great and small, should wash all over in cold water every morning.

—Reading aloud is conducive to health.—The more clothing we wear, other things being equal, the less food we need.—Sleeping-rooms should have a fireplace, or some mode of ventilation besides the windows.—Young people and others can not study much by lamp-light with impunity.—The best remedy for eyes weakened by night use is a fine stream of cold water often applied.



Original.

THE CHALLENGE.

Enter MR. COOL, followed by MAJOR BLUSTER.

Mr. Cool. Now, sir, we are alone. Pray what may this business be, that you could not disclose before my family?

Maj. Bluster (*producing a newspaper*). I call, sir, in behalf of Mr. Bigbug, the gentleman alluded to in this speech, to ask of you if it is reported aright.

Mr. C. I presume to say that it is, inasmuch as I furnished the report myself.

Maj. B. (*pointing to a paragraph in the paper*). This particular passage, sir, — it is quite short, — is what we are especially anxious to know about. Have the goodness to read it. (*Giving him the paper*.)

Mr. C. (*reading*). “There are men hanging about the Treasury Office, intriguing for fat jobs and easy contracts, who, if they had their deserts, would be hammering stone in certain institutions where the labor is not voluntary.” — Well, sir?

Maj. B. That is yours, is it?

Mr. C. Ay, every syllable of it.

Maj. B. Well, sir, what is wanted is, that you should disclaim any intention, in uttering that sentiment, of reflecting upon my friend, Mr. Bigbug.

Mr. C. As this is the first time I ever

heard of your friend, Mr. Bigbug, you ask what it is impossible for me to grant. How do I know that he is not one of the men who come properly under the description in my speech?

Maj. B. Not knowing him, you are certainly willing to clear him from the suspicion conveyed in your language.

Mr. C. Not having named him, I am willing to do no such thing. If the cap fits him, let him put it on. If it appears to be made for another, let him leave it for that other to wear.

Maj. B. Your reply, sir, is unsatisfactory.

Mr. C. I am sorry for that, since it is the best you are likely to get.

Maj. B. I understand, then, that you do not authorize me to say you meant no reflection on Mr. Bigbug, in your remark?

Mr. C. You know exactly how far I reflected on a man I had never heard of.

Maj. B. Have the goodness, sir, to give me a direct answer, without evasion or equivocation.

Mr. C. In a direct answer there can be neither evasion nor equivocation. Your use of those words, therefore, is not only impertinent, but redundant. I would recommend to you for study, first, an excellent little work entitled “Elements of Gram-

mar;" secondly, "Chesterfield on Manners."

Maj. B. (very angry). How dare you, sir—how dare you use such language to me? Do you know who I am, sir?

Mr. C. All that I know, sir, is that you proclaim yourself —

Maj. B. What, sir,—what?

Mr. C. A pompous, inflated, passionate, absurd sort of an individual, standing five feet three in your boots, and appearing very red in the face.

Maj. B. Very well, sir, very well. I must first settle my friend's business — then it will be time enough for me to attend to my own. I am the bearer, sir, of a little missive intrusted to my care by Mr. Bigbug, and to be delivered by me in case you would not disclaim all intention of referring to him in your speech. (*Hands a letter.*)

Mr. C. (taking letter). Now, I should not be at all surprised to find it a challenge.

(*Reads.*) "Sir, my friend, Major Bluster, authorized to arrange the terms of a meeting between us, at such time and place, and with such weapons, as you may select. Yours, B. BIGBUG." — Would you like to preserve the autograph? If so, you had better take it. (*Hands letter to Maj. B.*)

Maj. B. (taking the letter). Well, sir, your answer?

Mr. C. Do you remark any thing peculiar about my dress?

Maj. B. No, sir; why do you ask?

Mr. C. This is the ordinary style of coat that I have on, is it not?

Maj. B. Certainly. What of it?

Mr. C. This, sir: How dare you, not seeing me in a strait-jacket, bring me a challenge?

Maj. B. You don't mean to say, sir, that you refuse to give my friend the satisfaction of a gentleman?

Mr. C. The satisfaction of a ninny! Do you think I am such a fool as to fight a duel?

Maj. B. To protect your honor — yes.

Mr. C. My honor, Major, will not gain in whiteness by being dabbled in blood.

Maj. B. What if we post you at every corner as a slanderer and a coward?

Mr. C. I would not cross the street to tear down the pla-card'. Those who know me would laugh at it; those who know me not would not think ill of me, but of the creature of their imaginations.

Maj. B. But what, sir, if a cowhide should be applied to your back in the public street?

Mr. C. Ah! There, Major, you touch me nearly. By venturing on the experiment, you can find out what I would do. (*Takes a cowhide from his pocket.*) Here is the necessary weapon. Just take it and try.

Maj. B. Here in your own house? I could n't think of it!

Mr. C. If that is your only objection, we can easily go into the street. It is a capital cowskin. Just try it on your own legs.

Maj. B. Not now, not now, Mr. Cool!

Mr. C. I insist on it, Major.

Maj. B. I beg to be excused.

Mr. C. Just in a friendly way, allow me to convince you of its good quality. (*Gives him a smart cut across the leg.*)

Maj. B. O! (*Rubbing his leg, and trying to smile.*) That will do. It is a good cowskin — an excellent cowskin.

Mr. C. I was sure you would say so. Have you any further business with me, Major?

Maj. B. I am happy to say, Mr. Cool, that your explanation has been perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. C. But, sir, I have made no explanation.

Maj. B. Then, sir, the explanation you have n't made is perfectly satisfactory. I shall tell my friend Bigbug that it was not to him you alluded in your speech.

Mr. C. Then you will tell him so without my authority. If he is the sort of person I described, I certainly did allude to him.

Maj. B. Not personally, I mean — not personally.

Mr. C. But you knew that before you came here.

Maj. B. Ahem! It's all right, Mr. Cool. Don't trouble yourself any further. (*Aside.*) I wish I was well out of the house. I don't half like this Mr. Cool. He is not the sort of man I took him for.

Mr. C. I lost that last remark.

Maj. B. It's of no consequence. I will bid you a very good day. I am much obliged to you, sir.

Mr. C. Obliged to me? For what?

Maj. B. For enabling me to make an honorable settlement of a delicate affair.

Mr. C. How have I enabled you to do that?

Maj. B. By your politeness, sir, and good humor. I have found you, sir, a perfect gentleman. Good-day, sir.

Mr. C. Stay! Do not depart under a misapprehension. If my politeness and good humor have led you to suppose that I do not despise a bully and the messenger of a bully, then my politeness and good humor have been ill timed, and I herewith cast them aside. Is my language plain?

Maj. B. Perfectly, sir. I understand you perfectly, Mr. Cool.

Mr. C. You knew I would not fight a duel; that, from religious principle and manly feeling, I abhorred the practice; but you thought to browbeat and frighten me into keeping silent in Congress upon a subject you did not wish to see stirred. You now find you have roused the wrong man, and you wish to retreat in peace. Am I right?

Maj. B. Excuse me. I've a slight dizziness, which makes me anxious to get into the fresh air.

Mr. C. So I thought. Well, now that we understand each other, you can go. You are sure that you will not need the cow-skin?

Maj. B. You will have your joke, I see. Good-by, sir. [Exit.]

Mr. C. The Major is no exception to the old proverb, — "Show me a bully, and I'll show you a coward."

[Exit in an opposite direction.]

THE BEGGAR-GIRL.

BY J. CLEMENT.

With a little basket on her arm,
To hold her proffered store,
Each morning finds a beggar-girl
Low tapping at the door;
And there she stands with wistful look,
Yet silent all the while,
And when she takes the pittance small,
For shame she can not smile.

Her father lived a drunkard's life,
And perished in the snow,
And now her mother's sick and faint
Beneath a load of woe;
And so she comes with downcast eye,
And visage white with grief,
With all the power of pictured want,
To mutely ask relief.

Though clad in garments thin and torn,
They're always neat and clean,
And something in her wan, pale face,
So mournfully serene,
Bespeaks a heart where Truth abides,
In all its vernal hues,
And Innocence, in morning prime,
Is scattering holy dewa.

But, ah! her lot is hard, indeed,
And all her joys must die,
To look a rude world in the face,
With its cold and frosty eye:
And yet she seems so angel-like,
Amid desponding fears,
That Pity marks the path she takes,
And lays its dust with tears.

God bless the little beggar-girl
With friends of open hand,
To weigh her down with charities,
And bid her hopes expand;
And while bereft of earthly goods,
Those treasures insecure,
O, fill that pure young heart of hers
With "riches that endure."

CONTENTMENT.—Is that animal better, that hath two or three mountains to graze on, than a little bee that feeds on dew or manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouses of heaven, clouds, and Providence? Can a man quench his thirst better out of a river than a full urn? or drink better from the fountain which is finely paved with marble than when it wells over the green turf?

THE COBBLER.

A waggish cobbler issued once in Rhodes a proclamation, that he'd be willing to disclose, for a due consideration, a secret which the cobbling world could not afford to lose,—the way to make in one short day a hundred pairs of shoes!

From every quarter to the sight there ran a thousand fellows; tanners, cobblers, boot-professors, jolly leather-sellers, all redolent of beer, and smoke, and cobbler's-wax, and hides; each man he pays his thirty pence, and calls it cheap besides.

Silence!—the cobbler enters, and casts around his eyes; then curls his lip,—the rogue!—then frowns, and then looks wondrous wise. "My friends," he says, "t'is simple quite, the plan that I propose; and every one of you, I think, may learn it, if you choose. To make a hundred pairs of shoes, just go back to your shops, and take a hundred pairs of boots, and cut off all the tops!"

READING ALOUD.

THERE is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, drones, nasal twangs, guttural tones, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday-school, gives the style, in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs with considerable execution, but can not read English passably. Yet reading is by far the more valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if a thing is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read. One has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song—evidently a tradition of the way in which Watts's hymns were sung when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad-wheeled wagon; another has a way

of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be attended to. Frequent practice is the one thing needed in this, as in every other valuable accomplishment. But you must feel and understand what you read, if you would impart the proper animation and inflection. Rules for reading are for the most part worthless. Right thinking will generally lead to right reading, if the voice has been properly trained and exercised.

From a Young Correspondent.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE SHEEP.

Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white,
From the morning till the night:
Every thing can something do,
But what kind of use are you?

Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;
Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,
Or pick my scanty dinner where
All the ground is brown and bare.

Then the farmer comes, at last,
When the merry Spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie.

GRAY, the poet, says in a letter to his friend West, in relation to the scenery near Geneva, in Switzerland: "Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would *awaken atheist into belief*, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noonday. You have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed as to compose the mind, without frightening it."

BREVITIES.

A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body: it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living which are to be desired when dying.

None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them: such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence.

We often speak of being settled in life: we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down hill.

Never owe any more than you are able to pay, and allow no man to owe you more than you are able to lose.

A dandy, with a cigar in his mouth, entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.

"SAID" AND "DONE."—Once upon a time, on a Sunday afternoon, a lad was so lazy in his motions that he did not get to the church door till the congregation were coming out, and he said to the first man he met, "What, is it all done?"—"No," said the man, "it's all said, but I am thinking it will be a long time before it will be all done."

The Arabs cultivate the feelings, and are a nation of bandits; they are exceedingly generous, and exceedingly hospitable, and exceedingly unjust; they utter the noblest sentiments, and steal the saddle from under you; they talk of the magnanimity of the Bedouin, and they cut your throat.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked the barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle.—"Well," replied the poor fellow, "that depends upon what you call this operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy; but, if you're shaving me, it goes rather hard!"

A scholar, declaiming in the college-hall, and having a bad memory, was at a stand, when, in a low voice, he desired one who stood close by him to help him out. "No," said the other, "methinks you are out enough already."

A young naval officer, when asked what period of the battle was most appalling, replied, "The few hushed moments when they sprinkle the deck with sand, to drink the human blood as yet unshed."

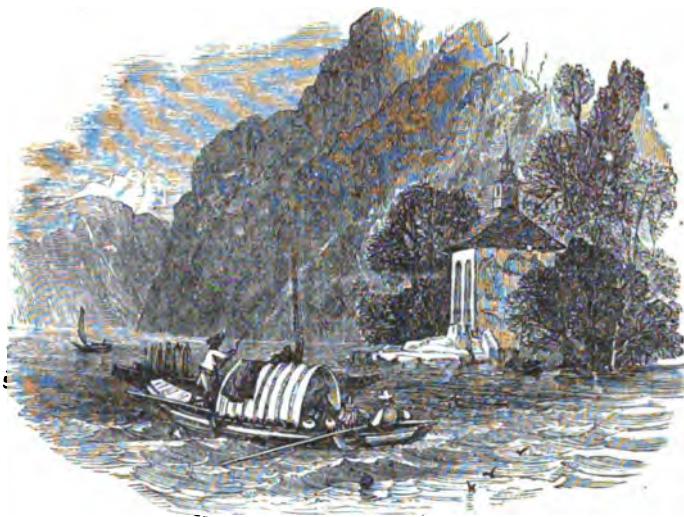
Southee says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my eyes away from my troubles, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

Had there never been a cloud, there had never been a rainbow.

A lad asked a physician whether snuff was injurious to the brain. "No," said he, "for nobody who has any *brains* ever takes snuff."

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

A Grecian sage was asked why philosophers ran after rich men, while rich men seldom courted philosophers. He replied, because the latter know they want money, but the former fail to perceive that they need wisdom.



William Tell's Chapel.

WILLIAM TELL.

SWITZERLAND, or the land of the Swiss, is a mountainous country in Europe, surrounded by Germany, Italy, and France, and comprising more than eighteen thousand square miles. Its inhabitants are a hardy, fearless, and liberty-loving people, numbering some three millions. It is now, and long has been, a happy and flourishing republic — that is, governing itself without king, queen, or princes. It is divided into twenty-two cantons, each having its own distinct internal government, and the whole forming one confederacy. Their parliament is called a "Diet;" each canton sends one member to the Diet, which assembles once a year, under a president. This noble nation has neither achieved nor preserved its freedom of government without sharp struggles. The following narrative describes one of them — the principal — by which Switzerland, though seated in the center of despotism, first established its independence on a sure and lasting basis.

The Lake of Lucerne is one of the most remarkable spots in Switzerland; it is William Tell's lake. Round about it,

"Each cliff, and headland, and green promontory,"

are graven with records of the past. Above and beyond are the Alps, those ever-famous mountains, celebrated for sublime and lovely scenery, amidst which dwell a free, brave, contented, industrious people, whose reputation for valor and enthusiastic attachment to liberty is known throughout the world.

Fancy, now, that you stand by that lovely and romantic mountain-lake of Lucerne, and carry your thoughts back five hundred and fifty years, when the favorite hero of Switzerland, William Tell, lived in a little cottage, surrounded by a few fields, an orchard, and a vineyard, at the hamlet of Burglen, not far from the Lake of Lucerne, one of the very choicest spots on earth for beauty and grandeur.

Tell, in all respects, strikingly resembled William Wallace, the Scottish patriot; and, strange to say, they lived nearly at the same time; and it is just possible that Tell, whose great exploits were performed shortly after Wallace's death, might have heard of the Scottish hero, and been stimulated by his glorious example.

"O! who can lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?
Whilst in that sound there is a charm
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm—

As, thinking on the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them, to act a noble part!"

Tell, like Wallace, possessed great strength and manly beauty. He was tall, active, and energetic, and endowed with a calm, lofty, and resolute mind; he excelled in all manly sports, and had not his equal in feats of archery and strength; he was modest, kind, and courteous, in his general manners; he loved to climb the mountain steeps in pursuit of the chamois,* and to steer his small boat across the lake, even when the waves ran high; but he returned with renewed delight to his humble and happy home, to the cultivation of his fields and pastures, and to the society of his beloved wife and children.

Tell knew that Switzerland had always acknowledged a dependence upon the empire of Germany; but this had been merely nominal, until Rudolph of Hapsburg ascended the imperial throne, and invested his son Albert with the Dukedom of Austria and all its appendages, one of which was Switzerland. Albert desired to reign over this country as an absolute sovereign, and one of the persons whom he sent into Switzerland to accomplish this object was Herman Gessler,† an Austrian, with the title of Governor, who came to the small town of Altorf, near William Tell's dwelling, by the Lake of Lucerne.

Gessler began to exercise his authority in a manner highly grievous to the high-spirited Swiss people. For every trivial offense against his dignity, he fined and imprisoned them; his soldiers committed great outrages, and he did not check them; he treated the peasants with contempt and insult; every possible injustice was inflicted that wanton and capricious tyranny could invent. One day, two peasants, a father and son, were plowing their fields, when an Austrian soldier coming up, admired the oxen, said they would just suit him, and ordered the peasants to unyoke the beasts, that he might drive them off; adding, with

a contemptuous sneer, "that such clodpoles might easily draw their own plows." The son resisted, and drove the soldier off; but the old man was alarmed, and made his son retreat to the mountains, and there conceal himself.

Scarcely had he departed, when a guard of soldiers, sent by Gessler, approached the dwelling, and not finding the principal offender, carried the old man off to prison. Gessler demanded to know of him where his son was to be found; but, the father refusing to comply, the inhuman governor put out his eyes, and sent him away in his anguish. Such were the deeds that roused William Tell to take up arms against the Austrians; and he became the chief of a band of devoted patriots, united by solemn and holy vows to live and die for the security of their homes and the freedom of their fatherland.

Gessler now ordered a pole to be set up in the market-place, and on the top of it he put the ducal cap of Austria, and insisted that all the Swiss who passed within sight of it should make obéissance, as a proof of homage and allegiance, and every one who disobeyed this insolent order was punished as a rebel. A guard of soldiers was posted in the market-place to enforce the law. If this incident was not a positive fact of history, we might feel some difficulty in believing that any thing so monstrous could actually take place.

William Tell refused to bend his manly head to the symbol, and Gessler sentenced him to die; but another of this petty despot's caprices was to be substituted for the immediate execution of the sentence. "Thou art celebrated for skill in archery," said he; "thou shalt shoot an apple off thy son's head. He grows an active young rebel;—let him stand one hundred yards off, place this apple on his head, take thy crossbow and a single arrow: if thou dost hit the apple, thou art a free man;—if not, thou diest. I have said the word."

The brave boy, Walter Tell, did not shrink from his part of the barbarous sentence; but the father's heart was full of

* Pronounced *sham'wah*.

† The *g* in this word is hard, as in *get*.

anguish, lest he might kill or maim his beloved son. They embraced with tears, as for the last time; then the patriot grew firm and resolute, placed his son with his back against a linden-tree, fixed the apple, gave a parting caution to Walter to stand immovable as a rock, and fitted the arrow to the bow. Yet he delayed at the last moment to pull the string: the peasants wept, prayed, and trembled; the Austrian soldiers pressed near, thrilled with the excitement of the scene; and the ruthless Gessler looked on, charmed with his own inventive cruelty.

"Tis done — the arrow flies — the apple is split — the boy rushes into his father's arms, and falls upon his breast. Gessler approached them admiringly. "William Tell, thou art an incom'parable archer," said he, "and hast well earned thy liberty. But what is this?" plucking a concealed arrow from the hero's breast. "For what purpose didst thou hide this?"

Tell fixed his eyes sternly on the speaker, and answered, "To slay *thee*, tyrant, if I had slain my son." Gessler started back, and revoked the mercy he had granted. Tell was loaded with irons, and a strong guard conducted him to the lake, and sailed with him to place the prisoner in a secure dungeon, from which he could not be rescued by the exasperated Swiss.

A storm arose, the boat was in great danger, the pilot was unskillful, darkness was gathering fast, and the soldiers urged upon Gessler, who was full of terror, that the prisoner was known to be an adroit pilot, and accustomed to the lake. Gessler, in despair, asked Tell if he could save them. The patriot answered that he could. "Strike off his fetters, and let him go to the helm," cried Gessler. It was done; and Tell guided the boat steadily and fearlessly through the dashing waves. All night they sailed, and at daylight Gessler saw, with rage, that they were close to the very shore they had left the day before.

Suddenly the boat ran close under a large jutting rock. Tell sprang out, scaled the precipice, and was lost to sight. Once

more free, and on his native hills, the patriot's heart was light. He was proceeding to join his friends in arms, when the approach of Austrian soldiers caused him to take refuge in a small hollow by the roadside. A chapel now marks the spot, known to this day as "the hollow way." We give a correct representation, at the head of this article, of its present appearance.

"Mark this holy chapel well!
The birthplace this of William Tell.
Here first, an infant, to her breast
Him his loving mother prest;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed as mothers used to pray.—
'Vouchsafe him health, O God, and give
The child thy servant still to live!'
But God had destined to do more
Through him than through an armed power:
God gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause;
A spirit to his rocks akin,
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!
To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did God the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings and soared aloft!"

From his concealment, Tell saw Gessler and his party pass. They had landed on a low part of the shore, procured horses, and were now on their way to Altorf. As they passed, he heard them denouncing vengeance against himself and his family. To save the dear ones at home, and to deliver his country from this wretched and evil oppressor, he stepped forward, took aim with his crossbow, and shot Herman Gessler through the heart.

Deeds like this can only be excused under the extremest necessity; but surely we must, under all the circumstances, hold Tell justified, especially as the event gave the death-blow to despotic power in Switzerland. Tell and his friends, on New Year's day, 1308, began that glorious struggle for liberty, which ended not until their country was declared free and independent; but the contest lasted for more than three hundred years.

In 1315, William Tell was in the desperate battle of Morgarten, in which the flower of the Austrian chivalry perished under the arrows, axes, and iron-headed

clubs, of the mountain Swiss; or, when these arms failed, were crushed beneath the stones and fragments of rocks which the patriots hurled down from their heights upon their foes.

It is said that William Tell was drowned in an inundation which, in 1850, destroyed Burglen, his native hamlet. His name and fame, however, will never perish while the mountains and waters last, or a single Swiss is left to cherish the love of freedom and fatherland.

Original.

JUST RETURNED FROM PARIS.

CHARACTERS.—ROBERT ARDEN, JAMES ARDEN,
HARRY ARDEN.

Enter ROBERT ARDEN and JAMES ARDEN, together.

James (speaking as they enter). I tell you, brother Robert, it's no use crying over spilt milk. You say you're ruined. Prove it, I say; prove it!

Robert. How much do you suppose I was worth last May?

James. According to the tax-book, you were worth two hundred thousand dollars.

Rob. How much do you suppose I am worth now?

James. Sugar and molasses have fallen, I am aware; and you, against my advice, bought largely. I should n't wonder if, after your debts are paid —

Rob. Stop there, brother! My debts are paid, every cent.

James. Thank you for that, Robert! Thank you for that! That was spoken like old John Arden's son. No man can point at you now and say, "That fellow failed, and paid me only ten cents on a dollar." No one can even say, "He paid me but ninety-nine cents on a dollar." (*Shakes hands with him.*) Ah! you merchants, Robert, are too apt to lose your nice sense of honor on these points. But you are sound.—Well, Robert, I should n't wonder if you found your two hundred thousand reduced to twenty thousand.

Rob. To five thousand, brother.

James. What of that? It's a big loss; but it is n't what I call being ruined. You

have your health, your strength, and—best of all, brother—your honor, whole, unimpaired, unstained. How can a man be said to be ruined who has all these? The word is an ungenerous reproach against Providence. Come with me to Ohio. There, with the little remnant of your property, you'll be rich enough.

Rob. I don't care so much about these losses on my own account, as I do on my son's—poor Harry's.

James. Ah! What of Harry?

Rob. He has been brought up in the expectation of a fortune.

James. The worse for him! Did n't he study a profession?

Rob. Well, he entered his name in a lawyer's office, but he never took kindly to Blackstone. He was fond of an out-of-door life—of surveying, camping out, hunting. At the end of three years, being called on to issue a writ, he frankly confessed he did n't care about doing it.

James. And then, to accomplish him still further in idleness, you sent him to Paris.

Rob. Well, Harry had a taste, at one time, for high life. He was fitted to shine in society.

James. Pshaw! I hate a fop.

Rob. O! a man may dress well, and be a good fellow, nevertheless. At Washington he made the acquaintance of our new minister to the French court, accompanied him to France, and for the last two years has been a sort of hanger-on of the American embassy in Paris.

James. Did n't I hear he was coming home?

Rob. I am expecting him every minute. Poor Harry! What a blow it will be to him, the news of my disaster! (*Putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*)

James. What a blessing it will be to him, rather! For shame, brother! Whimpering over an event that promises to transfer a son from a miserable life of idleness and dissipation to some useful employment? For shame!

Rob. What will become of him? What can he turn his hand to?

James. To the plow, to be sure!

Rob. Hark ! I hear his voice. He has arrived.

Enter HARRY ARDEN. *He has an abundant beard, and carries an eye-glass.*

Harry. Where's the gentleman of the house ?

Rob. Why, Harry, my boy, I did n't know you with that beard. I'm delighted to see you. (*Embraces him.*)

Har. Et moi, je suis ravi de vous voir, mon père.

Rob. You must talk English, Harry.

James. This is *Hairy*, is it ? Well, *Hairy*, you are well named.

Har. (*trying to keep his eye-glass stuck on his nose, and taking a deliberate survey of his uncle.*) Who is this old cove ?

James. Old cove ? What does that mean ? or is it only a form of French politeness ?

Rob. This is your Uncle James ; the one who lives in Ohio.

James. I am glad to see you, nephew. (*Offers to shake hands.*)

Rob. Can't you shake hands with your uncle ?

Har. Gentlemen never shake hands in Europe. It's considered vulgar.

James. Now for some lessons on manners !

Har. When I was introduced to the Emperor, shoot me if he was n't so struck by my manner, that he forgot himself and put out his hand. I did n't take it. Shoot me if I did !

James (mimicking him). " Shoot me if I did ! " The coxcomb !

Rob. Think of that ! Ah ! Harry, when you used to put up snuff by the cent's worth and sugar by the half-pound, in my old shop in Pearl-street, you little thought you would live to astonish Emperors and Dukes !

Har. Sink the shop, father ; sink the shop ! We're above all that now.

Rob. Ah ! I'm not so sure.

James. Well, nephew, I suppose you have any number of dukes and duchesses,

lords and ladies, among your particular friends.

Har. (taking letters from his pocket). You can see for yourself. Here Lord Fitz-Wheedle writes me to come and pass the shooting season with him in England — offers to share his castle and his purse with me. Has no sort of pride or nonsense about him. Borrowed a thousand dollars from me once.

James. Did you ever get it back ?

Har. Ahem ! That's nothing to the point. Here's a letter from the Duchess of Chloroform. Poor Duchess ! She wanted me to marry her daughter. Could n't do it. Rich, but homely.

Rob. Well, well, Harry — tell us what you've come back for.

Har. (returning letters to his pocket). To raise the wind.

Rob. What do you mean by that ?

Har. I'm out of money, Governor. I want ten thousand dollars.

Rob. (aside to JAMES). Brother, tell him all about it. I have n't the courage.

James (aside to ROBERT). I'll astonish him. (*To HARRY.*) Don't you think, nephew, you could content yourself a while here in America ? It's a poor place, I know, compared with France ; but pumpkins grow well here, and land is plenty.

Har. Content myself in America, where every man thinks himself as good as his neighbor ? Ah ! Paris is the place. London does well enough for a fortnight, but Paris is your only genuine metropolis. Every other city is provincial. Shoot me if it is n't !

James (aside, mimicking him). " Shoot me if it is n't ! " I could thrash him ! (*A loud.*) I suppose money is a very convenient article in Paris.

Har. Indispensable ! It is quite absurd to be in Paris without money.

James. Well, young man, I've good news for you.

Har. Let us have it.

James. Your father has lost all his property. Sugar and molasses have been too

much for him. So far from being able to give you ten thousand dollars, he hasn't six thousand in the world.

Har. Governor, is this a fact?

Rob. Every word of it, my poor boy; every word of it.

Har. What a bore!

Rob. You don't seem at all surprised, my son.

Har. No, nothing is more vulgar than surprise. In good society, you must take things coolly; admire nothing, regret nothing. Civilization and barbarism agree in this. The English lord and the American Indian affect the same indifference.

Rob. The unnatural puppy! Here have I been shedding tears solely on his account, and he, when he hears of his father's ruin, twirls his eye-glass and philosophizes! What's to become of you, you young vagabond?

James. Don't trouble yourself about that, brother. The Emperor will be too glad to have him in his suite;* or Lord Fitz-what's-his-name will give him a home; or, if he chooses, he can marry a duchess's daughter.

Har. No, uncle; I shall come and live with you in Ohio, and be a farmer.

James. That's a good joke. You'd never make a farmer.

Har. Why not?

James. In the first place, you have too much of a drawl in your speech.

Har. (*entirely changing his tone, which has hitherto been that of an affected fop.*) O! that can be easily remedied. What next?

James (*surprised*). In the next place, you have too much hair on your face.

Har. Nothing more easy than to cure that. (*Takes off whiskers, mustache, &c., and puts them in his pocket.*) There!

Rob. Mercy upon us! Why, Harry, I thought it was all real.

Har. No more real, sir, than my manner. Knowing my dear uncle's partiality for fops, it occurred to me, by way of a joke, to let him imagine that I was spoiled,

as he prophesied I would be, by my trip to Paris.

James. I'll disinherit you, you young scapegrace!

Har. Uncle, your hand, and forgive me my rudeness in declining it while performing my assumed part. (*They shake hands.*)

James. I'll pay you off for this, Harry, some fine day!

Har. Father, I heard, while in Paris, of your reverses, and I hurried back to let you see that in losing wealth you lost none of my reverence — nothing that I so prized that its loss impairs one jot my hopefulness and content.

Rob. Now that I know you are all right, Harry, I don't care an old horse-shoe for my losses in sugar.

James. One apology more you owe, nephew, before we can hold you blameless.

Har. Apology? To whom?

James. To your country.

Har. True! And I can lay my hand on my heart, and say, Dear land of my birth, I return to thee from my wanderings in the Old World, more fond, more proud of thee than ever!

"Still, still I found, wherever I might roam,
This land my country, and this spot my home."

For Declamation.

THE NAPOLEON ASSASSINATION PLOT.

From the speech of Edwin James in defense of Simon Bernard, tried in London, April 17, 1858, for being connected with the attempt to assassinate the Emperor of the French, January 17th, 1858.

I HAVE now, gentlemen of the jury, commented upon the facts of this case, and I ask whether it is one in which you will stretch the law and give a verdict for the Crown; — whether the evidence is such as should induce you to consign to death the prisoner at the bar. I should have thought that when, under the dim twilight of the morning, Orsini and Pierri expiated their crime upon the guillotine at Paris, enough had been done to vindicate the demands of French justice. I should have thought that the Crown prosecutors, when they were defeated upon their Conspiracy bill, which

* Pronounced *sweat*.

they introduced to please the Emperor, whose haughty commands had gone in a different strain to the weaker courts of Sardinia and Switzerland, — I should have thought the Crown prosecutors would have been satisfied. But no; although the charge of conspiracy is still hanging over the prisoner, it is sought to find him guilty on a charge of willful murder, under an act of Parliament which is not applicable to the case, and which I believe to be, so far as the law is concerned, a mockery and a sham.

The great object of the French government is, if possible, to establish through you, gentlemen of the jury, that an exile is not to be protected in this country. It has been the pride of this country to be, as was said by Cicero of Rome, "*Regum, populum, nationum portus et refugium.*"* How true has that been of this country! We have had exiled kings here, an exiled priesthood, an exiled nobility; — we have had the Emperor of the French an exile here, plotting against the throne of Louis Philippe; and now his object is to destroy that very asylum which afforded a refuge to himself. Will you allow the laws of England to be perverted for such a purpose? I trust that you will hesitate long before you do so, and that you will see doubts in this case which will compel you to say that the crime charged in the indictment has not been proved against the prisoner.

I need not remind you that it has been of the greatest advantage to this country that her free shores have been open to exiles from other lands. The requisition of Philip II. of Spain led to an insurrection in the Netherlands, and conducted to the more firm establishment of Protestantism in this country. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove to our shores the Saurins, the Romillys, and the Laboucheres,† who have shed a luster on this country. Will you, then, at the bidding of a neighboring despot, destroy the asylum

which aliens have hitherto enjoyed? No; I am satisfied that you will not. I implore you at least to pause before you do so, because I believe, conscientiously, that you do not see at present the result that may flow from this proceeding.

Gentlemen, I have done. I have discharged my duty toward the unhappy gentleman at the bar to the best of my ability. I have discharged it as an English advocate, I believe, ought to have discharged it — fearlessly and conscientiously. Let me urge you to discharge yours also fearlessly, firmly, and conscientiously. You will have the case left in your hands, after an able reply from the Attorney-General, by one who will hold the scales with an even and impartial hand. I implore you to let the verdict be your own, uninfluenced by the ridiculous fears of French armaments or French invasions. You, gentlemen, will not be intimidated by foreign dictation to consign the accused to the scaffold; you will not pervert and wrest the law of England to please a foreign dictator.

No. Tell the prosecutor in this case that the jury-box is the sanctuary of English liberty. Tell him that on this spot your predecessors have resisted the arbitrary power of the Crown, backed by the influence of crown-serving and time-serving judges. Tell him that under every difficulty and danger your predecessors have secured the political liberties of the people. Tell him that the verdicts of English juries are founded on the eternal and immutable principles of justice. Tell him that, panoplied in that armor, no threat of armament or invasion can awe you. Tell him that, though six hundred thousand French bayonets glittered before you, though the roar of French cannon thundered in your ears, you will return a verdict which your own breasts and consciences will sanctify and approve, careless whether that verdict pleases or displeases a foreign despot, or secures or shakes and destroys for ever the throne which a tyrant has built upon the ruins of the liberty of a once free and mighty people.

*The port and refuge of kings, peoples, nations.

† Pronounced *Lah-boo-share*. The *ch* in French has the sound of our *sh*.

TO LITTLE MARY.

BY MRS. SOUTHEY.

I'm bidden, little Mary,
To write verses unto thee ;
I'd fain obey the bidding,
If it rested but with me ;
But the mistresses I'm bound to
(Nine ladies, hard to please)
Of all their stores poetic
So closely keep the keys,
'T is only now and then,
By good luck, as we may say,
A couplet or a rhyme or two
Falls fairly in my way.

Fruit forced is never half so sweet
As that comes quite in season ;
But some folks must be satisfied
With rhyme, in spite of reason ;
So, Muses, all befriend me, —
Albeit of help so chary, —
To string the pearls of poesy
For loveliest little Mary.

And yet, ye pagan damsels,
Not over-fond am I
To invoke your haughty favors,
Your fount of Castaly.
I've sipped a purer fountain ;
I've decked a holier shrine ;
I own a mightier mistress ;
O Nature, thou art mine

And only to that well-head,
Sweet Mary, I'll resort,
For just an artless verse or two, —
A simple strain, and short,
Befitting well a pilgrim
Wayworn with care and strife, —
To offer thee, young traveler
In the morning track of life.

There's many a one will tell thee
'T is all with roses gay ;
There's many a one will tell thee
'T is thorny all the way.
Deceivers are they every one,
Dear child, who thus pretend :
God's ways are not unequal ;
Make him thy trusted Friend,
And many a path of pleasantness
He'll clear away for thee,
However dark and intricate
The labyrinth may be.

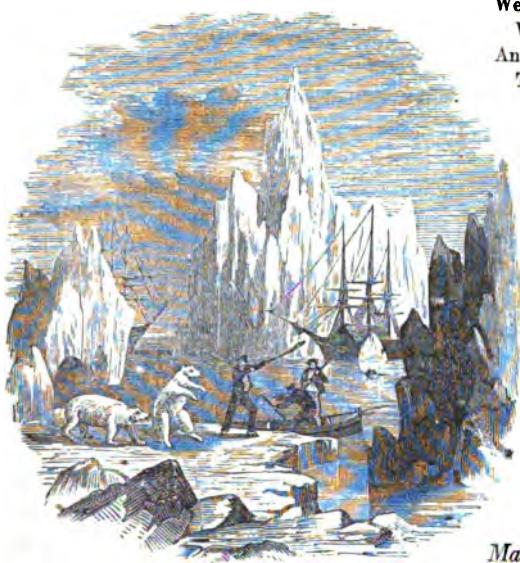
I need not wish thee beauty,
I need not wish thee grace ;
Already both are budding
In that infant form and face.
I will not wish thee grandeur,
I will not wish thee wealth ;

But only a contented heart,
Peace, competence, and health ;
Fond friends to love thee dearly,
And honest friends to chide,
And faithful ones, to cleave to thee
Whatever may betide.

And now, my little Mary,
If better things remain
Unheeded in my blindness,
Unnoticed in my strain,
I'll sum them up succinctly
In "English undefiled," —
My mother-tongue's best benison, —
God bless thee, precious child !

THE EXPEDITIOUS FROG. — A fox came, one day, at full speed, to a pond to drink. A frog, who was sitting there, began to croak at him. Then said the fox, "Be off with you, or I'll swallow you." The frog, however, replied, "Don't give yourself such airs; I am swifter than you." At this the fox laughed; but, as the frog persisted in boasting of his swiftness, the fox said, at length, "Now, then, we will both run to the next town, and we shall see which can go the faster." Then the fox turned round; as he did so, the frog leaped up into his bushy tail. Off went the fox, and when he reached the gate of the city, he turned again to see if he could spy the frog coming after him. As he did so, the frog hopped out of his tail on to the ground. The fox, after looking all about without being able to see the frog, turned round once more, in order to enter the city. Then the frog called out to him, "So, you are come, at last? I am just going back again, for I really thought you meant not to come at all." — *Fairy Tales for all Nations.*

SPARE MOMENTS. — Spare moments are the gold dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line when he taught that "sands make the mountain, and moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the soul's garden.



THE NORTHERN SEAS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

UP ! up ! let us a voyage take—
Why sit we here at ease ?

Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see the Northern Lights,
With their rushing splendors, fly,
Like living things with flaming wings,
Wide o'er the wondrous sky.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow,
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low !

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall,
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs
Like lonely voices call.

There shall we see the fierce white bear,
The sleepy seals aground,
And the spouting whales, that to and fro
Sail with a dreary sound.

There may we tread on depths of ice,
That the hairy mammoth hide,
Perfect as when in times of old
The mighty creature died.

And while the unsetting sun shines on
Through the still heaven's deep blue,
We'll traverse the azure waves, the herds
Of the dread seahorse to view.

We 'll pass the shores of solemn pine,
Where wolves and black bears prowl ;
And away to the rocky isles of mist,
To rouse the northern fowl.

And there in wastes of the silent sky,
With silent earth below,
We shall see far off to his lonely rock
The lonely eagle go.

Then softly, softly will we tread
By inland streams, to see
Where the cormorant of the silent
North
Sits there all silently.

We 've visited the northern clime,
Its cold and icebound main ;
So now let us back to a dearer land,
To our native land again !

THE VASE OF WATER.

Mary. Look, Charles, the outside of this vase is covered with little drops of water. I wonder what causes it.

Charles. O, it is because the vase has been dipped in the water, and the drops stand on it, of course.

Emma. That can not be, for I poured the water in myself when I arranged the flowers, and it was perfectly dry then. But how curious it is! — the little drops are just like perspiration. This is what old Mrs. Hall means by saying the tumbler sweats, and she says it is a sign of rain.

Mary. I remember hearing her say so, and when Julia asked her the reason of it, she said it was the warm weather. Mr. Hall said the air pressing on the water causes it to come through the pores of the glass.

Emma. I do not think that is the reason; for last Monday, when the wind blew so hard, and the rain beat against the windows, you know father was afraid they would be broken in, and he said he did not think glass would stand such a pressure, and yet the water did not come through.

Charles. Let us go and ask mother the reason. She always tells us every thing we ask her.

Mary. No, not always; for yesterday, you know, we asked her to find the Dead

Sea for us, and she told us we must find it, then we should remember where it is.

Charles. Yes; and she said we must learn to examine for ourselves, and not depend too much on others. It is pleasant, to be sure, to find out things ourselves ; but then it is so much trouble.

Emma. Trouble, brother Charles, trouble! I hope you do not call that a trouble. Come, let us try some experiments. Here are some tumblers: now, we will fill one with water, and while we wait for the little drops on the outside, we will look at our drawings.

Charles. There, it has been ten minutes, and there is no water on the tumbler. Where did you get this water, Emma?

Emma. From the pail by the door ; but let us get some fresh from the pump, and try it again. Never give up, as mother says.

Mary. Five minutes! Look, there is the water on the outside of the one filled last, but there is none on the first tumbler. Now, what is the reason of this?

Emma. O! I have observed a fact, as our teacher would say. When we put very cold water into the tumbler, we see the moisture; but when the water is warm, like that from the pail which stood in the sun, the drops do not appear on the tumbler.

Mary. You are an observing little body, Emma ; and now can you tell why it is so ?

Emma. No, sister, I can not. But here comes mother ; she will tell us, I am sure.

Mother. My children, I have overheard your conversation, and am much pleased to hear you inquire into the reasons of things in this way. And now, as my little Emma has used her observing powers to such good advantage, let her employ her reflecting faculties, and think what becomes of all the water which falls in rain.

Charles. It dries up, mother, does it not ?

Emma. It evaporates, and forms clouds again, mother ?

Mary. Yes; and the clouds fall again in rain, and it evaporates or turns to vapor again ; and so on all the time.

Mother. You have answered very well ;

but Charles will please remember "it dries up" is not a very expressive phrase. This vapor is constantly rising in particles so minute that we can not perceive them, and it is this which settles on the tumbler when you pour cold water into it. The heat or temperature of the water being less than that of the air, the vapor is cooled, and made to assume the form of water. Similar to this is steam, which is condensed by coming in contact with a cold vessel. I think you understand me; and now for the warm water in the tumbler. The temperature of this was nearly the same as that of the air ; so the vapor was not condensed, of course.

Emma. I understand you, mother ; for steam would always be steam if it was kept heated, but when the heat is taken away it becomes water.

Mother. So the warm water, keeping the vapor warm, prevents it from being condensed ; while the cold water, by taking the heat from the vapor, causes it to form in drops on the vessel. So with the windows. When there is much moisture in the room, and the air on the outside is colder than that inside, you see the particles on the window in little drops ; and in very cold weather they make the beautiful frostwork you so much admire.

Mary. Now, mother, tell us why this is a sign of rain.

Mother. When this occurs, it is an evidence that there is much vapor in the air ; and this fact is sufficient of itself to show us that rain will soon follow. Learn from this to observe facts, as Emma says ; and though you may not at the time understand them, keep them for future explanation.

TIT FOR TAT.

DURING the recent visit of Wombwell's menagerie to Yarmouth, England, an incident occurred wherein the extraordinary and well-known sagacity of the elephant was singularly and somewhat dangerously displayed.

It is customary for visitors to present the

animal, in the course of its perambulations, with gingerbread, biscuits, and other articles, for which it exhibits a remarkable degree of partiality, receiving them with its trunk, and quickly transferring them to its mouth.

One of the male visitors having placed a biscuit within the edge of his waistcoat-pocket so as to leave a portion of it visible, the elephant, with its usual dexterity, removed it thence, and disposed of it in the ordinary way, without apparent dissatisfaction. The animal continued its journey round the circle of visitors, receiving various gratuities in its progress, till it again reached the individual from whom it obtained the biscuit, when it suddenly struck the man rather a violent blow with its trunk, creating some confusion, and not a little terror, among those who witnessed the occurrence, and were unable to account for this rather rude mode of acknowledging what was supposed to be an act of civility. It turned out, however, that the individual had put either a quid of tobacco or a portion of a cigar into his pocket, in such proximity to the biscuit that the trunk of the elephant had appropriated both, and the animal displayed its resentment in the manner described for what it probably conceived to be a joke.

SADIK BEG.

SADIK BEG was of good family, handsome in person, and possessed of both sense and courage; but he was poor, having no property but his sword and his horse, with which he served as a gentleman retainer of a nabob. The latter, satisfied of the purity of Sadik's descent, and entertaining a respect for his character, determined to make him the husband of his daughter Hoosinee, who, though beautiful, as her name implied, was remarkable for her haughty manner and ungovernable temper.

Giving a husband of the condition of Sadik Beg to a lady of Hoosinee's rank was, according to usage in such unequal match-

es, like giving her a slave; and as she heard a good report of his personal qualities, she offered no objection to the marriage, which was celebrated soon after it was proposed, and apartments were assigned to the happy couple in the nabob's palace.

Some of Sadik Beg's friends rejoiced in his good fortune, as they saw in the connection he had formed a sure prospect of his advancement. Others mourned the fate of so fine and promising a young man, now condemned to bear through life all the humors of a proud and capricious woman; but one of his friends, a little man called Merdek, who was completely henpecked, was particularly rejoiced, and quite chuckled at the thought of seeing another in the same condition with himself.

About a month after the nuptials, Merdek met his friend, and, with malicious pleasure, wished him joy of his marriage. "Most sincerely do I congratulate you, Sadik," said he, "on this happy event."—"Thank you, my good fellow; I am very happy indeed, and rendered more so by the joy I perceive it gives my friends."—"Do you really mean to say you are happy?" said Merdek, with a smile.—"I really am so," replied Sadik.—"Nonsense!" said his friend; "do we not all know to what a termagant you are united? and her temper and high rank combined must no doubt make her a sweet companion." Here he burst into a loud laugh, and the little man actually strutted with a feeling of superiority over the bridegroom.

Sadik, who knew his situation and feelings, was amused instead of being angry. "My friend," said he, "I quite understand the grounds of your apprehension for my happiness. Before I was married, I had heard the same reports as you have done of my beloved bride's disposition; but, I am happy to say, I have found it quite otherwise: she is a most docile and obedient wife."—"But how has this miraculous change been wrought?"—"Why," said Sadik, "I believe I have some merit in effecting it; but you shall hear.

"After the ceremonies of our nuptials

were over, I went, in my military dress, and with my sword by my side, to the apartment of Hoosinee. She was sitting in a most dignified posture to receive me, and her looks were anything but inviting. As I entered the room, a beautiful cat, evidently a great favorite, came purring up to me. I deliberately drew my sword, struck its head off, and taking that in one hand and the body in the other, threw them out of the window. I then very unconcernedly turned to the lady, who appeared in some alarm; she, however, made no observations, but was in every way kind and submissive, and has continued so ever since."

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said little Merdek, with a significant shake of the head; "a word to the wise;" and away he capered, obviously quite rejoiced.

It was near evening when this conversation took place. Soon after, when the dark cloak of night had enveloped the bright radiance of day, Merdek entered the chamber of his spouse, with something of a martial swagger, armed with a scimitar. The unsuspecting cat came forward, as usual, to welcome the husband of her mistress, but in an instant her head was divided from her body by a blow from the hand which had so often caressed her. Merdek, having proceeded so far courageously, stooped to take up the dissevered members of the cat; but before he could effect this a blow upon the side of the head from his incensed lady laid him sprawling on the floor.

The tattle and scandal of the day spreads from zenneh to zenaneh with surprising rapidity, and the wife of Merdek saw in a moment whose example it was that he imitated. "Take that," said she, as she gave him another cuff, "take that, you paltry wretch! You should," she added, laughing him to scorn, "have killed the cat on the wedding-day!"

Sir John Malcom.

Who are the most disinterestedly good?
They who are good for nothing.



A CHASE.

BY MISS COOPER.

WITHIN twenty years from the foundation of our village the deer had already become rare, and in a brief period later they had fled from the country. One of the last of these beautiful creatures seen in the waters of our lake occasioned a chase of much interest, though under very different circumstances from those of a regular hunt. A pretty little fawn had been brought in very young from the woods, and nursed and petted by a lady in the village until it had become as tame as possible. It was graceful, as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great favorite, following the different members of the family about, caressed by the neighbors, and welcome everywhere.

One morning, after gamboling about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of a store. There came along a countryman, who for several years had been a hunter by pursuit, and who still kept several dogs; one of his hounds came to the village with him on this occasion. The dog, as it approached the spot where the fawn lay, suddenly stopped; the little animal saw him, and started to its feet. It had lived more than half its life among the villagers, and had apparently lost all fear of them; but it seemed now to know instinctively that an enemy was at hand. In an instant a

change came over it, and the gentleman who related the incident, and who was standing by at the moment, observed that he had never in his life seen a finer sight than the sudden arousing of instinct in that beautiful creature. In a second its whole character and appearance seemed changed, all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was awake; its head erect, its nostrils dilated, its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the danger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street, and the hound in full pursuit.

The bystanders were eager to save it. Several persons instantly followed its track, the friends who had long fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dog, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. But, if for a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake, it was soon undeceived; the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen of the village dogs joined blindly in the pursuit. Quite a crowd collected on the bank,—men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal known to them all; some threw themselves into boats, hoping to intercept. the hound before he reached his prey; but the plashing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dogs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish, as though every creature on the spot where it had once been caressed and fondled had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its course across a bay toward the nearest borders of the forest; and immediately the owner of the hound crossed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dog as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head

scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies. As it approached the land, the exciting interest became intense. The hunter was already on the same line of shore, calling loudly and angrily to his dog, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pitiless pursuit. The fawn touched the land; in one leap it had crossed the narrow line of beach, and in another instant it would reach the cover of the woods.

The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shore; his master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at the most critical moment. Would the dog hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him? A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the forest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strong arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over; the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed themselves through the woods in search of the little creature, but without success; they all returned to the village, reporting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could easily be known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

Before many hours had passed a hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and, showing a collar with her name on it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance. The little animal, instead of bounding away, as he expected, moved toward him; he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar

about its neck he was very sorry he had killed it. And so the poor little thing died. One would have thought that terrible chase would have made it afraid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindness only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. It was long mourned by its best friend.

SHAKSPEARE.

MEMORABLE in the history of genius is the 23d of April, as being at once the day of the birth and death of Shakspeare; and these events took place on the same spot, for at Stratford-upon-Avon this illustrious dramatist was born, in the year 1564, and here he also died, in 1616. It has been conjectured that his first dramatic composition was produced when he was but twenty-five years old. He continued to write for the stage for a great number of years; occasionally, also, appearing as a performer; and at length, having, by his exertions, secured a fortune of two or three hundred a year, retired to his native town, where he purchased a small estate, and spent the remainder of his days in ease and honor.

When Washington Irving visited Stratford-upon-Avon, he was led to make the following reflections on the return of the poet to his early home: "He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favors, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul

as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to its mother's arms, to sink in sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

"How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast a heavy look upon his pastoral home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!"

The accredited birthplace of Shakspeare has always been regarded with great interest. It is situate in a street in Stratford, retaining its ancient name of Henley, being the road to Henley-in-Arden. In 1574, here stood two houses, with a garden and orchard attached to each; and these houses were then purchased by John Shakspeare, whose son William was born in one of them, which still remains, though altered according to modern fashion. Its gable



Room in which Shakspeare was born.

roofs are destroyed. Divided and subdivided into smaller tenements, part was converted into a little inn; part, the residence of a female who formerly showed the room where Shakespeare first saw the light, and the low-roofed kitchen where his mother taught him to read.

The walls of the room in which he was born are literally covered with thousands of names, inscribed in homage by pilgrims from every region where the glory of Shakespeare is known. At the time when Shakespeare's father bought this house, it was, no doubt, quite a mansion, as compared with the majority of the houses in Stratford; but he little guessed the fame that would attach itself to this birthplace of his gifted son; long, we trust, to be preserved for the gratification of future generations of visitors to the hallowed spot.

Original.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

CHARACTERS. — FARMER HASTY, MR. WANDER,
MR. NEWCOME.

Enter HASTY and WANDER, meeting.

Wander. If you don't take better care of your pigs, friend Hasty, they will get you into trouble. As I was passing by Mr. Newcome's, just now, I saw them in his garden, turning up his flower-beds and trampling his strawberries. You seem to take the news rather coolly.

Hasty. It's no news to me, Mr. Wander. Meddle with what concerns you, and let me manage my own affairs.

Wan. Well, now, I thought I was doing you a favor. You don't mean to say that you knew your pigs were rooting in your neighbor's garden, and took no pains to prevent it?

Has. If this Mr. Newcome is going to let his cows break down my fences and spoil the young trees in my pear-orchard, I shall not take particular pains to keep my pigs out of his flower-garden.

Wan. But his wife delights in her flower-bed; and she is a poor invalid, with few out-of-door pleasures.

Has. And I, Squire Wander, depend for my support upon my orchard.

Wan. How long has Mr. Newcome been your neighbor?

Has. Some three weeks, more or less.

Wan. I hear he gave up business in the city for the sake of taking care of his wife's health in the country.

Has. Very likely. He seems to be a proud, aristocratic sort of a fellow; but he'll find he can't frighten me with his airs.

Wan. He was n't too proud to make a call yesterday on old Mrs. Babbit, the cobbler's widow.

Has. Did he do that? — did he?

Wan. To be sure he did! And he left her a basket of dainties, and a five-dollar bill into the bargain.

Has. I did n't know he was that sort of a man. (*Going.*)

Wan. What's your hurry?

Has. I'm going to drive away my pigs.

Wan. Don't trouble yourself. I did that for you, but not till they had done a deal of damage. If I were Newcome, I should be pretty mad.

Has. Who has the better reason for being mad, he or I? A young pear-tree I gave four dollars for is ruined.

Wan. Why didn't you make complaint to Newcome, and suggest damages?

Has. To tell the truth, I was too angry to think of that.

Wan. Would Newcome have seen his cows spoiling your trees and taken no steps to prevent it?

Has. None of your lecturing, Mr. Wander! I have given him a lesson he'll recollect.

Wan. Did n't you open the garden gate to let in the pigs?

Has. What is it to you, if I did?

Wan. Newcome knows you did it; and if I were he I would punish you for it. Here he comes. Look out for breakers.

Has. (*Rolling up his sleeves.*) If he lays a finger on me, he shall rue it! I am ready for him. I'll teach him to destroy the poor man's substance! I'll show him that I can stand up for my

rights as well as he for his, though he may have more money and book-learning. If he's mad at the loss of his flower-garden, I'm glad of it. It isn't an offset for my pear-trees.

Wan. Steady, steady, friend Hasty! Don't work yourself up into a passion.

Has. I've served him right. I'll turn my pigs in again, if he lets his cows stray into my premises.

Enter NEWCOME.

Newcome. Good-morning, friends. Neighbor Hasty, well met. It was only just now that I learned that my mischievous cows had been at your pear-trees. Never mind it, friend Hasty. I'll have a strong fence put up this very day. Next autumn I'll replace your pear-trees, and throw you in enough more for a new orchard. I've sent to France for a choice lot. What's the matter, friend Hasty?

Has. I don't want any of your pear-trees. I shall not accept them.

New. Not accept them? You'll surely let me make up for the damage my cattle have done? Come, neighbor, we must be friends. My wife has been expecting a call from Mrs. Hasty. Why does n't she come?

Has. She knows she is n't wanted.

New. Knows she is n't wanted? Come round and take dinner with us; and we'll show her she's mistaken. By the way, Hasty, you've a team of oxen?

Has. The best in the state. They can't be matched.

New. So I thought. Well, the county superintendents have given me the disposal of the contract for the new road from the turnpike to Tiverton Center. I could think of no man better able to undertake the job than you. Will you do it?

Wan. (aside to HASTY.) It will be a good five hundred dollars in your pocket.

(*HASTY takes out his pocket-handkerchief and begins crying vehemently.*)

New. Why, friend Hasty, what's the matter — what's the matter?

Has. The matter is that I've been a villain — a mean, contemptible, sneaking, revengeful villain!

New. O! not so bad as that. Come, I shall not hear my neighbor abused in that style.

Has. He's not fit to be your neighbor. He opened — (*blubbering and stammering*) — your — gar-gar-garden gate — and let his p-p-p-pigs spoil your poor wife's flower-garden.

New. O, nonsense! What if he did? I had given him cause for irritation.

Has. No, you had n't.

New. Well, my cows had, and that's the same thing.

Has. No, it is n't. You've made me feel cheaper than I ever did in my life before. I shall have to tell the story to my wife, and she'll tell me I've disgraced myself; and the worst of it is, I shall know it is true.

New. Come, come; forgive yourself as readily as you've forgiven me. (*Shakes hands with him.*)

Wan. There, Newcome, I told you Hasty was a little passionate, but a good fellow at heart.

Has. If somebody would kick me a little, I should feel a great deal better. I'll go and get my wife to pull my hair.

New. Go and bring your wife to dinner. And you, friend Wander, must join us.

Wan. I'm a free man, with no wife to pull my hair. I'll come.

Has. Mr. Newcome, you have taken the cruellest sort of revenge.

New. How so?

Has. You have heaped coals of fire on my head. You have overcome evil with good. I thank you for the lesson, sir. Grant me one favor.

New. What is it?

Has. Let me come when I will and work in your flower-garden.

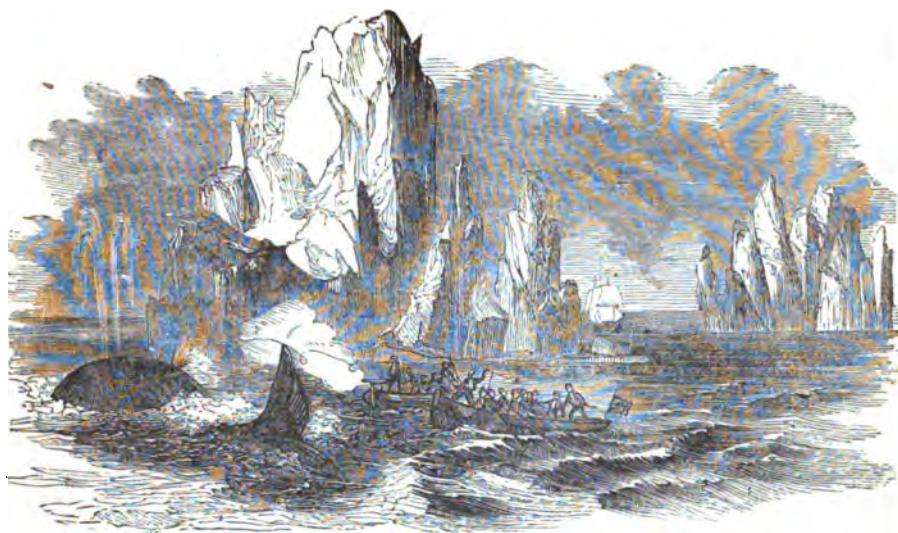
New. You shall do it, if you will let me take the same liberty in your pear-orchard.

Has. Take any liberty you will.

New. You'll be back at one?

Has. Yes, with strawberries and flowers. Good-by.

[*Exeunt, HASTY in one direction, NEWCOME and WANDER in another.*]



THE WHALE FISHERY.

The great Greenland Whale is found in the Northern Oceans, living amid ice and perpetual cold. Many ships are annually fitted out for the capture of this creature, which, unhappily for itself, furnishes oil and whalebone. The oil is obtained from the thick layer of fatty substance, called blubber, which lies immediately under the skin; and the whalebone — which, by the way, is not bone at all — is obtained from the interior of the mouth, where it fringes the jaws, and acts as a sieve for the whale to strain his food through. The throat of the Greenland whale is so small that the sailors, who always use forcible expressions, say that a penny loaf would choke a whale. When it wishes to feed, it rushes through the water with its immense jaws wide open, enclosing a host of little sea animals, and a few hogsheads of water. As the whale only wants the animals, and not the water, it shuts its mouth, and drives all the water out through the fringe of whalebone, leaving the little creatures in its jaws.

For the capture of this animal a number of ships leave the United States, England, France, and other countries, reaching the Polar Seas about the end of April. When arrived at their destination, a careful look-

out is kept from the mast-head for "fish," which are usually first observed by the column of steam and water that the whale sends into the air from its nostrils. At the welcome sound, "There she blows," the whole crew starts into activity; the boats, which are always kept hanging over the side of the ship, furnished ready for action, are instantly manned and lowered into the water, and the boat springs off in chase of the whale. The harpooner, whose station is in the bow, examines his implements carefully, tries the edge of the harpoon, and sees that the rope is properly coiled, as the slightest entanglement would upset the boat, or might even drag it below water.

To the harpoon is fastened a long and very tough line, about four thousand feet in length. This line is kept ready coiled in a tub at the head of the boat. It runs over a kind of pulley, as the friction is so great when the alarmed whale starts off that the rope, when out of its place, has repeatedly set the gunwale of the boat on fire. A bucket of water is therefore always kept at hand to throw on the rope. When a whale is struck, it sometimes runs out with the whole of the line, in which case the line of another boat is fastened to

it, and sometimes a whale has carried off three miles of line with it. When the whale begins to slacken the line, it is immediately re-coiled in the tub, so as to be always under the command of the pursuers.

The use of the harpoon is merely to hold the whale. It does not enter deeply, and causes the animal but little inconvenience, as a whale has often broken its line and escaped with the harpoon sticking in its back, and been afterwards recaptured, apparently none the worse for its adventure. In order to kill the whale, the fishermen have another weapon, called a "lance." This is a long, slender, steel weapon, with a very sharp head, without barbs, as the men have to withdraw the lance as fast as they can after it has pierced a vital part. With these few and simple weapons the fishers contrive to secure the monster of the waters — a beautiful instance of the superiority of reason over brute strength; for, as the expert angler secures a large and strong fish with a single hair, utterly inadequate to bear half the weight of the creature it holds, so the whale-fisher, with a few small weapons, achieves a task which may be compared to a mouse attacking and killing a wolf with a reel of thread and a crotchet-needle.

The boats always approach the whale from behind, lest the expected prey should see them and escape. When within a few yards the harpooner throws his weapon at the whale, so as to pierce through the mass of blubber, and hold fast in the flesh. The wounded animal instantly dashes off, taking the line with it. When it has been under water for some time, it is forced to come to the surface to breathe. The fishers, knowing the time that it can remain under water, and calculating from long practice the place where it will rise, are at the spot, ready to receive it, as its huge body reaches the surface, and thrust their long lances deeply into its body, inflicting mortal wounds. Blood mixed with water is now discharged from the whale's nostrils or "blow-holes," a sure sign that it will soon die. Presently streams of blood are

thrown up, coloring the sea and frequently drenching the crews of the boats, and after a few violent struggles the whale turns over on its side and dies.

The enormous carcass is now joyously towed to the ship, and preparations are made for "flensing," or cutting off the useful parts. When the carcass has been brought alongside the ship, men wearing shoes armed with spikes, to prevent them from slipping off the oily back of the monster, commence the process of fastening ropes to its head and tail. A strong hook is then fixed into the fat near the neck, called the "kent," as it is used for "kenting," or turning over the whale. To this hook is fastened a rope passing through a pulley at the mainmast head, and fixed to a windlass on deck. The blubber is taken off the upper side by "blubber spades." The blocks of blubber, called "slips," are then hauled up on deck by means of ropes called "speck tackles," speck being the German word for fat or bacon. When the blubber is all stripped from the upper side, the men turn the whale partly round by hauling at the rope fastened to the "kent." They then cut out the whalebone with knives made for that purpose. Lastly, the "kent" itself is stripped off, and the whale left to the sharks and gulls, who have been helping themselves very liberally while the flensing was going on, the shovel-nosed shark sometimes scooping out semicircular pieces as large as a man's head. The birds and fish hold grand festival on the body of the whale until it is so stripped that it sinks, when the sharks have it all to themselves.

When the crew have leisure, the blubber, which has been meanwhile stowed away in a place with a not very polished name, is "made off," — that is, carefully stripped of the pieces of skin and muscle adhering to it, cut into moderately-sized pieces, and packed in casks until wanted. The oil is extracted by boiling the blubber in large coppers; a most unsavory occupation, but a very pleasant one to the crew, if they take that duty upon themselves.

The refuse blubber is used as fuel, so that there is no waste.

It is impossible to calculate on the amount or mode of resistance which may be met with from a whale when struck ; for one whale will yield to a single harpoon loosely fixed, while another will break away and escape with five or six in his back, and two miles or so of rope trailing behind him. Some instances have been related of whales being killed without being struck at all. Scoresby tells us that on one memorable occasion, after a whale had been killed, it sank, as whales sometimes will do. While they were hauling it up, the line sometimes resisted and sometimes came in easily. At last they drew up a whale with a coil of the rope round it, which they naturally thought to be the animal struck by them. After disentangling it, they found, to their surprise, that the line still descended into the sea, and dragged as if there was a weight at its end ; and so there was, for they found their harpooned whale still fixed to the weapon, and discovered that the other unfortunate animal had contrived to entangle itself in the line, and had thus drowned itself.

The dangers undergone in this pursuit are very great. Sometimes the boat is dashed to pieces by a blow from the tail of the enraged whale ; sometimes the crew are left on the ice for many hours, wet and frozen ; sometimes the ice-fields strike together, and crush the ship between them, although the vessel is strengthened in every possible way by cross-beams and treble sheathing ; sometimes a fog comes on, and the boat and ship are separated, neither having any means of knowing where the other lies ; for sound is much impeded by fog, and even cannon are not heard when fired comparatively close.

The whale shows great attachment to its young, which is called the cub, and on the approach of danger seizes it with its fin or flipper, and carries it down out of the way. A number of whale-boats once made toward a whale, which, with her cub, was playing round a group of rocks. The old whale,

perceiving the approaching danger, did all she could to warn her little one of it, till the sight became quite affecting. She led it away from the boats, swam round it, embraced it with her fins, and sometimes rolled over with it in the waves.

The men in the boats now rowed ahead of the whales, and drove them back among the rocks, at which the mother evinced great uneasiness and anxiety ; she swam round and round the young one in lessening circles ; but all her care was unheeded, and the inexperienced cub soon met its fate. It was struck and killed, and a harpoon fixed in the mother, when, roused to reckless fury, she rushed on one of the boats, and made her tail descend with such tremendous force on the very center of it as to cut it in two, and kill two of the men, the rest swimming for their lives.

The whale has no fins, properly so called, as it is not a fish. Its flippers, which supply the place of fins, are in fact fore legs, furnished with a kind of hand covered with a thick skin. They seem to be principally employed in balancing the animal. The hind legs are concealed under the skin, as are those of the boa constrictor. The length of the whale averages sixty feet. Its tail is placed transversely, and not vertically, as in the fishes.

TRACING-PAPER.—To prepare a good tracing-paper for the use of artists, all that has to be done is to steep sheets of suitable paper in a strong solution of gum-arabic, and afterwards take off the superfluity of the liquid by pressing each sheet between two others of similar paper, but dry. On inspection it will be found that the three sheets are converted into a first-rate tracing-paper. It is indispensable that the solution be strong, about the consistence of boiled oil. Paper prepared as above directed possesses every requisite that can be wished for.

WHY is a young lady forsaken by her lover like a deadly weapon ? Because she is a *cut-lass*.



LIFE OF GENERAL PUTNAM.

ISRAEL PUTNAM, one of the most celebrated generals of the Revolutionary War, was born in Salem, Mass., on the 7th day of January, 1718. The house still stands in which he was born, and is exactly half way on the turnpike between Newburyport and Boston. Soon after his marriage, which event occurred in the year 1739, he emigrated from Salem to the town of Pomfret, in Connecticut. There was no better farmer in the country than he now proved himself. He cleared wild lands, built walls and fences, planted orchards, and had herds and flocks, which rapidly increased and multiplied.

It was while living in Pomfret that Putnam descended into a cave and shot an old she-wolf that had long committed depredations among the sheep of the neighborhood. The adventure was attended with considerable danger, and no one but Putnam could be found to undertake it. He escaped with some hard rubs received in being drawn out somewhat hastily from the mouth of the cave.

not pass without giving the countersign." And then he called out three times, "*Who goes there?*" No answer coming, he fired. A deep groan followed. He had shot and killed a wily Indian, who had for several weeks, by thus playing the hog, succeeded in picking off the unsuspecting sentinels.

In the year 1758 Putnam, in consequence of his gun's missing fire, was taken prisoner during an engagement near Wood Creek, on Lake Champlain, by the Indians. He was tied to a tree while the battle was going on. The shots flew about him, and his clothes were pierced with bullets, but he was himself providentially unhurt. When, at one time, the provincial soldiers were driven back, and he found himself surrounded by the enemy, two or three young savages amused themselves by hurling their tomahawks at the tree, so as just to graze his head. Finally, it was resolved among the Indians to roast their prisoner before a slow fire. Accordingly they stripped him of his clothes, bound him to a tree, and piled fagots and

brushwood in a circle around him. He looked on in courageous silence.

The fire was kindled, and began to scorch him, when a sudden fall of rain quenched it; but it was soon re-lighted, and the savages danced to see him writhe in pain. Just when he had given up all hope of life, a French officer dashed through the crowd, cut the thongs by which he was tied, and released him. Putnam was taken to Montreal, where he was soon afterward exchanged for a French prisoner. In the expedition under Gen. Amherst, in 1760, against Montreal, it became necessary for the general, before he could capture the fort on Isle Royal, to throw out of service two armed vessels belonging to the enemy. Putnam proposed to go himself and disable the vessels. "How will you do it?" asked the general. — "With a beetle and wedges," answered Putnam. He was sent to make the trial. Getting under the vessels' sterns unperceived, he drove the wedges in on each side of the rudders, and thus prevented their obeying the will of any pilot on deck. Both the vessels were driven ashore by the wind, and were surrendered at once on the summons of the English officers, who were ready to meet them as soon as the crews landed.

When our difficulties with England, that resulted in the war of our Revolution, threatened to break out, Putnam was asked by some British officers on which side he should be found in the event of open war. "I shall be found on the side of my country always!" was his prompt and spirited reply. They inquired of him, again, how large an army it would take to conquer the country; and if five thousand soldiers could not march the length and

inhabitants. "If they behaved themselves, they could," was his answer; "but if they did not, and no men were at hand, the American women would drive them out of the country with broomsticks."

As he had served with reputation under the English government, great efforts were now made to win Putnam over to the royal cause. He was offered the rank of Major-General in the British army, together with a large sum of money, and a liberal provision for his boys in the future. But his noble spirit spurned all these overtures. At the battle of Bunker Hill he was present, in command of the Connecticut troops, and rendered efficient service.

In the month of May, 1777, General Putnam, who was much trusted by Washington, took post at the head of the army of the Highlands. His camp was at Peekskill, on the east side of the Hudson River. It was while here that a British spy named Palmer was brought before him. The English commander, Sir Henry Clinton,



sent an officer with a flag of truce to Putnam, with a threat that if the spy was not

given up he would take speedy vengeance. Putnam did not hesitate a moment, but sat down to his table, and wrote the following reply to Clinton's haughty message:

"Head-quarters, Aug. 7, 1777.

"Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was *taken* as a spy lurking within our lines; he has been *tried* as a spy, *condemned* as a spy, and shall be *executed* as a spy, and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P. S. He has been accordingly executed."

The oak-tree was standing, not many years since, at Peekskill, from one of the branches of which the unfortunate spy met his fate.

DeLancy was in bed, and heard the troops coming. Not knowing what else to do he bounded out and crept underneath. But the warm bed betrayed him; Putnam's men drew him forth, and he was sent to head-quarters a prisoner.

On the 19th of May, in the year 1790; Putnam passed away from this life, peacefully and quietly, having reached the seventy-third year of an honorable age. He left a large family, and their descendants live to honor the name of their ancestor in all parts of our common country. For this brief abstract of his life, and for the illustrative wood cuts, we are indebted to the Life of Putnam, by George Canning Hill, a beautiful work for the young, published by E. Q. Libby & Co., Boston.

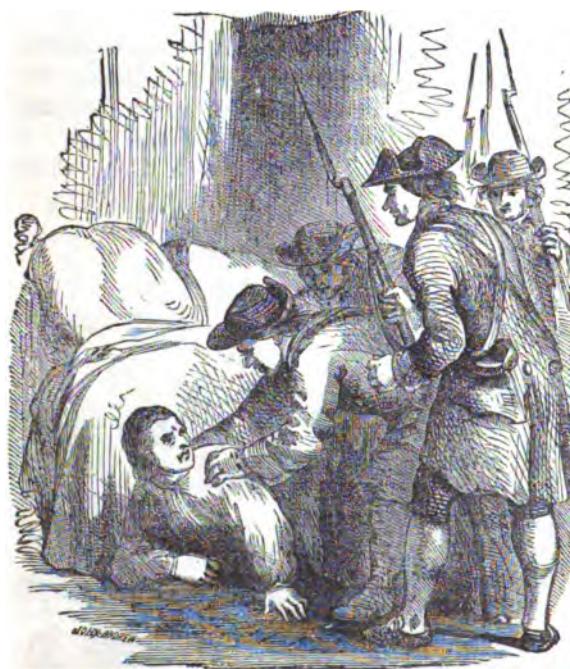
Those who would learn the full particulars of Putnam's adventure with the wolf, and of the other events of his extraordinary career, should place this volume in their libraries.

A THOUGHT FOR THE YOUNG.

We see a great deal of misery in the world, but much of it men bring upon themselves by their own behavior, which they might have foreseen and avoided. The circumstances of these natural punishments particularly deserving our attention are such as these: That oftentimes they follow or are inflicted in con-

Governor Tryon, of Connecticut, having sent out parties in the British service to burn and waylay, Putnam entered upon acts of retaliation. In one of his excursions, having learned that Col. James DeLancy, a noted Tory, was at the village of West Farms, a little below Westchester, Putnam surrounded the house in the night, and then hurried in to ransack it. De-

lancy was in bed, and heard the troops coming. Not knowing what else to do he bounded out and crept underneath. But the warm bed betrayed him; Putnam's men drew him forth, and he was sent to head-quarters a prisoner.



the punishments or consequences. That they are often delayed a great while, sometimes even till long after the actions occasioning them are forgot; so that the constitution of nature is such, that delay of punishment is no sort nor degree of presumption of final impunity. That, after such delay, these natural punishments or miseries often come, not by degrees, but suddenly, with violence, and at once.

Though youth may be alleged as an excuse for rashness and folly, as being naturally thoughtless, and not clearly foreseeing all the consequences of being untractable and profligate, this does not hinder but that these consequences follow, and are grievously felt throughout the whole course of mature life. Habits contracted even in that age are often utter ruin; and men's success in the world, not only in the common sense of worldly success, but their real happiness and misery, depends in a great degree, and in various ways, upon the manner in which they pass their youth; which consequences they, for the most part, neglect to consider, and perhaps seldom can properly be said to believe beforehand.

It requires also to be mentioned that, in numberless cases, the natural course of things affords us opportunities for procuring advantages to ourselves at certain times, which we can not procure when we will, nor ever recall the opportunities if we have neglected them. Indeed, the general course of nature is an example of this. If, during the opportunities of youth, persons are indocile and self-willed, they inevitably suffer, in their future life, for want of those acquirements which they neglected the natural season of attaining. If the husbandman lets his seed-time pass without sowing, the whole year is lost to him beyond recovery.—*Butler's Analogy.*

THE influence of men is not to be confined to the circle of their acquaintance. It spreads on every side of them, like the undulations of the smitten water, and will reach those whom they never saw.

From Sargent's Standard Speaker.

SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS IN ETRURIA.

ENVOYS of Rome, the poor camp of Spar'tacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiators, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossin'ius; ask Clau'dius; ask Varin'ius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*?—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered.

Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the a-re'na, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—ye were present—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your münérātor, your lord of the games, bethought him it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. “He has it!” cried the people; “*hābet! hābet!*” But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Po'dium, where sat your senators and men of state, to catch the signal of release, of mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die!

Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The a-re'na vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O,

the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill him? — They might better have asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow-gladiators, alone in the amphitheater, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said, — I know not what. I only know that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face — and then burst forth the simultaneous cry — "Lead on! lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed, — seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus the dreaded rebel! A larger army, headed by the Praetor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two Consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Han'nibal were on her borders.

Envoy of Rome! To Len'tulus and Gel'lilius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin. So Spartacus comes on! So swells his force, — small

and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder bands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

EPES SARGENT.

LAZY BEAVERS.—It is a curious fact (says a trapper) that among the beavers there are some that for some cause are lazy, and will not work at all, either to assist in building lodges or dams, or to cut down wood for their winter stock. The industrious ones beat these idle fellows, and drive them away; sometimes cutting off a part of their tail, and otherwise injuring them. The *paresseux* (that is, the idlers) are more easily caught in traps than the others, and the trapper rarely misses one of them. They only dig a hole from the water, running obliquely towards the surface of the ground twenty-five or thirty feet, from which they emerge when hungry, to obtain food, returning to the same hole with the wood they procure, to eat the bark. They never form dams, and are sometimes to the number of five or seven together. All are males. It is not at all improbable that these unfortunate fellows have, as is the case with the males of many species of animals, been engaged in fighting with others of their sex, and, after being conquered and driven from the lodge, have become idlers from a kind of necessity. The working beavers, on the contrary, associate — males, females, and young — together.

Audubon and Bachman.

At a parish examination, a clergyman asked a charity-boy if he had ever been baptized. "No, sir," was the reply, "not as I know on; but I've been *waxinated*."



SUMMER.

GLORIOUS Summer ! bright and fair
Are thy golden treasures :
Gifts thou bringest, rich and rare,
In o'erflowing measures.
Sparkling sunlight o'er the sea,
Harvest waving on the lea,
Mellow fruit on bush and tree—
These are but thy treasures.

Now the wild bee's voice is heard,
From the forest ringing ;
Now the happy evening bird
Merrily is singing ;
Gardens with their gorgeous flowers,
Blushing noons, and moonlit bowers,
Evening's soft and witching hours,
Fondly thou art bringing.

Sweet thou glidest as a stream
When it sparkles brightest,
Or a youthful poet's dream
When his heart is lightest.
All the hours for bliss were made ;
But when twilight's gentle shade
Softly steals o'er hill and glade,
Then thy joys are brightest.

Youth and Love delight to go
Hand in hand with Summer,
Where the limpid waters flow
With the softest murmur.
None on earth so well agree,
When the heart is young and free,
At those happy spirits three,
Youth, and Love, and Summer.

THE SURLY MAN.

Mr. Bland. Remarkably fine weather this, sir.

Mr. Gruff. It would be more remarkable if there were none.

Mr. B. If there were none ? Did you ever know a time, sir, when there was no weather ?

Mr. G. Yes ; none to speak of.

Mr. B. (aside). A very singular sort of a person, this Mr. Gruff ! I 'll try him again. (*Aloud.*) Do you think, sir, we shall have a change of weather soon ?

Mr. G. I think it will change when it gets ready.

Mr. B. When do you think that will be ?

Mr. G. When Heaven pleases.

Mr. B. Have you any crops in the ground ?

Mr. G. What 's that to you ?

Mr. B. O, nothing ! But, speaking of the weather, I think I never knew such a fine spell since I was born.

Mr. G. Did you before ?

Mr. B. Before I was born ? How could I ?

Mr. G. That 's a question of your own asking.

Mr. B. To be sure, it is ! Well, if ever I saw such weather as this ! Do you think it will rain soon ?

Mr. G. Yes, as soon as the dry weather 's over.

Mr. B. When do you think that will be ?

Mr. G. Humph ! about the time it begins to rain.

Mr. B. You 're looking remarkably well.

Mr. G. I wish I could say as much of you.

Mr. B. Has any thing gone wrong with you this morning ?

Mr. G. Yes ; I have n't a free breathing space.

Mr. B. I can 't see any thing between your head and the sky.

Mr. G. If I were to sweep a radius hor-

izontally around me, I should hit something that annoyed me.

Mr. B. I'm sorry for that. It's clearing up, I think.

Mr. G. I wish it would clear out.

Mr. B. Well, you're the strangest man I ever undertook to talk with. I can't make any thing out of you—and so I'll take my leave.

Mr. G. You can take nothing I would more gladly part with. That's what I've wished from the beginning.

IMPROPRIETIES OF SPEECH.

Continued from page 163.

XLVII.

THERE is a bad practice among certain speakers of corrupting the *e* and the *i* into the sound of *a* or *u*, in such words as ability, charity, humility, &c. How often the sensitive ear is wrung by such barbarisms as *humiluty*, *civiluty*, *qualaty*, *quantaty*, *crualty*, *charaty*, *humanaty*, *barbaraty*, *horrible*, *terrible*, and so on—an uncouth practice, to which nothing is comparable except pronouncing *yalla* for yellow.

XLVIII.

The common habit of eliding the sound of *ng*, in such words as morning, being, coming, &c. (as if they were *mornin'*, *bein'*, *comin'*), is now corrected in most of our respectable schools. If it were corrected by "children of a larger growth," whose school-days are over, it would be much to the advantage of their elocution.

XLIX.

Some people commit a great error in the use of the word *quantity*, applying it to things of number, as "a quantity of friends," "a quantity of ships," "a quantity of houses," &c. "I found any quantity of errors in that book," said a youth, the other day, in my hearing. Now, *quantity* can be applied only where *bulk* is indicated, as "a quantity of land," "a quantity of timber;" but we can not say "a quantity of fields," "a quantity of trees," because fields and trees are specific individualities.

We may, however, apply the word where individualities are taken in the gross, without reference to modes, as "a quantity of luggage," "a quantity of furniture;" but we can not say "a quantity of boxes," "a quantity of chairs and tables," for the reason already given. We may also apply the term *quantity* to those things of number which are too minute to be taken separately, as "a quantity of beans," "a quantity of oats," "a quantity of chips," &c.

L.

In writing, be careful to use the hyphen (-) correctly; it joins compound words, and words broken by the ending of the line. The use of the hyphen will appear more clearly from the following example: "*Many colored wings*" means *many wings* which are *colored*; but "*many-colored wings*" means "*wings of many colors*."

LII.

The word *got* is often introduced superfluously and incorrectly into familiar expressions. When, in reply to my "Lend me a dollar," you say, "I've *got* no money," you simply say what you do not mean: omit the *got*, and your meaning is rightly conveyed. "I've *got* a cold" is not bad English, if you mean to convey the idea that you have procured or contracted a cold somewhere; but, if you merely wish to say (as you probably do) that you are now suffering under a cold, "I have a cold" is the proper expression. "She has *got* a fair complexion."—Here *got* is again an interloper; for you do not mean to say she has procured a fair complexion, but simply that she *has* one. "I've *got* to go to New York to-morrow."—Here *got* is again redundant and incorrect. "I *have* to go" expresses the idea.

LIII.

The majority of speakers use the imperfect tense and the perfect tense together in such sentences as the following: "I intended to *have called* on him last night;" "I meant to *have purchased* one yesterday;" or a pluperfect tense and a perfect

tense together, as in "You should *have written to have told her*." These expressions are illogical, because, as the *intention* to perform an act *must be prior* to the act contemplated, the act itself can not, with propriety, be expressed by a tense indicating a period of time *previous* to the intention. The three sentences should be corrected thus, placing the second verb in the infinitive mood: "I intended *to call* on him last night;" "I meant *to purchase* one yesterday;" "You should have written *to tell her*."

But the imperfect tense and the perfect are to be combined in such sentences as the following: "I remarked that they appeared to have undergone great fatigue;" because here the act of "undergoing fatigue" *must have taken place previous* to the period in which you have had the opportunity of remarking its effect on their appearance: the sentence, therefore, is both grammatical and logical.

LIII.

To the scholar I would suggest the prevalent impropriety of adopting the subjunctive instead of the indicative mood, in sentences where doubt or uncertainty is expressed, although the former can only be used in situations in which *contingency and futurity* are combined. Thus, a gentleman giving an order to his tailor may say, "Make me a coat of a certain description, and if it *fit* me I will give you another order;" because the "fit" alluded to is a thing which the future has to determine. But when the coat is made and brought home, he can not say, "If this cloth *be good*, I will give you another order;" for the quality of the cloth is *already determined*; the future will not alter it. It may be good, it may be bad, but whatever it *may be* it *already is*; therefore, as contingency only is implied, *without futurity*, it must be rendered in the indicative mood, "If this cloth *is good*," &c.

We may with propriety say, "If the book be sent in time, I shall be able to read it to-night," because the sending of

the book is an event which the *future* must produce; but we must not say, "If this book be sent for me, it is a mistake," because here the act alluded to is already performed—the book has come. People have probably been beguiled into this error by the prefix of the conjunction, forgetting that conjunctions may be used with the indicative as well as with the subjunctive mood.

LIV.

A few examples will illustrate the proper use of the so-called subjunctive mood "Is Thomas able to repeat his grammar this morning?"—"No, he is not; because he *was ill last night*."—"If he *was ill*, that is enough." "Has Thomas come to repeat his grammar?"—"No, he *has not*; because his head *aches*."—"If his head *aches*, that is enough." In neither of these cases is there any contingency of the *fact*, and therefore we say if he *was ill* at that time, and if his head *aches* at this time. But, if we pass on to a future time, we then put the case *hypothetically*, as, "Will Thomas come up to repeat his grammar tomorrow?"—"Yes, if his head *do not ache*,"—if he *be better*; that is, should it so happen, *should his head not ache*, *should he be better*. "Did you take a walk yesterday?"—"No, I did not; because it *was wet*."—"If it *was wet* (not if it *were*), you *were better at home*." "Will you walk now?"—"Yes, if it *does not rain*." "If it *rains* now, will you take a walk an hour hence?"—"Yes, if in the mean time it *clears up*;" that is, *should it clear up*,—not *clears*, which has reference to a *present* and now *existing state*.

The subjunctive mood, then, in English, is not used with propriety when we speak of that which is past, or of that which is present; but when the fact itself has not yet taken place, and is necessarily future and contingent.

WHAT greater torment is there than the consciousness of having known the will of our Creator, and yet disobeyed it!



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn ;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light !
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on my birth-day,—
The tree is living yet !

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing :
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow !

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high ;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky :
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

For Declamation.

FAITH IN THE FUTURE.

I BELIEVE in the future. I am no enthusiast of progress. I play no sentimental

tune to the key-note of "the good time coming;" but I believe in a better future for this world, as I believe that there is a divine gravitation in the planetary roll of ages, or that the gulf-stream of a moral providence sweeps through the Atlantic of history. When I look at the frightful wrongs of the feudal system, and at the seemingly solid walls of tyranny, and ask, Shall they ever be swept away? shall they ever crumble into dust ? I answer, Yes ! They shall fall, however, not beneath the sweep of swords, or the breath of cannon, but under the pressure of irresistible ideas. Those stars and stripes shall have a wide space in the future, but they will announce not a geographical, or political, so much as a moral supremacy ! They shall symbolize the morning flush of our national genius, and the constellation of our high and universal truths !

Sir, the strongest powers of the universe are silent ! They proceed with no clangor of trumpets ; they never rise from their thrones ; but they send out in stillness their inevitable force. Such is the blood that circulates through the animal organism. Such is the energy that controls the march of systems. Such is the electric current that sparkled around Franklin's kite. And such shall be the triumph of American thought and principle through the agencies of Literature. A power calm and mighty ; silent, but irresistible ; a power kindled by the lightning of free thought, and scattered abroad by the swift fingers of the Press !

CHAPIN.

Original.

THEY SAY.

Enter Mr. TATTLE and Mr. ROLLINS, meeting.

Mr. Tattle. You are a stranger in these parts, I reckon, mister.

Mr. Rollins. What makes you think so ?

Mr. T. Well, you kind of stared about you as you got out of the cars, as if the place did n't look familiar.

Mr. R. Do you know a Mrs. Rollins in this town?

Mr. T. Is it she that lives in the brown cottage on the hill yonder?

Mr. R. The same.

Mr. T. Well, I can't say I visit her, but I can tell you all about her. Poor woman!

Mr. R. Why do you say that? Is anything the matter with her?

Mr. T. She has had a hard time of it. Poor young thing! A month after her marriage, and just as she had got fixed there in the cottage, her scamp of a husband ran off to California.

Mr. R. Scamp of a husband! Ran off! (*Indignant.*) What do you mean, sir?—(*Checking himself.*) Excuse me. What did he run off for?

Mr. T. For robbing a bank. So they say.

Mr. R. Who say?

Mr. T. They say.

Mr. R. Who are *They*?

Mr. T. The world generally. Everybody says. People say.

Mr. R. Can you name a single person beside yourself who says it?

Mr. T. Really, so many people say it that I can not think of any one in particular.

Mr. R. Perhaps I will quicken your memory by and by. But what of Mrs. Rollins?

Mr. T. She's on the point of being married again. So they say.

Mr. R. Indeed! To whom?

Mr. T. To a Mr. Edward Edwards.

Mr. R. (*aside*). Her own brother! (*ALOUD.*) Are you sure of this?

Mr. T. O, yes! He has been residing in the house with her. They take romantic walks together. The wedding is to take place immediately. So they say.

Mr. R. Who say?

Mr. T. Well, I told you. *They* say. What would you have more?

Mr. R. Who are *they*?

Mr. T. How should I know? You are the most unreasonable man I ever met with. I say *they* say, and you ask who

say. As if any better authority could be given!

Mr. R. Did *They Say* ever say that you were a meddling, (*following him about the stage, Tattle retreating at every step*) prying, gossiping, impertinent, mischievous, unscrupulous, malicious retailer of absurd slanders?

Mr. T. What do you mean, sir, by such language? I'll have you arrested. Lawyer Fleeceum is my particular friend. If there was only a witness at hand, sir, I'd make you pay a pretty sum for this. Keep your hands off, sir! No matter, sir; kick me—kick me! I see a witness yonder. I'll have you arrested for assault and battery. Kick me, if you like.

Mr. R. I shall not indulge you so far. But, take warning, sir, how you quote Mr. *They Say* for your scandalous reports. Old *They Say* is a liar and a coward.

Mr. T. That's libelous, sir. I wish I knew your name.

Mr. R. My name is Rollins, and that cottage on the hill, there, is mine.

Mr. T. Wheugh! You Mr. Rollins?

Mr. R. The same.

Mr. T. Didn't you once rob a bank?

Mr. R. I once plucked a rose from a bank in a friend's garden, whereupon another friend playfully remarked that he had caught me robbing a bank. Some Irish laborers heard him say it, and may have misunderstood it. This probably is the foundation for your story.

Mr. T. But isn't your wife going to be married? Doesn't she walk out every day with a young man?

Mr. R. That young man is her poor, consumptive brother, who has come here for change of air. Let me advise you, friend *They Say*, to look before you leap, another time. (*Exit.*)

Mr. T. Now, isn't it provoking that such a nice bit of gossip should be spoiled? No matter! There is a report that the Rev. Mr. Pine has been seen playing at ninepins. He does it for his health, he says. Ha, ha, ha! For his health, indeed! I'll make a nice stir-up in his

congregation about this. We'll have a meeting of the parish (*rubbing his hands*), — perhaps a council of ministers, — and there'll be a precious tempest at every tea-table in the village. Ha, ha! I see sport ahead. (*Exit.*)

THE BOY AT THE DIKE. — A little boy in Holland was returning, one night, from a village to which he had been sent by his father on an errand, when he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dike. He stopped and thought what the consequences would be if the hole was not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell, the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings; how in a few hours the opening would become bigger and bigger, and let in the mighty mass of waters pressing on the dike, until, the whole defense being washed away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and every thing in its way. Should he run home and alarm the villagers, it would be dark before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager. But no one came. Hour after hour rolled by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, and tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. All night he stayed at his post. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and looked round to see where it came from. "Why are you there, my child?" he asked, seeing the boy, and surprised at his strange position. — "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy. The dike was closed, and the danger which threatened hundreds of lives was prevented.



MAN'S FAMILIAR COMPANION.

The dog has been in all ages the acknowledged friend of man; his familiar and esteemed companion. Naturally courageous, powerful, and fierce, in a savage state he is one of the most formidable of animals; but when domesticated, his sole ambition is to please. "He then lays his force, courage, and all his useful talents, at the feet of his master; he waits his orders, to which he pays implicit obedience. He is constant in his affections, friendly without interest, and grateful for the slightest favors. He is not easily driven off by unkindness; but licks the hand that has just been uplifted to strike him."

Thus he becomes identified with his master's pursuits and interests. He is "treated as one of the family;" with a marvelous sagacity, he recognizes the look, voice, and walk of his master; rejoices at his approach, and solicits his notice, while he bravely defends his person. His services are almost essential to civilization; and with his assistance man has obtained the conquest of the lower animals, and peaceable possession of the earth. Surrounded by a number of these courageous animals, the traveler has been enabled, in climes abounding with ferocious beasts, to encamp at night in the dreary desert, and repose in comparative safety. The flock and herd obey the voice of the dog more readily than that of the shepherd; he conducts them, guards them, and keeps them from capriciously seeking danger, and considers their enemies his own.

An English officer, who was in Paris in 1815, mentioned the case of a dog belonging to a shoe-black, which brought customers to its master. This it did in a very ingenious and scarcely honest manner. The officer, having occasion to cross one of the bridges over the Seine, had his boots, which had been previously polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned. The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog. He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself. Finding that the shoe-black was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and, after a little hesitation, he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself.

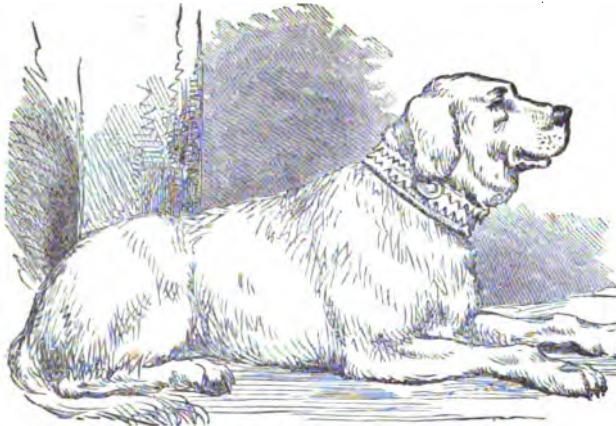
A gentleman in Staffordshire, England, was in the habit of coming to town twice in the year, performing part of the journey on horseback, accompanied by his little terrier, which he usually left in the care of his landlady at St. Albans, till his return. On one occasion, calling as usual for his little favorite, the lady appeared before him with a pitiful countenance. "Alas, sir," said she, "your terrier is lost! Our house-dog and he had a quarrel; and the poor terrier was so worried and bitten before we could part them, that I thought he could never have got the better of it. He, however, crawled out of the yard, and was not seen for almost a week. He then returned, bringing with him another dog, larger by far than ours; and they both fell on our dog, and bit him so unmercifully that he has scarcely since been able to go about the yard, or to eat his meat. Your dog and his companion then disappeared, and have never since been seen at St. Albans." The gentleman, however, on arriving at home, found his terrier; and, on inquiry, was informed that since he left for town the little creature had returned home,

and had coaxed away the great house-dog, who it seems had, in consequence, followed him to St. Albans, and completely avenged his injury.

Two dogs, near New York, were in the practice of going out together to hunt squirrels on the mountain. One of them, in pursuit of some game, got his head fast between two rocks, from which he could not extricate himself. He remained in this situation eight days, during which time his associate fed him daily. Watch — for this was his name — was observed to whine, and show great uneasiness. He would seize every bone and bit of meat he could find, and hasten up the mountain, reserving for himself only the crumbs which were shaken from the table-cloth. He also went often to the master of his friend, and by signs endeavored to induce him to follow him. At length the master began to notice the conduct of the dog, and one day said to him, "Watch, do you know where poor Alonzo is?" The dog, appearing to understand him, sprang up to him with so much force as almost to throw him down, and by other signs induced him to follow him, and conducted him to his imprisoned companion. The poor dog was found to have suffered greatly. In addition to his being nearly starved, in his efforts to extricate himself he had worn the skin from his neck and shoulders. Fragments of the bones which Watch had brought him lay around.

The eccentricities of some dogs are very remarkable. Perhaps none have excited more attention than "the firemen's dog," as he was called, who possessed a strange fancy for attending all the fires which occurred in Boston. He was the property of no individual, and was fed by the firemen generally; but he would stay with no one of them for any length of time.

The Esquimaux dog performs the part of the horse in drawing the Esquimaux in the sledge over the snow, and he pursues the reindeer, the seal, or the bear. The dogs of St. Bernard are sent out on errands of compassion, with provisions for the traveler



Great St. Bernard Dog.

benighted or endangered by the snow-storm. Some years ago, a ship belonging to Newcastle was wrecked near Yarmouth, in England, and a Newfoundland dog alone escaped to the shore, bringing in his mouth the captain's pocket-book. He landed amidst a number of people, several of whom in vain attempted to take from him his prize. The sagacious animal, as if sensible of the importance of the charge, which, in all probability, was delivered to him by his perishing master, at length leaped fawningly against the breast of a man who had attracted his notice among the crowd, and delivered the book to him.

HOW AND WHEN TO STOOP.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when a young man, visited the Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather. When the interview was ended, the reverend gentleman showed him, by a back way, out of the house. As they proceeded along a narrow passage, the doctor said to the lad, "*Stoop! stoop!!*" Not immediately comprehending the meaning of the advice, he took another step, and brought his head pretty violently against a beam that projected over the passage. "My lad," said the divine, "you are young, and the world is before you; learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard thump."

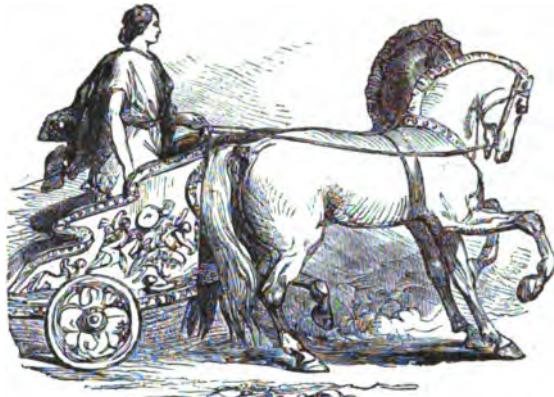
Not an easy science to learn, is it? the science of stooping gracefully, and at the right time. When a man stands before

you in a passion, fuming and foaming, although you know that he is both unreasonable and wrong, it is folly to stand as straight, and stamp as hard, and talk as loud, as he does. This places two temporary madmen face to face. *Stoop* as you would if a tornado were passing. It is no disgrace to stoop before a heavy wind. The reed bends to the wind, while

the unyielding oak is torn up by the roots. It is just as sound philosophy to echo back the bellowings of a mad bull, as it is to respond in kind to the ravings of a mad man, or — pardon me, ladies! — of a mad woman. *Stoop!* gracefully, deferentially, and amid the pauses of the wind throw in the still small voice, the "soft and gentle words which turn away wrath."

When reproved for an error you have committed, for a wrong you have perpetrated, for a neglect chargeable against you, *stoop!* Do not justify or palliate a palpable fault. This only intensifies and aggravates the wrong. This excites direr indignation. *Stoop!* If you say, mildly, "I know I was wrong; forgive me," you have stolen away all your complainant's thunder. I have seen this tried with the happiest effect. A friend came to me once with a face black with frowns, and ire all bottled up ready for an explosion, because I had failed to fulfill some promised commission. I prognosticated the storm, and took both his hands in mine as he approached, simply saying, "I am very sorry I forgot; pardon me this time." What could the man say? He kept the cork in his bottle, and I escaped a terrible blast.

How much more easily and pleasantly we should get through life, if we only knew how and when to stoop! But, when tempted to do a mean thing or a wrong thing, when solicited to evil by associates or circumstances, then don't stoop!



ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

ALEXANDER, the son of Philip, succeeded at the age of twenty to the throne of Macedonia, about 336 years before the Christian era. On the night of his birth, the great temple of Diana, at Ephesus, one of the most wonderful edifices ever erected by human skill, was burnt to the ground by Herosstratus, who madly hoped to perpetuate his memory by the incendiary deed.

The first warlike expedition of Alexander was against the barbarians to the north of his kingdom. During his engagements here a powerful confederacy was formed against him by the Grecian states; and the Thebans, upon a false report of his death, killed all the Macedonians within the reach of their fury.

Alexander speedily came against their city, took it, and utterly destroyed it: six thousand of the inhabitants were slain, and thirty thousand were sold for slaves. This dreadful example of severity spread the terror of his arms through all Greece, and those who had been opposed to him were compelled to submit.

A general assembly of the states of Greece was now summoned at Corinth. Alexander, as heir of his father, was made generalissimo against the Persians, and he immediately commenced preparations for the momentous expedition.

Alexander set off with an army of only thirty thousand foot and five thousand horse, and provisions for a single month.

He crossed the Hellespont, and marched through Asia Minor, toward Persia. Darius resolved to crush at once this inconsiderate youth, and met him on the banks of the Granicus, with a hundred thousand foot and ten thousand horse. The Greeks swam the river, their king leading the van, and, attacking the astonished Persians, left twenty thousand dead upon the field, and put to flight their whole army. Darius was left almost alone in his lofty chariot; he had but just time to get on horseback and gallop away from the battle.

Alexander now sent home his fleet, leaving to his army the sole alternative that they must subdue Asia or perish. Prosecuting their course for some time without resistance, the Greeks were attacked by the Persians in a narrow valley of Cilicia, near the town of Issus. The Persian host amounted to four hundred thousand, but their situation was such that only a small part could come into action, and they were defeated with prodigious slaughter. The loss of the Persians was a hundred and ten thousand; that of the Greeks, very inconsiderable.

After the battle of Issus, Alexander besieged Tyre; but the Tyrians resisted him, with great bravery, for seven months. At length the city was taken by storm, and thirty thousand of its population were sold for slaves, and two thousand were crucified upon the sea-shore, for no other crime than that of defending the country from an invader. The shocking cruelty of

Alexander to this city stamps him with eternal infamy.

Incensed with the Jews for not sending supplies to his army when besieging Tyre, Alexander marched to Jerusalem, resolved upon its ruin. Jaddus, the high priest, and all the other priests of the temple, proceeded from the city to meet him, and to implore his mercy. Alexander no sooner saw the venerable procession than he paid the high priest all the tokens of profound respect, and left them in satisfaction and peace, without in the least molesting the temple or the city.

The whole of Syria had submitted to Alexander; Gaza had followed the fate of Tyre; ten thousand of its inhabitants were sold into slavery, and its brave defender, Belis, was dragged at the wheels of his victor's chariot—an act far more disgraceful to the conqueror than to the conquered.

The taking of Gaza opened Egypt to Alexander, and the whole country submitted without opposition. Amidst the most incredible fatigues, he led his army through the deserts of Lybia, to visit the temple of his pretended father, Jupiter of Ammon. When intoxicated with the pride of success, he listened to the base flattery of the priests; and, upon the foolish presumption of his being the son of that Lybian god, he received adoration from his followers.

Returning from Egypt, Alexander traversed Assyria, and was met at Arbēla by Darius, at the head of seven hundred thousand men. Peace, on very advantageous terms, was offered by the Persians, but was haughtily rejected. The Persians were defeated at Arbēla, with the loss of three hundred thousand men, and Darius fled from province to province. At length, betrayed by Bessus, one of his own satraps, he was cruelly murdered, and the Persian empire submitted to the conqueror, 330 b. c.

After the battle of Arbēla, Alexander marched in triumph to the cities of Babylon, Susa, and Persep'olis, where he found

amazing treasures. Excited by intemperance, and instigated by a wicked woman, he set fire to the magnificent palaces of the Persian kings, that no one should enjoy them but himself.

Alexander, firmly persuaded that the sovereignty of the whole habitable globe had been decreed him, now projected the conquest of India. He penetrated to the Ganges, defeated Porus, and would have proceeded to the Indian Ocean, if the spirit of his army had kept pace with his ambition; but his troops, seeing no end to their toils, refused to proceed. Indignant that he had found an end to his conquests, he abandoned himself to every excess of luxury and debauchery.

Returning again to Babylon, laden with the riches and plunder of the East, he entered that celebrated city in the greatest pomp and magnificence. His return to it, however, was foretold by his magicians as fatal, and their prediction was fulfilled.

Giving himself up still further to intoxication and vice of every kind, he at last, after a fit of drunkenness, was seized with a fever, which at intervals deprived him of his reason, and after a few days put a period to his existence; and he died at Babylon, on the 21st of April, in the thirty-second year of his age, after a reign of twelve years and eight months of the most brilliant success. His death was so sudden and premature, that many attributed it to poison.

There was once a certain pirate who made great havoc among the shipping of the Mediterranean Sea. He was taken prisoner by the Macedonian soldiers, and brought before Alexander, who asked him by what right he committed his robberies. "I am a robber by the same right that you are a conqueror," was the reply. "The only difference between us is, that I have but a few men, and can do but little mischief; while you have a large army, and can do a great deal."

It must be confessed that this is the chief difference between many conquerors and robbers.

BUNCOMBE.

From the Speech of Edward Everett, at the banquet of the Democratic Club, in Boston, July 5th, 1858.

SIR, I have lately seen much of this noble country, and I have learned, as I have seen it more, to love it better. The enterprising, ingenuous, and indomitable North; the substantial and magnificent Central States, the great balance-wheel of the system; the youthful, rapidly expanding, and almost boundless West; the ardent, genial, and hospitable South—I have traversed them all. I leave to others, at home or abroad, to vilify them in whole or in part. I shall not follow the example. They have all their faults, for they are inhabited not by angels, but by human beings. But it would be well, in the language of President Kirkland, for those "who rebuke their brethren for the faults of men, not to display themselves the passions of de'mons."

For myself, I have found in every part of the country generous traits of character, vast and well-understood capacities of progress, and hopeful auguries of good; and, taken in the aggregate, they are the abode of a population as intelligent, as prosperous, as moral and religious, as any to be found on the surface of the globe.

There is, however, one little corner of each which I should like to annihilate; if I could wield a magician's wand, I would sink it to the center. Its name is Buncombe: not the respectable county of that name in North Carolina, against which I have nothing to say, but a pestilent little political electioneering Buncombe, in every state, and every district, which is the prolific source of most of our troubles.

If we could get rid, sir, of Buncombe, and if we could bring back the harmony which reigned on the day which we celebrate, and the days which preceded and followed it,—when Massachusetts summoned Washington to lead the armies of New England; when Virginia and Carolina sent their supplies of corn and of rice to feed their famished brethren in Boston;

when Jefferson and Adams joined hands to draft the great Declaration,—if I could live to see that happy day, I would, upon my honor, sir, go to my grave as cheerfully as the tired and contented laborer goes to his nightly rest. I shall, in the course of nature, go to it before long, at any rate; and I wish no other epitaph to be placed upon it than this: "Through evil report and through good report, he loved his whole country."

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

From the same Speech.

I KNOW, sir, that "Union-saving," as it is derisively called, is treated in some quarters with real or affected contempt. I am content to share in the ridicule which attaches to an anxiety for the preservation of the Union, which prompted one sixth part of Washington's farewell address. Would to Heaven that his sadly earnest counsels on this subject might spread peace and brotherly love throughout the land, as if the sainted hero himself could burst his cerements, and proclaim them in visible presence before his fellow-citizens! They would be worth to us, merely in reference to national strength, more than armies or navies, or "walls along the steep." I speak literally, sir: it were better for the safety of the country against a foreign foe that the Union of the States should be preserved, than that we should wield the army of Napoleon and the navy of England, while hovering on the verge of separation. It would be less dangerous that the combined fleets of Europe should thunder in our seaports, than that one half of the country should be arrayed against the other.

I must not, however, forget, sir, that you bid me speak of "the day we celebrate." But how can I do so in worthy terms, unless, indeed, I could borrow the breathing thoughts, the burning words, to which we have already listened with delight! Surely a day without a parallel in the history of nations! For where, in the annals of mankind, in ancient or modern times, can we

find a day like that, on which, after centuries of conscious and unconscious preparation, — upon the illustrious theater of a vast continent, hidden for thousands of years from the rest of mankind, — a group of feeble colonial dependencies, by one authentic and solemn act, proclaimed themselves to the world an independent confederacy of Sovereign States !

I repeat, sir, that on the Fourth of July, eighty-two years ago, a deed which not France, nor England, nor Rome, nor Greece, can match in all their annals, was done at Philadelphia, in Independence Hall. Let Philadelphia guard that hall as the apple of her eye. Let time respect and violence spare it. Let every stone, and every brick, and every plank, and every bolt, from the foundation to the pinnacle, be sacred. Let the rains of heaven fall softly on the roof, and the winds of winter beat gently at the door. Let it stand to the end of time, second only to Mount Vernon, as the sanctuary of American patriotism. Let generation on generation of those who taste the blessings of that great declaration pay their homage at the shrine, and deem it no irreverence, as they kneel in gratitude to the Providence which guided and inspired the men who assembled therein, to call its walls salvation, and its gates praise !

AN APT COMPLIMENT. — I heard the late Mr. Samuel Rogers, the venerable banker-poet, of London, more than once relate that he was present, on the 10th of December, 1790, when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered the last of his discourses before the Royal Academy of Art. Edmund Burke was also one of the audience ; and at the close of the lecture Mr. Rogers saw him go up to Sir Joshua, and heard him say, in the fullness of his delight, in the words of Milton,

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

When our friend (Rufus Choate) con-

cluded his superb oration, this morning, I was ready, like Mr. Cruger, of York (who stood with Burke for the representation of Bristol), "to say ditto to Mr. Burke." I was unwilling to believe that the noble strain, by turns persuasive, melting, and sublime, had ended. — *Edward Everett, July 5th, 1858.*

THE SPIDER.

ERNEST had accompanied his father into the vineyards, which were rich with promise for the coming autumn. There he found a honey-bee struggling in the web of a large garden spider, which had already opened its fangs to seize upon its prey ; but Ernest set the bee at liberty, and destroyed the glistening snare.

The father, observing what had passed, inquired of his son how he could so lightly esteem the skill and ingenuity of the little artist as to annihilate its work in a moment. "Didst thou not see with what beauty and order those slender threads were interwoven ? How couldst thou, then, be at the same moment so pitiful, and yet so hard-hearted ?"

But the boy excused himself, saying, "Is there not evil in the spider's art ? for it only tends to destruction, whereas the bee gathers honey and wax within its cell. So I gave freedom to the bee, and destroyed the spider's web."

The father was pleased at this decision of a simple child, who saw no beauty in ingenuity when its aim was destruction.

"But," continued the father, "perhaps thou hast been unjust toward the spider. See how it protects our ripening grapes from the flies and wasps, by means of the net which it weaves around the branches."

"Does it do so," asked the boy, "with the intention of protecting our grapes, or merely that it may satisfy its own thirst for blood ?"

"Truly," replied his father, "it troubles itself very little about our grapes."

"O," said Ernest, "then the good it does can not be worth much ; for I have

heard you say that it is a good will alone which can impart beauty or goodness even to the most useful actions."

"Very true, my boy. We may be thankful, however, that in the course of nature that which is evil often fosters what is good and useful, without intending to do so."

"Wherefore," inquired Ernest, "does the spider sit so solitary in his web, whilst the bees live sociably together, and work in union? Why might not the spiders also make one huge web, and use it in common?"

"Dear child," answered his father, "a good object alone can insure friendly co-operation. The bond of wickedness or selfishness contains within itself the seeds of dissolution. Therefore, wise Nature never attempts that which men too often learn by their own experience to be vain and impracticable."

On their way homeward, the father observed, "Hast thou not learnt something from the spider to-day, my boy? Remember that in this world we shall often find good and evil mixed together,—our friends and our foes side by side,—so that what is good may, from the contrast, appear all the more beautiful. Thus may we learn a lesson even from what is evil in itself."

SUCCESS OF OUR REPUBLIC.

From the Oration of Caleb Cushing in New York,
July 5th, 1858.

I AVER that the present condition, not less than the history of the Union, serves to prove its preëminent success beyond all other existing governments of Christendom. Let us see. I will compare the United States, not with the other republics of America, but with the 'great states of Europe.

They say we possess no adequate military organization. It is true we do not support immense standing armies; but, for that very cause, we retain the larger reserved capacity of military execution in

the hour of need. To say nothing of our having encountered, with glory unsurpassed, all the chances of a foreign war on the plains of Mexico, we have twice challenged to arms that proud England whose child we are.

Alexander would take part in the Olympic games, if he might obtain kings for competitors. We certainly have had European antagonists worthy of the Republic. In the first war with England we achieved our independence on the land; in the second, our independence on the sea. We plucked from the banners of invading armies the laurels accumulated on them by a hundred victories; we conquered the conquerors of Europe and Asia—for to us alone have British armies surrendered; and the triumphs of Saratoga, of Yorktown, and of the Thames, bear witness that the blood of our fathers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, runs red in the veins of their descendants in America.

True it is, I know, that our country is not bristled over with the bayonets of standing armies, nor our land covered with citadels, like France, Austria, Prussia, Russia; but let no vain thought of our being weak in a military respect enter the imaginations of foreign enemies, if such we have, or shall have, in Europe or America. No, for every freeman of the United States is a soldier, every city is a citadel of brave men, every rural home is a fortress, or the unit of an army ready to be combined in a moment for the defense of the Union. Our militia is the inexhaustible resource of military strength. Have not we of this generation seen it in the fields of Queenstown and of New Orleans? Have we not seen it on the plains and in the mountain passes of Mexico?

But we are told that popular commotion, or other abuses of public or of individual freedom, disturb our great cities, and sometimes threaten the public peace in our frontier settlements. Civic disturbances—frontier commotion—forsooth! What is all that, compared with the desolating wars, the

sanguinary insurrections, confiscations, exiles, and deaths by the ax, which are the daily experience of Europe?

Did we, the people of the United States, when we embarked on the great adventure of sovereignty—did we expect to sail for ever along the surface of smooth summer seas, with smiling skies overhead, and favoring breezes to fill our canvas; with no reefs or shoals in our course—not even a drifting cloud on high to warn us of the emergency of some possible act of manhood?

No. Not thus did the people of the United States conceive of government. They knew that with power must be perils and cares. They foresaw that, in the changes of time, troubles, commotions, insurrections, foreign wars, civil wars, might, one after the other, come upon us, as upon all other governments. Such is the inherent condition of all human affairs. And all such hazards we have been prepared to meet, as they should arrive, and we have met and overcome, with the spirit of a generous patriotism, as became the free citizens of a republic.

And so, dangers imaginary and dangers real, trials apprehended and trials endured, have come and gone, to be no more remembered than a bleak winter day when it has given place to the gay promise of spring, or the shock of a past combat as the conqueror ascends the cap-i-toline stairs in triumph. All such trials have disappeared like light clouds over the disc of the sun, without leaving so much as a tarnish on the bright face of the Constitution of the Union!

From the New England Farmer.

LITTLE THINGS.

PERHAPS there is no one thing in which mankind so generally and so frequently make a mistake as in the neglect of little things. Let us look first at the school-boy. He makes his first mistake in supposing that it is of no importance if he is heedless about his spelling, his hand-writing, and his reading. If he plays truant, it is of

little moment to him. But, if he persists in neglecting these apparently little things, he will certainly grow up to be a bungler in great things.

I have seen a boy spurn with contempt a subject proposed for composition,—as, for example, *a bee*,—regarding it altogether beneath his attention. But Baron Cuvier, one of the most learned men the world ever saw, attributed his whole success as a scientific man to the study of insects. Sir Walter Scott, who is known to every literary person, at least, acquired his success by his attention to little things. Suppose he was visiting the ruins of some abbey,—with pencil and note-book in hand, he would note down every insect, plant, rock, or tree, that he saw, and then interweave them all into his next book, to be read with interest by those who despise little things.

Every man in active life must attend to little things. Carry a check for a thousand dollars into a bank, and the cashier would attend to the little circumstance of your signing your name on its back. It is a little thing, of itself, but neglected it would soon ruin a bank. The sea-captain must attend to little things, or his ship will be wrecked. But it is the farmer's boy, especially, who should learn this habit.

A little hole in a fence may cause your whole garden to be destroyed. A little hole in a fence rarely ever grows smaller of itself; so a little duty neglected rarely ever passes unnoticed, but results in some trouble. A little attention to that young cow will make her gentle. Much of a farmer's income is made up of little things, and he who does not attach importance to these little rills of profit will never enjoy a large stream as the result of their flowing together. A man may be stingy and mean, but this has nothing to do with strict economy in the use of time and money.

Having penned these thoughts, which passed through my mind while tying up some little trees to stakes to prevent their being broken down by the snow, I remain as little as ever,

N. T. TRUE.

Bethel, Me., January 1, 1858.

THOUGHTS OF AN OLD SMOKER.

A QUARTER of a century ago, I began to master two difficult attainments : I learnt to shave, and I learnt to smoke. Of these two attainments, smoking was incomparably the hardest ; but I managed it. What has it cost me ? Looking at it altogether, and taking into account cigars, cigar-cases, cigar-tubes, tobacco, pipes, and matches ; considering, too, that I have been a constant and persevering, though not an enormous smoker, I may fairly conclude that, take one time with another, smoking has cost me half a dollar a week, for twenty-five years.

Half a dollar a week ; that is to say, twenty-six dollars a year : making for the whole period, and without reckoning interest, either compound or simple, the sum of six hundred and fifty dollars. A friend at my side tells me that a dollar a week would be nearer the mark ; but, that I may keep within compass, I shall let the more moderate computation remain.

Six hundred and fifty dollars — setting aside the consideration of interest — is a large sum. If, twenty-five years ago, instead of a tobacco-box, I had set up a money-box, and dropped into it a weekly half-dollar, I can not avoid the conclusion that I should now be somewhat richer than I am ; and there are many things that I could do with six hundred and fifty dollars. This sum might serve me for half a year's house-keeping ; or it might pay for my boy's tuition two years at college ; or it might furnish my house.

If, again, the half-dollar a week had been devoted to paying the expense of insuring my life, and I were to die to-morrow, my family would be the better for my self-denial by some two thousand dollars. Or, if I had spent a half-dollar a week on literature, my library would now be, and much to my advantage, larger than it is. Or if, laying aside selfish considerations, I had set apart the half-dollar a week to works of charity and mercy, the world might have been the better for it. Many a heartache might have been relieved by

the six hundred and fifty dollars which I have puffed away. I think, then, that if I had to begin life again, I would not learn to smoke.

I know it may be said that the same arguments could be raised against this, that, and the other superfluity, which might be done without. But I am not writing about this, that, and the other superfluity ; I am writing about tobacco-smoke.

To turn to another thought : I am not quite sure that smoking is a healthy practice. I know it is not necessary to health, My wife does not smoke, and, so far as I can see, she does not suffer from the privation. I might go a step further, and say I have a strong suspicion that sometimes smoking disagrees with some of us, and is rather detrimental to health than otherwise.

Then, again, I can not help the conviction that smoking is rather the reverse of a sweet and cleanly habit. Not to speak of the odor of stale tobacco-smoke which it imparts to the clothes, the effect upon the breath is very disagreeable. Three or four hours after smoking a cigar, I have sometimes undertaken to kiss my wife or daughter, and seen her turn away with an expression of nausea. Moreover, the expectoration which smoking provokes is far from a pleasant or cleanly habit. On these accounts, then, had I to pass through life again, I think I would determine to pass through it without learning to smoke.

Again, I think that smoking does not add to a man's respectability. I am not sure that it has not, sometimes, a contrary tendency. This may depend on circumstances. But I am reluctantly compelled to admit, if a smoker be reckoned a respectable man, it is in spite of his habit, and not because of it.

I think, moreover, that smoking is not one of the things which help to push a man onward in the world ; and I am mistaken if, sometimes, the habit is not like a clog to keep him back. In other words, I can not but be persuaded that — all things else being equal — the man who does not

smoke has a better chance of success in the world than the man who does: and as, if I were young again, I should wish to succeed, if possible, I think I would not learn to smoke.

And I do not wonder that men of business, and employers generally, look with suspicion upon tobacco-smokers; for, though a youth or a man, in spite of this practice, may be a valuable servant, it is not to be denied that the smoker, at times, lays himself open to temptations, strongly tugging at him, to draw him aside from integrity and honor. It is not every smoker that can puff away at a *dry pipe*; and the youth who, to be manly, puts himself to the discomfort of learning to smoke, is likely also, with the same object in view, to learn to tipple. Therefore, were I to begin the world again, I think I would not learn to smoke.

I think, lastly, that it is very disgusting to see beardless youths, and boys just entering their teens, puffing and spitting in the public streets. It was but an evening or two ago that I met a little mannikin, about four feet in height, and probably twelve years of age, with a face as smooth as a girl's, sucking furiously at a dirty cigar, nearly as long as his arm, till the ashes on the end glowed with a burning heat. And the most charitable wish I could frame for the poor, misguided lad was, that before he got to the end of his cigar he might be desperately sick.

Seriously, I have observed so many mischiefs connected with smoking; have known so many shipwrecks made by it,—ay, even of faith and a good conscience; have seen so much time wasted, so much money too, and so much health; and have witnessed so much deterioration of character in some who have given themselves up to the practice, to be led captive by it, at its will, that, though I may have escaped, by God's help, its worst evils, yet, if I had to begin life again, I would not—I think I would not—learn to smoke.

AGES OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely lives twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen or sixteen. Lions are long-lived.—Pompey lived to the age of twenty. The average of cats is fourteen years; a squirrel, seven or eight; rabbits, seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, King of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him "Ajax," and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, has dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found three hundred and sixty-five years after. Swine have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros, to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

MR. TWISS, a romancing traveler, was talking of a church he had seen in Spain a mile and a half long. "Bless me!" said Garrick, "how broad was it?"—"About ten yards," said Twiss.—"This is, you'll observe, gentlemen," said Garrick to the company, "not a round lie, but differs from his other stories, which are generally as broad as they are long."



A BRIDGE.

A BRIDGE is a road or path carried over a river. The first or *primitive* bridge was perhaps a tree thrown over a stream, which could not be very wide. Stepping-stones in shallow rivers, covered with planks from stone to stone, exhibit the first rude idea of stones and arches, which science has brought to the present perfection.

In deeper rivers an accumulation of stones would form a loftier pier; and when the openings were sufficiently narrow, and the slabs of stone sufficiently long, they would probably be placed across, and thus a larger bridge would be constructed.

In early times, the use of bridges over broad rivers was not thought of. Ships, boats, and rafts, answered all purposes; but when large numbers of people dwelt together and formed cities, the necessity of land communication between the two sides of a river was felt, and bridges were constructed.

The first step in building a bridge is to prepare a coffer-dam, or water-tight chamber, by driving piles in the bed of the stream, filling their interstices with clay, and pumping out the water within the enclosure. The foundation of the bridge is then laid, and the piers are erected with their greatest length in the direction of the

stream, to the height from which they are to expand into the arch; that is, just above high-water mark.

The process of centering now commences. A framework of wood, composed of many pieces, is made. This is elevated by a pair of high shears, like those used for placing the mast of a vessel in the seat. After this is made quite firm and secure, the stones are formed, and laid archways over it, so as to form the arch.

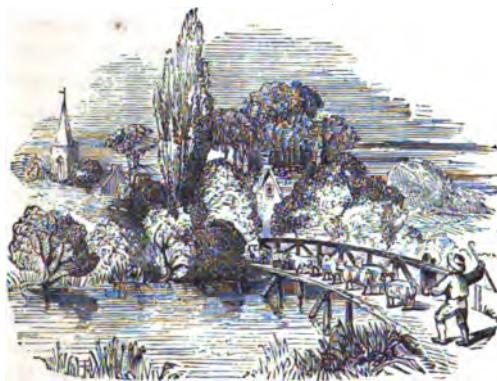
The weight of the immense mass of stones pressing on the wooden frame would prevent its being removed, but for a clever contrivance. The base of each line of timbers rests on a series of wedges, so that every blow of the hammer applied to the point of the wedge loosens it; and thus it is easily taken to pieces, leaving the enormous masses of stone forming the arch suspended in mid-air, and tied together, as it were, by the stone in the center, called the *key-stone*.

Bridges have been made of rope, stone, brick, wood, iron, and chain-work. Germany is the place for wooden bridges, as England is for iron. South America furnishes many instances of rope bridges, over which the natives pass to and fro, being swung in a cradle or bands, and pulled backward and forward by ropes. Other bridges, formed by bamboo canes, may be

walked over, though the motion is not very agreeable to Europeans.

It is by means of a rope bridge of extraordinary length, which may be traversed by loaded mules, that the South Americans have succeeded, within these few years, in establishing a permanent communication between the towns of Quito and Lima.

In England, suspension bridges are made of iron. The most celebrated is that over the Menai Strait, between the isle of Anglesea and Caernarvonshire, in Wales. It was finished in 1825. The roadway is 100 feet above the surface of water at high tide; the opening between the points of suspension is 560 feet. The whole is suspended from four lines of strong iron cables, by perpendicular cords, five feet apart. The cables pass through rollers, on the top of pillars, and are fixed to the frames under ground, which are kept down by strong masonry. The weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, is 489 tons.



The great advantage of suspension bridges consists in their stability of equilibrium, in consequence of which a smaller amount of materials is necessary for their construction than for that of any other bridge. If a suspension bridge be shaken, or thrown out of its equilibrium, it returns by its own weight to its proper place.

The suspension bridge over the Niagara River, about two miles below the Falls, is one of the greatest marvels of art in America. It spans the narrow gorge of the river by a reach, from pier to pier, of

800 feet in length, and 230 feet above the water. The width of the bridge is forty feet. It is supported by sixteen wire cables, 1100 feet long, and upward of twelve inches in circumference, having a strength equal to 6500 tons, tension strain.

Wooden bridges are usually supported upon piles, driven into the earth at short distances, or upon frames of timber; but, in deep and powerful currents, they must be supported by strong piers and abutments. The bridge between these piers consists of a stiff frame of carpentry, so constructed that it may act as one piece, and may not bend or break with its own weight. The strongest wooden bridges are made with curved ribs, which rise above the abutments in the form of an arch.

A remarkable suspension bridge has been erected over a rapid stream in the northern part of India; it consists entirely of cane and iron fastenings. Upon the whole, it is lighter than a rope bridge. It is 130 feet long, and five wide. The canes, which are from 100 to 225 feet long, and from one to two inches in diameter, are brought from the north-eastern frontier, where they may be had for the trouble of collecting them.

HYMN.

God bless our native land !
May Heaven's protecting hand

Still guard our shore !

May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,

And all our rights depend
On war no more.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our State !
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty —
We pray that still on thee
Heaven's smiles may wait.

And not this land alone,
But be God's mercies known
From shore to shore !

Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family,
The wide world o'er !

For Declamation.

"STRIKE ON."

Algernon Sidney, charged with high treason, was beheaded on Tower Hill, London, in the year 1683. After a few minutes given to prayer, he submitted to his fate with great firmness. As he laid his head on the block the executioner inquired, "Sir, will you rise again?" To which Sidney replied, "Not till the general resurrection. Strike on!"

On the verge of eternity, calmly surveying
The dark rolling waters that trembled beneath,
Sidney, martyr of liberty, ended his praying,
And patiently waited the coming of death;
His head on the block, but his spirit away
In the land where the tyrant shall forfeit his sway!

The sufferer's words, how undaunted, how cheering!
ing!

They spoke of a victory gained over ill;
They told that this man, whom a despot was fearing,

Though conquered by fate, was a conqueror still!

"The grave has no terror, since o'er it has shone
The hope that a Saviour has given. Strike on!"

How mighty that hope when the spirit departing
Must sunder the ties that have bound it so long!
Through the gloom of the sepulcher radiance is
darting,

Through the silence come tones of the heavenly
song.

"The grave has no terror, since o'er it has shone
The hope that a Saviour has given. Strike on!"

Ah, yes! though oppression this body may fetter,
Or drag to the anguish and shame of the block,
The truth that we die for shall live, every letter;

At the power of the tyrant the spirit shall mock.
"The grave has no terror, since o'er it has shone
The hope that a Saviour has given. Strike on!"

Then cheer for the right! and to death bid defiance!

How brief at the most all the woe he can bring!
Let us dare, let us do, for the right! Our reliance

Shall be the glad promise of Jesus our King.
"The grave has no terror, since o'er it has shone
The hope that a Saviour has given. Strike on!"

A QUAKER and a hot-headed youth were on a recent occasion quarreling in the street. The broad-brimmed friend kept his temper most equably, which seemed but to increase the anger of the other. "Fellow," said the latter, "I don't know a bigger fool than you are," finishing the sentence with an oath.—"Stop, friend," replied the Quaker, "thee forgettest thyself!"



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.*

FAILING in his enterprise for the liberation of Geneva, Bonnivard was transported to the castle of Chillon, where a dreadful captivity awaited him. Bound by the middle of his body to a chain, the other end of which was attached to an iron ring in a pillar, he remained in this condition six years, free to move the length only of his chain, and able to recline only where it allowed him to extend himself.

The pavement was hollowed by his measured tread; but the thought that his captivity would perhaps avail nothing for the enfranchisement of his country, and that Geneva and he were doomed to perpetual fetters, must have been more wearing to his mind than his steps to the stone.

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar; for 't was trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

How happened it, in this long night, which no day broke in upon, and where the silence was disturbed by no sound save that of the waves of the lake dashing against the walls of his dungeon,—how happened it that the mind did not overpower the body, or the body the mind? Why was it that the jailer, on going his

* Pronounced *Shillong*.

rounds, some morning, did not find his prisoner either dead or mad? One besetting — one eternal idea, — was it not enough to break the heart, or paralyze the brain?

And, during this time, — during these six years, during this eternity, — not a cry, not a murmur, as his jailers testified, escaped from the prisoner; although, without doubt, when the tempest was unloosed, — when the gale tore up the waves, when the rain and the blast lashed the walls, — he too had his utterance; for then his voice might be lost in the great voice of nature; for then God only could distinguish his cries and sobs; and, the next day, his jailers, who had not feasted on his despair, would find him calm and resigned, — the tempest in his heart subdued and hushed, like that in the sky.

Ah! without that — without that — would he not have dashed his brains out against the pillar to which he was chained? Could he have awaited that day when his countrymen simultaneously burst into his prison to rescue and to honor him? A hundred voices then exclaimed, "Bonniard, thou art free!" — And Genève?" — "Is also free!"



The Primrose.

ENGLISH FLOWERS.

We read much, among the poets, of the primrose,

"Earliest daughter of the spring."

This flower is one, also, which we cultivate in gardens to some extent. The hue is a delicate straw-color. It grows in tufts, in shady places, and has a pure, serious look, which reminds one of the line of Shakespeare,

"Pale primroses which die unmarried."

It has also the faintest and most ethereal perfume, — a perfume that seems to come and go in the air like music; and you perceive it at a little distance from a tuft of them, when you would not if you gathered and smelled of them. On the whole, the primrose is a poet's and a painter's flower. An artist's eye would notice an exquisite harmony between the yellow-green hue of its leaves and the tint of its blossoms. I do not wonder that it has been so great a favorite among the poets. It is just such a flower as Mozart and Raphael would have loved.



The Bluebell.

Then there is the bluebell, a bulb, which also grows in deep shades. It is a little purple bell, with a narrow green leaf, like a ribbon. One of the poets makes the butterfly address the flower thus:

"My own bluebelle, my pretty bluebelle,
I never will rove where roses dwell!
My wings you view of your own bright hue,
And, O, never doubt that my heart's true blue!"

REMARKABLE LONGEVITY. — The longevity of the signers of the Declaration of Independence is remarkable. Out of the whole fifty-six, four lived beyond the age of ninety, — Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, reaching the advanced age of ninety-five years, one month, and twenty-four days. Ten exceeded the age of eighty; ten lived beyond seventy years; fifteen exceeded the age of sixty; ten passed their fiftieth year; six died past forty; and one is supposed to have perished at sea, aged thirty. •

TRY !

Boys! I am going to TRY and write something for you. I was a boy once, and I can remember a good deal of what I used to think and feel when I was a boy. And I dare say, as hearts are so much alike, you think and feel just as I used to do. Hence I will try and write what I hope may be of use to you. But, at the outset, I would have you know that what I am about to tell you is all strictly *true*.

Well, now, as it is usual with ministers to take a text as a sort of starting-post, I think I can not do better than take one. But my text is to be very short. Boys, you know, are not fond of long texts, as they have often to repeat them when they get home, or at school next day. T-R-Y! That's my text.

First. T. T stands for *thought*. I need not tell you, for I am sure you know it too well, that there are many kinds of thought. There are good thoughts and bad thoughts. There are thoughts about time, and thoughts about eternity; thoughts for the body, and thoughts for the soul; angry thoughts, and peaceful thoughts; selfish thoughts, or thoughts about what we shall get and have; generous thoughts, or how we can help others. But, out of the many thoughts which pass and repass the mind, it is one kind of thought of which I want now to speak. It is that sort of thought which boys have when they hear or read of others. They hear or they read of men who have been useful men and happy men, and what some people call great men; and they think, "Ah! but they never were as I am. They must have had what I have not. They had good homes, or great friends, or plenty of money, or what not; and all this was the secret of their success. This was why they became such useful men, or such happy men." Now, dear boys, these are very wrong thoughts; for, in most cases, those who have become great men and good men had not, as boys, what you speak of; for too often it is, that when boys have such good

homes (as they are called), or great friends, or so much money, they think they need not give heed to our text—TRY.

Second. R. R stands for *right*. When we are about to try to do this, or to do that, it is well to *think*. "Is it right?" And as it may be hard to know, now and then, whether to go here or there, or whether to do this or that, is *right*, I will tell you a very ready way to find out if it is *right* or not. Think of and repeat over these four short words, "Thou, God, seest me." This will be almost sure to decide the matter. And, if helped to do what is *right*, take my word for it, you will be a ten times happier boy than if you take your own way, and do what is *wrong*. I will tell you why. I knew a boy once to throw a stone and break a window. It was dark, and he ran away. But he thought, "Is this *right*? Should I like any one to serve me the same?" So he went to the shop, and told the person who kept it that it was he who had broken the window. Now, it was at first quite a task — really an effort — to do this; but he was all the happier afterward. He could not have passed that shop without thinking of the broken pane, if he had not gone and done what was *right*. It is much the easiest and much the best way.

Again; I knew a boy once who had a very proud heart. He thought a great deal too much of what others thought of him. But one day he was put to a very severe test. His master sent him upon an errand. It was to go to a shop in a very fine street, where a good many ladies and gentlemen used to deal, and to ask the shopkeeper for a *cent*, which his master said he owed him. The boy walked up that fine street, and, thinking what he had to do, said to himself, "I'd sooner pay the *cent* myself, a dozen times over; but would it be *right*? Did not my master send me? Are not his commands all the same, whether it is for a cent or a dollar?" So, feeling it was *right*, into the shop he went; and, when asked what was wanted, said his mas-

ter had sent him for a *cent*. It was a *trial*, but it was a *triumph*, too. Why? It was *right*.

Third. Y. Y stands for *years*. A year seems a long time when three hundred and sixty-five days have to come and go before it ends; and when five, or ten, or fifteen years have to pass away before such things as boys set their minds upon can be had. They are apt to want patience, and to say, "O, it's no good to think of it! Why should I *try*? What's the use?" This is any thing but *right*, and too often leads to what is *wrong*. If, on the other hand, the mind is set, first, to *think*, and, secondly, to *do* what is *right*, it is strange how quickly months and years seem to glide away.

LIFE'S EARLY STEPS.

Few know of life's beginning ; men behold
The goal achieved : the warrior, when his sword
Flashes red triumph in the noonday sun ;
The poet, when his lyre hangs on the palm ;
The statesman, when the crowd proclaim his voice,
And mould opinion on his gifted tongue.
They count not life's first steps, and never think
Upon the many miserable hours
When hope deferred was sickness to the heart ;
They reckon not the battle and the march,
The long privations of a wasted youth ;
They never see the banner till unfurled.
What are to them the solitary nights
Passed pale and anxious by the sickly lamp,
Till the young poet wins the world, at last,
To listen to the music long his own ?
The crowd attend the statesman's fiery mind
That makes their destiny ; but they do not trace
Its struggle, or its long expectancy.
Hard are life's early steps ; and, but that youth
Is buoyant, confident, and strong in hope,
Men would behold its threshold and despair.

MISS LANDON.

WHAT TO DO WHEN A BOAT UPSETS.—The mode practised by the natives of the Pacific islands, when their canoes are upset at a distance from the shore, and with whom it is an object to save the boat as well as their lives, is to sustain themselves by joining hands across the bottom of the boat, and use the other hand to paddle home, changing hands when fatigue prompts it.

Original.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

CHARACTERS.—PHILIP FLIGHTY, MR. STERLING, DAVID.

Enter PHILIP FLIGHTY and MR. STERLING, meeting.

Mr. Sterling. Lost in meditation? How now, Philip? Are you still plotting how to make a noise in the world?

Philip. I find that in these days, Mr. Sterling, it is no easy matter to make a noise in the world. I have done with the vain ambition. Fact!

Ster. The last time we met, you were bent on distinguishing yourself. I recommended you to go up with Mr. Wise in his balloon.

Phil. Every body goes up in a balloon, nowadays. The feat is getting to be too common to be noticed. Fact!

Ster. Well, why not join General ~~Harrison~~ in the campaign against the Mormons?

Phil. Utah is too distant. There are no laurels to be won there. Besides, the Mormons are not inclined to fight. There is no chance for a military hero now. Napoleon was the last. Fact!

Ster. Why not turn politician, and go to Congress?

Phil. Pooh! Ask me why I do not join a fire-engine! As a fireman I might, by patient waiting, get a chance to rescue a baby or an old woman from the flames ; but in Congress what could I do?

Ster. Do? Get into a fight — strike somebody — then be lithographed, and have your likeness in the windows of the framemakers.

Phil. In other words, do as fifty others do. Is that distinction?

Ster. Well, then, write a book.

Phil. Worse and worse! My barber writes books. My washerwoman, Mistress Dunn, is getting up her autobiography. She asked me to subscribe for it. Fact! Every other man writes a book. Every other school-girl is a poetess. I refused a boy a cent, the other day, and he threatened to blow me up in the newspapers. Fact!

Ster. I see that Barnum's name is in the new Encyclopaedia. There's glory

How would you like to be a showman, and exhibit mermaids and woolly horses?

Phil. That field has been overworked.

Ster. Why not turn speculator and defaulter? Ruin several widows and orphans, and then go and make the tour of Europe.

Phil. Too common. Look at Wall-street. Look at State-street. How soon our big swindlers pass into oblivion! You are sarcastic, Mr. Sterling.

"Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none!"

Ster. An admirable sentiment! Stick to it, Philip! Stick to it. O, that our tricksters and cheats of all kinds might be placed in their true light by a healthy public sentiment! — that there might be in every honest hand a whip to lash the rascals naked round the world!

Phil. I agree with you perfectly, Mr. Sterling. The public are too tolerant. I have concluded that the best way to distinguish one's self, nowadays, is to be an honest, good man.

Ster. Excellent! But, to be heroically good and honest, one must be so for other reasons than the distinction. However, I'll not quarrel with the motive, so that the result is all right.

Phil. Mr. Sterling, I have not only preached, but I am now practicing, these sentiments. I'm an altered man, sir. Once I was slack about paying my debts; now I have turned over a new leaf: I pay as I go. Fact!

Ster. That's a reform, indeed. My dear sir, I congratulate you. (*Shaking hands with him.*)

Phil. Once I used to be easily excited to anger.

Ster. Ah, yes! I remember.

Phil. Now I am patient as Socrates — a perfect pattern of a philosopher. Xantippe herself could n't provoke me.

Ster. I can hardly believe it.

Phil. Fact! Once I had an uncharitable habit of abusing people: now I speak well of every body.

Ster. Charming! What a delightful companion you will be!

Phil. There shall be no more backbiting in my presence. Charity is the word now. Fact! Once I was vain of my personal appearance: now such a weakness excites only my derision.

Ster. Is it possible?

Phil. Fact!

Ster. Why, what foibles have you remaining?

Phil. Spare my modesty the reply.

Ster. But are you sure these reforms will last — that they will stand the test of trial and temptation?

Phil. Hayes I no strength of will — no firmness of purpose? If I see a thing is right, Mr. Sterling, and resolve to do it, you may consider it done.

Enter DAVID.

David. Done! Yes, that's my name.

Phil. Who are you?

Dav. Dunn — David Dunn, the son of your washerwoman.

Phil. Well, young David, what do you want?

Dav. If you please, sir, here's a bill for washing. (*Hands bill.*)

Phil. (*taking the bill.*) Very well, young David; I'll examine it, and if I find it all right, young David, I will send your mother the money.

Dav. You've said that twice before. You told me once the bill was all right.

Phil. Did I? Then call next week. (*Is about to put the bill in his pocket, when DAVID takes it.*)

Dav. If you please, sir, it is receipted.

Phil. What of that? You are not afraid to trust me with it — are you?

Dav. It's not business-like, if you please, sir.

Phil. Vanish, varlet! Disappear, David Dunn! How dare you interrupt a gentleman when he's engaged in conversation?

Dav. A gentleman who is a gentleman pays his debts.

Phil. How dare you, young David, how dare you talk in that manner to me?

Dav. O, I dare to say a good deal more!

I dare to say you are a sneaking, fibbing, ill-looking fellow, and no gentleman. So, good-by!

[Exit.]

Phil. (*pacing the stage*). Ill-looking! The rascal called me ill-looking. I have a mind to run after him and give him a good thrashing. I'll do it. I'll —

Ster. (*holding him*). Stay! You forget that you are a philosopher, and quite above the vulgar passion of anger.

Phil. Let me go! Don't hold me.

Ster. (*releasing him*). Go, then! Run and pay your washerwoman's bill. Remember, you have turned over a new leaf. You pay as you go.

Phil. He called me ill-looking. The vagabond!

Ster. What of that? You are no longer vain of your personal appearance, you know. Such weakness excites your derision.

Phil. That boy will come to the gallows!

Ster. Tut, tut! You are the man who speaks ill of nobody. Recollect, you are an altered person.

Phil. I never could tolerate any thing like impertinence.

Ster. O, you mistake! Have you no "strength of will," no "firmness of purpose"? Xan-tip'pe herself could not provoke you now! "Fact!"

Phil. Have done, will you? I'll not stay here to be vexed, insulted, outraged.

Ster. (*laughing*). This is the pattern philosopher!

Phil. (*shaking his fist*). Laughed at! I'll — I'll — I'll go.

[Exit.]

Ster. Decidedly your most prudent course. (*Laughing*.) Truly, my friend Flighty has a precious deal of human nature in his composition. "Fact!" How easy is it to preach — how hard to practice!

[Exit.]

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we find the older the seed the poorer the crop."

BE CHEERFUL.

BY MARY BENNETT.

Be cheerful, like the cheerful birds,
That morn and evening sing,
As in and out the leafy boughs
They dart with shining wing.

Be cheerful, like the summer morn
So pure, and fresh, and sweet,
When sunlight smiles on field and stream,
And gentle breezes greet.

Be cheerful, like the lambs that play
Upon the grassy mead,
And in unmurmuring quietness
Among the herbage feed.

The cuckoo and the grasshopper
Teach us with cheerful voice ;
And e'en the little buzzing fly
Calls on us to rejoice.

The gnats, that circle round and round
When evening shadows fall ;
The fish, that in the brooklet sport,
Bid us be cheerful all.

The cock, that crows so lustily
To warn us of the hour ;
The active, flitting butterfly ;
The bee, that sips the flower ;

All say, be cheerful while the glow
Of early youth is thine ;
Before the stings of later years
Have pierced the soul divine.

Be cheerful — 't is a debt you owe
For mercies daily given :
What less, for all its precious gifts,
Can you return to Heaven ?

Be cheerful, each one in your lot,
Whatever that may be ;
For duty should be happiness
Enough for you and me.

E'en if a troubled path we tread,
Bright angels smile around :
So let there still in every lot
A cheerful heart be found.

All is not wrong that seemeth wrong ;
The darkest night must cease :
So let the smile chase off the tear,
And pain shall end in peace.

Be cheerful — 't is the wisest plan
To trust a Father's care ;
For well we know His sleepless eye
Is watching every where.

THE tongue, like a race-horse, generally runs faster the less weight it carries.



LINLITHGOW CASTLE.

A PLEASANT two hours' trip it was from Glasgow to Edinburgh. When the cars stopped at Linlithgow station, the name started us as out of a dream. There, sure enough, before our eyes, on a gentle eminence, stood the mouldering ruins of which Scott has sung :

"Of all the palaces so fair
 Built for the royal dwelling
In Scotland, far beyond compare
 Linlithgow is excelling :
And in its park, in genial June,
 How sweet the merry linnet's tune,
 How blithe the blackbird's lay !
The wild buck starts from thorny brake,
The coot dives merry on the lake,
 The saddest heart might pleasure take
 To see a scene so gay."

Here was born that woman whose beauty and whose name are set in the strong, rough Scottish heart, as a diamond in granite. Poor Mary! When her father, who lay on his death-bed at that time in Falkland, was told of her birth, he answered, "Is it so? Then God's will be done! The kingdom came with a lass, and it will go with a lass!" With these words he turned his face to the wall, and died of a broken heart.

Certainly some people appear to be born under an evil destiny.

Here, too, in Linlithgow Church, tradition says that James the Fourth was warned by a strange apparition against that expedition to England which cost him his life. Scott has worked this incident up into a beautiful description, in the fourth canto of *Marmion*.

The castle has a very sad, romantic appearance, standing there all alone as it does, looking down into the quiet lake. It is said that the internal architectural decorations are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and a resemblance has been traced between its style of ornament and that of Heidelberg Castle, which has been accounted for by the fact that the Princess Elizabeth, who was the sovereign lady of Heidelberg, spent many of the earlier years of her life in this place.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

PROVERBS.—A bad workman quarrels with his tools. A creaking door hangs long on its hinges. A fault confessed is half redressed. An evil lesson is soon learned. Be slow to promise, and quick to perform. First deserve, and then desire.

TOO YOUNG TO BE GOOD.

MARY and LUCY BATHURST lived in a fine house, surrounded with a beautiful garden of fruits and flowers, and every comfort afforded them that a kind mother could suggest. But they were ungrateful for their privileges, and gave way to disobedience and bad temper. When they were corrected for their evils, they would reply that they would grow better as they grew older,—“We are too young to be good.”

These little girls had got this notion from a mistaken word of a friend of their mother's, who, on being appealed to upon their bad conduct, replied, “O, Mrs. Bathurst, what can you expect from children? They will be better, by and by, when they grow older.” These imprudent words were well remembered by the children, who often flattered themselves that youth was sufficient excuse for bad conduct.

One day, Mrs. Bathurst, instead of taking her accustomed walk in the fields with her children, directed her steps toward the orchard. Placed quite close to each other, a beautiful plum-tree and a magnificent cherry-tree attracted their attention. The plum-tree extended far its branches, which a knotty and crooked trunk sustained; its fruit was coloring under a burning sun, and gave the best hopes. The branches of the cherry-tree ascended toward the clouds; its feeble trunk had a marked inclination to bend toward the ground, and strong ropes fastened the tree to a large pole, to prevent it from bending still further.

Mrs. Bathurst called Joseph, the gardener, and said, in a tone unusual to her, “Joseph, I am not pleased with you!”—“How have I displeased you, ma'am?” said Joseph.—“Why does that plum-tree bend thus toward the ground?”—“Because, ma'am, its branches are heavily laden with fruit.”—“I speak of the trunk, Joseph, not of the branches.”

“As to the trunk, ma'am, I have only been here one year, and the tree is between

eight and ten years old; so it is not I who have let it become what it is.”—“But it appears to me that you could straighten it.”—“O, no; it is *too late*.”—“You are taking great pains with that cherry-tree.”—“Excuse me, ma'am; it is because it is young.”—“I should like you to try and straighten the plum-tree.”—“You know, ma'am, that men can not do impossibilities.”—“But you must, Joseph!”—“It would break; it would *never* straighten.”—“But you must try!”

“Ah!” said Joseph, as he went to get the necessary tools, “such beautiful plums; they will all be lost!” The two children looked at their mother in astonishment. “How mother speaks to Joseph!” said Mary, in a low voice, to her sister.—“Yes; I don't understand it,” answered Lucy, in the same tone. “I always saw the tree that way, and mother paid no attention to it.”—“Yes; and I am sure that it is too late to straighten it, and the plums will all be lost.”

Joseph arrived with a pole, and fixed it in the ground on the opposite side to which the tree bent; and when it was solidly fixed, he passed a large rope round the plum-tree, and pulled it with all his force. The tree did not move; only the ground was covered with fruit, which fell from the shaken branches. The two girls sighed frequently, and Mrs. Bathurst seemed to await with anxiety the result of Joseph's efforts. At last the plum-tree split a little, and from its trunk seemed to come a plaintive groan, which was answered by a cry from the two sisters.—“Mother!” cried Mary, “have mercy on the plum-tree! Believe Joseph; it is *too old*—it will never straighten.”

Joseph stopped, at a sign from his mistress. “And you, my children, believe my experience when I tell you that you must correct your faults at the tenderest age. I have chosen those two trees to render the truth more sensible to you. The plum-tree is the emblem of a child abandoned to its caprices till it is too late to correct them;

the cherry-tree, supported by what gardeners so properly call a tutor, is the emblem of a child properly trained."

This lesson had the desired effect upon Mary and Lucy, who never after presumed to shelter their errors under the mistaken notion that they were too young to reform them.

A. D.

THE WATCH-WORD.

ONE of the company must leave the room, while another touches some article in her absence, which she must endeavor to guess, on her return. Before her departure, the mistress or master of the play takes her aside and whispers to her the watch-word : meaning that when she hears her ask "Is it this ?" she may be sure that she points to the object which has been actually touched ; but, on the other hand, the question "Is it that?" refers to things that have not been touched.

EXAMPLE.

Maria. Louisa, do you go out, but first let me say something to you in private. (*She takes Louisa aside, and whispers to her, saying:*) Julia will touch something while you are gone, and when, on your return, I point to different things, and ask "Is it that?" you may be sure I am not directing you to the right object, and you must say "No." But when I ask "Is it this?" you may say "Yes;" for you may be sure I mean the thing that Julia has touched. Go, now; remember that the watch-word is "this," and reply accordingly. (*Louisa goes out.*) Come, Julia, what will you touch ?

Julia. There, I touch the work-basket. Come in, Louisa. (*Louisa returns.*)

Maria (pointing to a book). Is it that?

Louisa. No.

Maria (showing a pincushion). Is it that?

Louisa. No.

Maria (pointing to a newspaper). Is it that?

Louisa. No.

Maria (showing a work-box). Is it that?

Louisa. No.

Maria (pointing to a basket). Is it this?

Louisa. Yes. (*The other girls, being unacquainted with the play, look surprised.*)

Charlotte. Well, it really was the basket that Julia touched !

Helen. How could Louisa possibly know?

Harriet. How could she be sure that Julia had not touched any of the other things that were mentioned ?

Maria. Well, Harriet, you shall go out next. So first come aside with me, and I will let you into the secret. [By-the-by, it must be remembered that in this way no one goes out twice.]

She takes Harriet to the other end of the room, and whispers to her that the watch-word will now be "THAT." Harriet goes out, and while she is away Charlotte touches the lamp ; and, on her return, Maria questions her a while, by asking "Is it this?" to which, of course, Harriet answers "No;" but when Maria inquires "Is it THAT?" as she points to the lamp, Harriet knows that she may say "Yes."

From the French.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

WHEN I was eighteen years of age, I was in the habit of passing the Sabbath at Versailles, where my mother lived. It was my custom to perform the first part of the journey on foot, until I overtook one of the little carriages which then plied between the two cities. On leaving the city gates, I was always sure to encounter a sturdy beggar, who cried, in a shrill voice, "Charity, if you please, kind sir!"

In return, he was equally sure of having a piece of two sous dropped into his hat. One day, as I was paying my tribute to Antoine,—for that was the name of my pensioner,—a little old gentleman, with a powdered head, came up at a brisk pace, to whom Antoine addressed his customary appeal,—"Charity, if you please, kind sir!"

The old gentleman stopped short, and, after eying the beggar with attention for

some moments, at length said : " You appear to me intelligent, and able to labor. Why, then, do you pursue such a mean occupation ? I will extricate you from this sad situation, and give you an income of ten thousand francs." Antoine laughed, and I could not help joining him.

" Laugh as much as you like," returned the old gentleman ; " but follow my advice, and you will obtain what I have promised you. I speak to you from experience : I have been as poor as you ; but, instead of begging, I provided myself with a basket, and traveled from one village to another, asking, not for alms, but for old rags, which they gave me freely. These I afterward sold, at a good price, to the paper-makers. At the end of a year I no longer asked them to give me the rags, but purchased them at a fair price ; and I had, besides, a donkey and a small cart, to aid me in carrying on my little traffic.

" Five years afterwards, I was in possession of thirty thousand francs. At this time I married the daughter of a small paper-manufacturer, who associated me with him in business. The business was not very extensive, I must admit ; but I was still young, I was active, and able to bear privations. At present, I own two houses in Paris, and have given up my manufactory to my son, whom I have bred up to habits of labor and perseverance. Follow my example, my friend, and like me you will become rich."

So saying, the old gentleman departed, leaving Antoine so much absorbed by his reflections, that two ladies passed without hearing his usual clamorous appeal,— " Charity, if you please ! "

In 1836, during my stay at Brussels, I one day entered a bookseller's shop to purchase some books. A stout gentleman was pacing up and down, and giving directions to half a dozen clerks. We looked attentively at each other, as persons who, without being able to recognize each other, remembered that we had met before.

" Sir," said the bookseller, at last, " twenty years ago, were you not in the habit of going to Versailles on Sunday ? " — " What ! Antoine, is it you ? " I exclaimed. — " Sir," he replied, " you see the old gentleman was right : he has given me an income of ten thousand francs."

GOOD FOR EVIL.

CHARACTERS.—*MARO, a Banished Roman; PAULUS, a Christian.*

Enter MARO and PAULUS, meeting.

Maro. Ho, stranger ! I am lost in this impenetrable forest. Help me to find some human abode.

Paulus. Who art thou ?

Maro. A Roman ; once high in authority, now banished, and compelled to seek charity in these wilds.

Paul. If thou art an outcast and unfortunate, I claim thee as a brother. Thy hand ! (*They shake hands.*)

Maro. Is there a place of refuge near by ?

Paul. I dwell, with my wife and children, on the border of this wood. We have little to share with thee, but to that little thou art welcome.

Maro. How happens it that thou, a man whose speech declares thou art not one of the vulgar, canst content thyself in a place like this, far from the protection and the society of Rome ?

Paul. The protection of Rome ! Wouldst thou mock me ? Great cause have I to bless the protection of Rome ! To that protection, stranger, I owe the massacre of kindred and friends ; of father, mother, brothers — butchered in cold blood — and for what ?

Maro. Butchered ? Impossible ! A peaceable family, obedient to the laws, butchered by Roman authority ! When and where ?

Paul. Ten years ago — in Rome. (*Aside*) Yes, it is he !

Maro. By whom ?

Paul. By thee ! Thou art the man ! Thou, Maro, the unjust judge, the craven

creature of Nero, the purveyor of his cruelties ! Thou art the man !

Maro. Thou ravest. My hands are unstained with Christian blood. Let me depart. (*Going.*)

Paul. Stay ! One falsehood, more or less, is not much to thee. Thy cowering glance, thy trembling knees, belie thy words. I know thee. Dost thou remember that scene in the amphitheater, when thou didst learn that the Emperor's favorite lion, whom thou hadst selected to tear in pieces a white-haired man, Claudio^s Marci^{nus}, my father, had been slain ? Dost thou recall thy rage against the slayer ? Thou dost. *I slew the beast.*

Maro. How didst thou escape ?

Paul. Ah, ha ! Thou dost betray thyself. Even now thou wouldest use thy dagger against me, didst thou dare. But what are thy arms and sinews compared with these, trained in wrestling with wild nature for my daily bread, with the black bear for life, or with the storm upon the lake for safety ?

Maro. Do not abuse thy power. Forgive me.

Paul. Forgive thee ? Have I not often reveled in the anticipation of a moment like this — when I could have thee thus — with no one by — when I could grasp thee by the throat, thus — thus — (*Grasping him*) — and hiss into thy ear, Remember Claudio^s !

Maro. Mercy !

Paul. Mercy ! Ay, such as thou didst show that kneeling wife, that gray-haired man, those children ! What was thy answer to their prayer ? — Death, death ! Not a swift, easy death — but one of torture, one of horror, in the amphitheater, by wild beasts ! Dost thou dare plead for mercy ?

Maro. As thou art a Christian !

Paul (*throwing him off, and pausing*). And dost thou use that name, once so detested by thee, once so spurned ? I thank thee for it, Maro. It has recalled me to my better self. The pent-up vengeance all explodes in words. Persecutor, murderer

as thou art, steeped, every hair of thee, in the blood of my family, fear nothing — thou art safe.

Maro. Thanks, thanks ! (*Going.*)

Paul. Whither wouldest thou go ?

Maro. To find some shelter for the night.

Paul. To perish, rather. Wild beasts, inclement skies, forbid repose. Come with me. Thou shalt have a bed in my hut, and food for thy refreshment. Dost thou doubt me ?

Maro. Thy wrongs have been too deadly : thou canst not forgive me.

Paul. Knowest thou not the Christian must forgive, even as he would be forgiven ?

Maro. But *me* thou never canst forgive. Thou wert too deeply injured.

Paul. The Christian's *act* shall tell thee what his *faith* is. I forgive thee.

Maro. O, that I could recall the past ! My life seems hateful to me in the light thy words have flashed upon it.

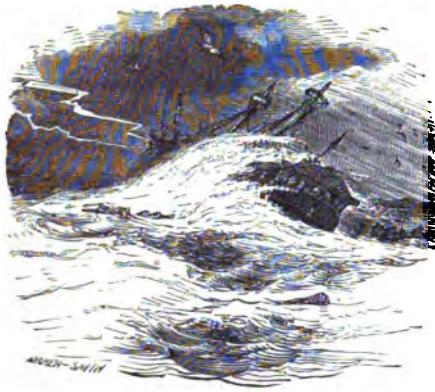
Paul. Come with me.

Maro. Thou dost crush me with thy kindness.

Paul. Despair not ; and, shouldst thou see me waver in my kindness, utter those words again, "Thou art a Christian !" (Exeunt, hand in hand.)

THE POSSESSIVE FORM.—Some writers omit the *s* of the possessive case in writing, even when they sound it in the utterance. There can be no good reason for this. We say "Collins's Poems," "Watts's Psalms;" and why write Collins' Poems, Watts' Psalms ? The true rule is, Always write the apostrophic *s* when you expect your reader to utter it ; and always utter it in speaking, except when euphony forbids.

NEVER do any thing without observing that all you do is correct. Do not ever take a walk without having your eyes and ears open, and always try to remember what you hear and see.



THE CAUSE OF WINDS.

Sidney. Come, children, the weather is too cold, and the wind blows too hard, for you to play in the open air to-day; and, if you will come near me and listen, I will tell you something about winds.

Henry. O, do, Uncle Sidney! We shall be so glad to hear it!

Sid. Now I am going to tell you about the wind which you hear roaring without; and you may ask me questions about it, when you do not clearly understand, or when you wish to know more.

George. Thank you, uncle; I should like to know what wind is.

Sid. Wind is air in motion.

Geo. But what puts the air in motion?

Sid. It is put in motion by heat. Heat causes the air to expand, and thus it becomes lighter than the cold air, and rises up, when the cold air rushes in to fill its place.

Hen. What heats the air?

Sid. The rays of the sun heat it. They do not heat it by passing through it, but by contact with the earth. This heat varies in temperature, as the surface of the earth is more or less directly exposed to the influence of the sun. Hence the air is not all heated alike.

Geo. I think I understand you, uncle; and that must be the reason why it is so much warmer on the side of a hill toward the sun than on the opposite side.

Sid. Well done! You are right, and that is a good illustration.

Jane. I did not think the air could be made to grow larger, or expand, as you call it, uncle.

Sid. Do you know, Jane, how George makes his foot-balls?

Jane. O, yes; he takes a bladder, and blows into it, through a quill, till it will contain no more air; then he ties it up, so that no air can escape, and crowds it into a leather case, which he laces up tight.

Sid. Well, when he had blown into the bladder but a little while, it was full of air; but the bladder was still soft, so he continued to blow into it until the air became very dense, and thus made it hard.

Mary. Then air can be made smaller, too, can it?

Sid. Yes, Mary, air can be compressed, or made smaller, as you term it, as well as expanded. Now I will tell you how you may know that this is so. Take a bladder that is not quite full of air, and be sure it is tied up so tight that no more air can get in or out; then hold it near the fire, and it will soon be quite full and hard. This is because the air in it has expanded.

Geo. Now I know why the bladder burst which I blew full of air and held to the fire to dry, the other day; it was because the heated air swelled so much that the bladder was not strong enough to hold it.

Sid. You are right, George.

Emma. Will the air in the bladder remain swelled all the time?

Sid. No, my dear; if you put it in a cold place, it will soon become as small as it was before it was heated. Now I trust you all understand that air will expand by heat, and contract by cold.

Mary. Yes, I think all of us understand that now; but I should like to know how to prove that the heated air rises, since we can not see it go up.

Sid. You know that, if you hold your hand over a burning candle or lamp, it will burn you when your hand is many inches from the blaze; but you can hold your hand very near the side of the flame without feeling the heat. It is because hot air rises. When a fire is made in a grate

or fireplace, it heats the air around it, and this heated air rises up the chimney, and carries the smoke along with it. If it were not so, chimneys would be of but little use in conducting the smoke from our rooms. There is a simple experiment which will illustrate that the cold air takes the place of warm and light air.

Geo. What is that, uncle? I am fond of experiments.

Sid. It is this: when the air in a room is warmer than the air outside, by opening the door a little, so as to leave only a small crack, and holding a lighted candle at the top, the flame will be bent outward. This will show you that the air is flowing out of the room. Then, by placing the candle near the floor, the flame will be bent toward the room; thus showing that a current of air is rushing in to take the place of that which goes out. If the room is very warm, you can easily perceive, from holding the candle in these two currents, which is the warm one, and which one is cold.

Hen. Now I think I know why the wind blew from all directions toward the fire when Mr. Carter's house burned. It was because the heated air ascended so fast that the cold air flowed in from all sides to fill its place.

Sid. A correct conclusion, Henry; and I am pleased that you understand the principles of wind so well.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
And I to Him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."
If where the forest's darkest shadows lower
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say, "I too extol the power
Of Him, who caused me at his will to be."
The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains, raise one song:
"Glory to God!" reechoes in mine ear.
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not Him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven and earth and ocean
hear.

LUMPS OF GOLD.

Two brothers, Philip and Arthur, set off, one afternoon, to take a walk. It was a fine day, late in October, and, though the fields were now bare of crops, and no flowers left by the sides of the roads, the mellow autumn sun threw out so brilliantly the varied hues of the leaves still left on the trees, the sky was of so deep a blue, and the air so clear, that no summer's day could have been brighter or pleasanter. The walk of the two boys took in an agreeable variety: along the high road, through narrow lanes, across a wood, over a stream of water, and home across a common.

Philip was in rather a silent mood, but he had plenty to think about in all that he saw, besides listening to Arthur, who, on the contrary, was very talkative. It might be the sight of the golden tints of the foliage, or that he had just been reading something in the newspaper about California and Australia; but his head was full of the gold-diggings, and the delight there must be in picking up gold by handfuls from the sand of rivers, or getting great lumps of it by digging deep holes.

"Shouldn't you like to go to California, Philip?" said he, "or to those Bendigo diggings that Cousin John is at? How I would like to find a great big nugget myself! There, just such a lump as this stone!" and, as he spoke, he kicked a great flint out of the pathway. Philip said "Yes," and "Very nice," and "Capital fun," in answer, from time to time, as Arthur went on about the delight of gold-finding; but every now and then something in a hedge or on a bank distracted his attention, or he had something to pick up, or gather, or look at, that made him wander away from Arthur's side, and out of hearing of his talk.

Arthur would then stand, with his hands in his pockets, gazing rather vacantly at nothing; and, when Philip came back again, he went on with what he had been saying before, or started some new idea about the joys of gold-finding, such as, "A whole bag of gold, Philip, just imagine

that! More than you could carry any distance yourself; so that you would be obliged to hire a cart and horses to carry it to the first town where you could get it weighed and changed for money—bright gold eagles, Philip!—that would buy as much food and clothes, and all sorts of nice things, as you could use in a lifetime. Would not *that* be a famous work, Philip?"

Philip had nothing to say against it. He had often thought and read about the California and Australia gold-diggings with as much interest as Arthur; but just then he was bent on getting the most he could out of his walk. To tell the truth, he was busy himself in *treasure-finding*.

By the time the boys got home, Philip had in fact as many treasures as he could well-nigh carry. First of all, he had brought home some nice large tufts of green moss, to put over the earth in the flower-pots his father kept in the parlor-window, and which would help to prevent the moisture from evaporating. Carefully wrapped up in this moss, Philip had also brought home two fine large acorns, with which he intended to try an experiment. He was going to suspend them in two rather wide-necked phials of water, just so that the acorns would touch the surface of the water. In a month or two he knew that the outer husk or shell of the acorn would crack, and a delicate little yellow germ put itself forth, which would gradually increase and unfold itself into green leaves upon a slender stem; while little roots would be sent down into the water to draw up nourishment to the miniature oak-tree. Then, out from the bottom of his jacket-pocket, Philip brought a whole handful of beech-nuts—a grand feast for his sister Fanny's tame squirrel, and a treat, too, for Fanny herself, who was almost as fond of the little triangular beech-nuts as "Scuggy" himself.

"Dear me, Philip, what beautiful feathers!" said little George, as Philip next produced six nice white feathers, of equal lengths, which he had picked up near a poultry-yard. "Ah! I know, I am sure, Philip,

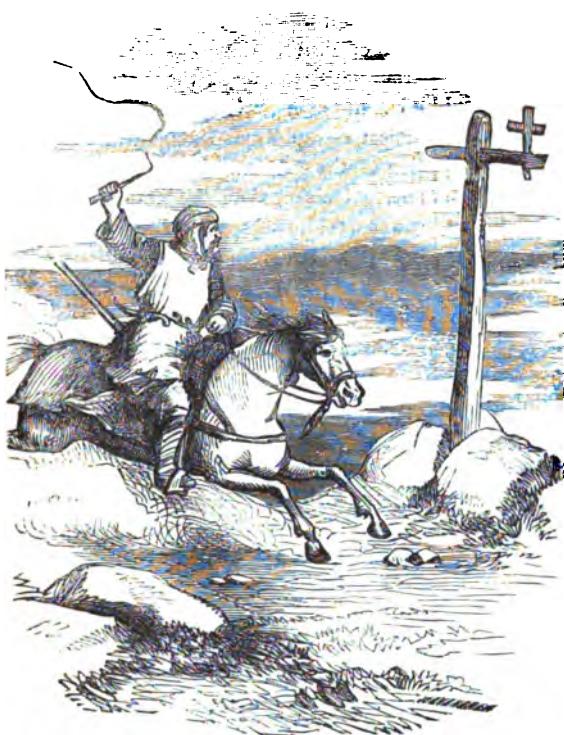
you have brought them to make me the shuttlecock you promised me." And so he had. And these were not the last of Philip's treasures; for he had his pocket-handkerchief full of nice, dry yellow sand, brought for his canary's cage; and a curious pebble, which he suspected was a fossil; and another, that only wanted cutting to prove an agate.

"Well, Philip," said his father, after all these things had been brought forth, and looked at and talked about by all the party, "I think you have not done amiss in your afternoon's walk. And you, Arthur, what have you brought home?"

Arthur had no treasures to exhibit; and then Philip laughed, and said that Arthur's head had been too full of going to the diggings, in search of gold, to pay attention to such rubbish as he had collected. He really thought Arthur had been fancying, all the time, that he was at San Francisco, or the Bendigo diggings, for he had talked of nothing else during the whole of the walk.

"Ah! my boy," said the father, laughing, "so your wits were gone *wool-gathering*, I suppose, and you missed finding the treasures near at hand. I believe, Arthur," he added, more gravely, "there are only too many like yourself, who, dazzled with the idea of gold-finding, take the trouble of going to the other side of the world in search of it; when, if they would only make good use of their wits, and turn to the best account their opportunities here, they might find treasures quite as valuable at home."

VENTILATION OF SCHOOL-ROOMS.—Mr. Charles Watson, a Scotch teacher, has invented a mode of ventilation, entirely simple, based on the fact that if two tubes of unequal length be introduced into a room, the cold air will enter the shorter, and the warm air will be expelled through the longer. This application avoids the unpleasant and dangerous draughts created by most modes of ventilation.



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

JOHN SMITH was born in the year 1579, in Lincolnshire, England. Early in life he showed a fondness for travel and adventure. At fifteen he visited Paris. Returning home to his native village, he took it into his head to lead a hermit's life. He plunged into the forest, and built what he called a "pavilion of boughs," in which he lived a life of seclusion. He soon tired of this freak, however, and went rambling in the Netherlands. Entering France again, he crossed the country to Marseilles, where he embarked on board a ship for Italy.

Smith was now about nineteen years of age. Hardly had his vessel got out to sea, when a storm arose, driving it into the harbor of Toulon. All his fellow-passengers were Catholics, and it was discovered that he was the only Protestant on board. The vessel ventured out to sea a second time, but again the weather became tempestuous, compelling them to anchor once more,—this time off the Isle of St. Mary's, near

Nice. The superstitious passengers now declared that they should never have fair weather so long as such a heretic remained on board. His own replies to their threats and insults undoubtedly increased their ill-feeling, and, in a sudden fit of passion, they lifted him over the vessel's rail, and threw him headlong into the sea. Fortunately, it was not a great way to the shore. He was an excellent swimmer, and made good his escape.

Soon after this, Smith was taken captive by the Turks. He had a hard master, and one day, when the latter was flogging him with a whip, Smith seized a flail and knocked him down senseless, and then dressed himself in the tyrant's clothes, and escaped on horseback. A cross on a sign-post

showed the way to a Christian country. With a heart overflowing with thankfulness at the sight, Smith rode swiftly in the direction the cross indicated, and, after sixteen days of travel and fatigue, reached the Russian town of Ecop'olis, on the banks of the River Don.

Returning to England, after various remarkable adventures, Smith made one of the party who sailed up James River, in Virginia, and founded, in May, 1607, the settlement of Jamestown. He was the leading spirit in sustaining the infant colony. On one occasion he was proceeding through the forest with an Indian guide, when the latter set up a shrill, unearthly cry, known as the war-whoop. Fearing, from this strange conduct of the Indian, that some great danger was at hand, he instantly seized him and held him fast, and, without another moment's hesitation, took off his own garter, and bound the treacherous rascal's arm tightly to his own. At the same instant an arrow struck him on the thigh, but without force enough to do him

any injury. He saw now that he was way-laid, and that his guide had been only his betrayer. He determined that, if he was fired at by the savages, his copper-colored companion should, at least, take an equal chance of harm along with him; and so he kept holding the fellow before him all the while, thrusting him between his own breast and the enemy, like a shield.

It was not long before the whole Indian ambush discovered itself; and he saw already two bows bent to discharge their arrows at him. He seized the pistols from his belt, and gave the enemy a quick volley, that rather interfered with their purposes. The Indians—of whom there now appeared a large number—pretty soon began to press forward upon him, compelling him to use all the dexterity he could command to keep them at bay. Smith finally stumbled and was overpowered. He was conducted before Powhatan, the great In-

Powhatan was just ready to make the fatal sign of death, when out from the silent group of females ran the figure of a little girl, but ten or twelve years old, and darted, almost as rapidly as thought, in the direction of the condemned and prostrate prisoner. Quicker than the whole occurrence can be told, she sprang forward between the uplifted clubs of the executioners and the head of their intended victim, and threw herself upon his devoted neck, encircling it affectionately with her arms. There was a sudden outcry of wonder from the savage multitude at so novel and unexpected an event, and all eagerly strained their gaze to learn who the damsel was that had taken so strange an interest in the prisoner. They looked, and saw that it was Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of their mighty king!

Pocahontas was the idol of her royal father. A boon that she had dared in this

manner to crave, it was next to impossible to refuse. The perfect artlessness with which she begged it, the open and reckless bravery with which the act was accompanied, the childlike faith which she seemed to have in her own ability to protect the prisoner,—all wrought with so much effect on the stony natures of both her parent and the chieftains, that the former soon yielded to the power of the new influence, and her prayer for mercy was heard. The decision was reconsidered—the sentence was revoked. Smith was raised from his posture on the ground, and presented as a slave to the innocent maiden whose interposition had saved his life. From that day forward he was to belong to her: to go where she sent him; to obey



dian chief. A council was held, and it was resolved that the white man should die. | her wishes in every thing; to minister to her wildest fancies; and to perform such

acts of servile labor as would mark him at once both as the defendant and the favorite. He was undoubtedly grateful for the privilege of being allowed his life on even such conditions.

Powhatan adopted the adventurer into his own family, calling him his son, and bestowing on him such favors as he usually vouchsafed only to his own kindred. In truth, the kingly parent began to think that a superior Power must have interfered to save his victim from death, and his kind treatment accordingly began to increase with his superstition.

Smith was finally sent back to Jamestown, under an escort, and here he soon had an opportunity of requiting Pocahontas

request was granted without either protest or delay. He subsequently owed his life a second time to the good offices of Pocahontas. She warned him and his party of an intended massacre by the Indians, and her warning was so seasonable that the white men all escaped.

In the year 1609 Smith quitted the shores of Virginia for ever. From that moment a blight seemed to fall on the colony. There were wars and tumults on every side. The sufferings of the colonists soon grew past endurance; and, out of a colony of five hundred persons, who were left at Jamestown when Captain Smith took his final departure, there remained at the end of six months not more than sixty alive, to testify to the incompetence of jealous rulers and evil men.

Smith returned to England, wrote books, and in 1614 sailed again for America. He was the first who gave the name of New England to the tract of country still known under that name. He landed at Cape Ann, and gave it its name. Again returning to England, he died there in the year 1631, at the early age of fifty-two.

Our abridged account of some of his adventures is from an interesting work for the young, just published by E. O. Libby & Co., Boston, and entitled "Captain John Smith; a Biography, by George Canning Hill." It is beautifully illustrated by Billings, and is one of those works which will be as fresh and attractive to American children fifty years hence as it is now.

for her generous conduct. The white men had captured several Indians, and Powhatan sent his favorite daughter to intercede with Smith for their release. He could refuse all other petitioners with the utmost readiness; but Pocahontas he could not find it in his heart to turn away. Her

DELIVER your words not by number, but by weight. Do nothing you would wish to conceal. Death hath nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.





SWIMMING.

AT this season of the year, when the healthy pastime of swimming may be pursued, we venture to give those of our young friends who may be inexperienced in the art a few hints which may serve them in time of need.

Cleanliness, obtained in whatever way, keeps open the pores of the skin, and allows of the free escape of the insensible perspiration, which is thrown off in great quantities, and the free egress of which is of the utmost importance to the health of the system.

The tonic and reviving qualities of cold water are of the most remarkable character. How wonderfully refreshing it is to bathe merely the face and hands in this element!

On first plunging into cold water, there comes a shock, which drives the blood to the central parts of the system. But immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be voluntarily prolonged beyond the period of this excitement. If the water be left while this warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthy glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a contraction of the skin, by no means favorable to health or enjoyment; for it is only in water thoroughly warmed by the summer

heat where we may bathe long with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by summoning into action the powers of the system, and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into water immediately after a meal, nor while the process of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated, or in a state of profuse perspiration. Such imprudences are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold.

Before meals, rather than after, and especially before breakfast, and before dinner, are proper seasons for bathing.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A ship, coming out of salt water into fresh, sinks perceptibly in the water. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of the salt held in solution.

The bottom should be of hard sand, gravel, or smooth stones. Sharp stones and shells cut the feet; weeds may entangle them. The swimmer must avoid floating grass and quicksand. The new beginner must be careful that the water does not run beyond his depth, and that the current can not carry him into a deeper place; also that there be no holes in the bottom. As persons are ever liable to accidents, cramps, &c., it is always best that boys or girls should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in any emergency.

Probably one of the best ways of learning to swim is to go, with a competent teacher, in a boat in deep water, this supporting the body more buoyantly than that which is shallower, and preventing the constant tendency of beginners to touch the bottom, which here is of course impossible.

The teacher should fasten a rope carefully around the waist; or, better still, to a belt, which can neither tighten nor slip down. The rope may be fastened to a short pole. Supported in this manner, the pupil

may take his proper position in the water, and practice the necessary motions; and the support of the rope may be gradually lessened, until the pupil finds himself entirely supported by the water.

Corks and bladders are often used as supports for learners; but it is much better to begin without them. As, however, they may be a protection in some cases against accidents, and enable the learner to practice the proper motions for rapid swimming more carefully, they are not to be entirely condemned. Several large pieces of cork, uncut into stopples, must be strung upon each end of a piece of rope, long enough to pass under the chest, and reach just above the shoulders; or well blown and properly secured bladders may be fastened in the same way. Care must be taken to confine these supports near the shoulders, as by their slipping down they would plunge the head under water, and produce the very catastrophe they were designed to prevent.

A great variety of life-preservers have been invented, made of India-rubber and cork shavings, in the form of jackets, belts, &c., which may be used like the cork and bladders; but, as their bulk is generally all round the chest, they hinder the free use of the arms, and impede the velocity of motion. As life-preservers, they would do very well if people ever had them on when they were needed, or had presence of mind enough to fit and inflate them in sudden emergencies. The best life-preservers are the self-reliance and well-directed skill of a good swimmer.

Swimming with the plank has two advantages: the young bather has always the means of saving himself from the effects of a sudden cramp, and he can practice with facility the necessary motions with the legs and feet, aided by the momentum of the plank. A piece of light wood three or four feet long, two feet wide, and about two inches thick, will answer very well for this purpose. The chin may be rested upon the end, and the arms used; but this must

be done carefully, or the support may go beyond the young swimmer's reach.

A better method, as many think, than any of these, is for the teacher to wade into the water with his pupil, and then support him in a horizontal position, by placing his hand under the pupil's chest, while he directs his motions.

The rope is another artificial support, which has its advantages. A rope may be attached to a pole, fastened—and mind that it be well fastened—in the bank, or it may be attached to the branch of an overhanging tree. Taken in the hands, the swimmer may practice with his legs; or, by holding it in his teeth, he may use all his limbs at once. The rope, however, is not so good as the plank, as it allows of less freedom of motion; and the latter might easily be so fixed as to be laid hold of by the teeth, and held securely.

We now come to the most important directions. As the pupil must gradually acquire confidence in this new element, he should not be urged to plunge in against his inclination. After wetting his head, he may wade in until the water is up to his breast; then, turning towards the shore, inflate his lungs, and incline forward until the water covers his chin. The head should be thrown backward, and the back hollowed, and the chest as much as possible expanded. In swimming, the feet should be about two feet below the surface.

The hands should be placed just in front of the breast, pointing forward, the fingers kept close together, and the thumb to the fingers, so as to form a slightly hollow paddle. Now strike the hands forward as far as possible, but not bringing them to the surface; then make a sweep backward to the hips, the hands being turned downward and outward; then bringing them back under the body, and with as little resistance as may be, to their former position, continue as before.

The hands have three motions: first, from their position at the breast they are pushed straight forward; second, the sweep

round to the hips, like an oar, the closed and hollowed hands being the paddle portion, and their position in the water and descent serving both to propel and sustain the body; and, third, they are brought back under the body to the first position.

Having learned these motions by practicing them slowly, the pupil should proceed to learn the still more important motions of the legs. These are likewise three in number—one of preparation, and two of propulsion. First, the legs are drawn up as far as possible, by bending the knees, and keeping the feet widely separated; second, they are pushed with force backward and outward, so that they spread as far as possible; and, third, the legs are brought together, thus acting powerfully upon the wedge of water which they enclose.

The motion in the water should be as straight forward as possible, and the more the head is immersed the easier is the swimming. Rising at every stroke—*breasting*, as it is called—is both tiresome and inelegant.

All these movements should be made with slowness, and deliberately, without the least flurry. The learner will soon breathe naturally; and, as the motions are really natural, he will not be long in acquiring them. If he draw in his breath as he rises, and breathe it out as he sinks, he will time his strokes, and avoid swallowing water. Those who have been accustomed to fresh water must be particularly careful when they go into the sea, the water of which is very nauseous.

In leaping into the water, feet first, which is done from rocks, bridges, and even from the yards and masts of lofty vessels, the feet must be kept close together, and the arms either held close to the side or over the head. In diving head-foremost, the hands must be put together, so as to divide the water before the head. The hands are also in a proper position for striking out.

It is wonderful how easily the swimmer directs his course under water. If he wishes to go down or come up, or swim to

the right or left, he has but to bend his head and body in that direction; and, after a little use, he will do this almost unconsciously, as if his movements were the result of volition alone.

In descending in the water, bend the head so as to bring the chin near the breast, and curve the back in the same direction; in ascending, hold back the head and hollow the back. In swimming over the surface, look up to the sky. It is quite impossible to dive beneath the surface in this position.

In the swimming-schools of Prussia the pupils are taught in deep water, sustained by a belt, and a rope attached to a pole, which the teacher holds as a lever over a railing. The motions of the arms, then of the legs, and then both together, are practiced by word of command, like military exercises. The support is given as required. After a few lessons the pole is dispensed with—then the rope; but the pupil is still kept, until proficient, within reach of the pole.

THE GIANT.

THERE came a Giant to my door,
A Giant fierce and strong;
His step was heavy on the floor,
His arms were ten yards long.
He scowled and frowned; he shook the ground:
I trembled through and through:
At length I looked him in the face,
And cried, "Who cares for you?"

The mighty Giant, as I spoke,
Grew pale, and thin, and small,
And through his body, as 't were smoke,
I saw the sunshine fall.
His blood-red eyes turned blue as skies,
He whispered soft and low.
"Is this," I cried, with growing pride,
"Is this the mighty foe?"

He sank before my earnest face,
He vanished quite away,
And left no shadow on his place
Between me and the day.
Such Giants come to strike us dumb;
But, weak in every part,
They melt before the strong man's eyes,
And fly the true of heart.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Translated from the French.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELERS.

In ancient times there once lived at Manheim a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for any thing he spared no effort to obtain it; and his passions were like the storm-winds, which cross rivers, valleys, and mountains, crushing every thing in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently, he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his girdle all the money he possessed, and started, without knowing whither he was going.

After walking several days, he found himself at the entrance of a forest, which extended as far as the eye could reach. Three travelers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, haughty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in rags, and with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest; and, on their replying in the affirmative, asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned, and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot-passengers, smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give," he said, "all I possess, and almost all I ever expect to

possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay me the price of this transformation."—"And what is this price?" asked Otto, eagerly.—"Thy right eye."—"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking, when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and that he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was half reclining. It was so skillfully constructed that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it.

"All roads must seem smooth and short in this chariot," said he, approaching, "and I should like such a one myself."—"Is that all?" replied the second traveler. "I can this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode: it seemed to become double, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovered from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter it, when she stopped him by a gesture. "I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I can not make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes; I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he was very tired, the chariot was before him, and, as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so, after a short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage, but deprived of

his right arm. The journey continued thus some time. Forest succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman who was walking beside him seemed to perceive it.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."—"What is it?" asked the young man.—"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry to my lips," replied the traveler; "it contains joy, forgetfulness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters; for I ask, in exchange, only half of your brain."

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious that, after having resisted some time, he again consented.

The promised effect soon took place; he had scarcely drunk, when he felt his strength revive. His heart became joyous and confident; and, after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in the chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke, the three travelers had disappeared, and he was alone, at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had left was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered; and he could collect only half his ideas.

At last, he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three traveling companions, whom fate had sent him, had left him no resource but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the names of these companions? The woman with the javelin was *Hatred*; the young girl reclining in the chariot, *Indolence*; and the woman with the flask, *Intemperance*.

THE BOY AND THE BRICK.

A boy, hearing his father say "t was a poor rule that would not work both ways," said, "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So, setting up a row of bricks three or four inches apart, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which overturned the fourth, and so on through the whole course, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor which stood next to him; I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will *raise* his neighbor. I will see if raising one will raise all the rest."

He looked in vain to see them rise.

"Here, father," said the boy, "is a *poor rule*; 't will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son," said the father, "bricks and mankind are alike, made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

The father then added the following *Moral*: "When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate and below them."

CUVIER, the celebrated naturalist, came one day into the room where the Committee of the French Academy on the Dictionary were holding a session. "Glad to see you, Mr. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but upon which we should like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and we have explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish, which walks backwards.'"—"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier; "only, if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history: The crab is not a fish—is not red—and does not walk backwards! With these exceptions, your definition is excellent."



SUNRISE ON MOUNT ETNA.

AT daybreak we set off from Catania, to visit Mount Etna, that venerable and respectable father of mountains. His base and his immense declivities are covered with a numerous progeny of his own; for every great eruption produces a new mountain, and perhaps by the number of these, better than by any other method, the number of eruptions and the age of Etna itself might be ascertained. The whole mountain is divided into three distinct regions, called La Regione Cultra, or Piedmontese, the fertile region; La Regione Sylvosa, or Nemorosa, the woody region; and La Regione Deserta, or Scoperta, the barren region. These three are as different, both in climate and productions, as the three zones of the earth; and perhaps with equal propriety might have been styled the Torrid, the Temperate, and the Frigid Zone.

The first region surrounds the mountain, and constitutes the most fertile country in the world, on all sides of it, to the extent of fourteen or fifteen miles, where the woody region begins. It is composed almost entirely of lava, which, after a number of ages, is at last converted into the most fertile of all soils. After leaving Nicolosi, twelve miles up the mountain, in an hour and a

half's traveling, over barren ashes and lava, we arrived on the confines of the Regione Sylvosa, or temperate zone. As soon as we came to these delightful forests, we seemed to have entered another world. The air, which before was sultry and hot, was now cool and refreshing; and every breeze was loaded with a thousand perfumes — the whole ground being covered with the richest aromatic plants. Many parts of this region are surely the most delightful spots upon earth.

This mountain unites every beauty and every horror, and the most opposite and dissimilar objects in nature. Here you observe a gulf that formerly threw out torrents of fire now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, and from an object of terror become one of delight. Here you gather the most delicious fruit, rising from what was but lately a barren rock. Here the ground is covered with flowers; and we wander over these beauties, and contemplate this wilderness of sweets, without considering that under our feet but a few yards separate us from lakes of liquid fire and brimstone. But our astonishment still increases, upon raising our eyes to the higher region of the mountain. There we behold in perpetual union the two elements which are at perpetual war — an immense gulf of fire, for

ever existing in the midst of snows which it has not power to melt; and immense fields of snow and ice, for ever surrounding this gulf of fire, which they have not power to extinguish. The woody region of Etna ascends for about eight or nine miles, and forms a zone or girdle of the brightest green, all around the mountain.

This night we passed through little more than half of it, arriving some time before sunset at our lodging, which was a large cave formed by one of the most ancient eruptions. Here we were delighted with the contemplation of many beautiful objects, the prospect on all sides being immense, and we already seemed to have been lifted from the earth. After a comfortable sleep and other refreshments, at eleven o'clock at night we recommenced our expedition. Our guide now began to display his great knowledge of the mountain, and we followed him with implicit confidence where perhaps human foot had never trod before. Sometimes through gloomy forests, which by day were delightful, but now, from the universal darkness, the rustling of the trees, the heavy dull bellowing of the mountain, the vast expanse of ocean stretched at an immense distance below us, inspired a kind of awful horror. Sometimes we found ourselves ascending great rocks of lava, where, if our mules should make but a false step, we might be thrown headlong over the precipice. However, by the assistance of our guide we overcame all these difficulties, and in two hours we had ascended above the region of vegetation, and had left far below the forests of Etna, which now appeared like a dark and gloomy gulf surrounding the mountain.

The prospect before us was of a very different nature: we beheld an expanse of snow and ice which alarmed us exceedingly, and almost staggered our resolution. In the center of this we descried the high summit of the mountain, rearing its tremendous head, and vomiting out torrents of smoke. The ascent for some time was not steep, and, as the surface of the snow sank a little, we had tolerably good foot-

ing; but, as it soon began to grow steeper, we found our labor greatly increased. However, we determined to persevere, calling to mind that the Emperor Adrian and the philosopher Plato had undergone the same; and from a like motive, too — to see the rising sun from the top of Etna.

We at length arrived at the summit; but here description must ever fall short, for no imagination has dared to form an idea of so glorious and so magnificent a scene, neither is there on the surface of this globe any one point that unites so many awful and sublime objects. The immense elevation from the surface of the earth, drawn as it were to a single point, without any neighboring mountain for the senses and imagination to rest upon, and recover from their astonishment in their way down to the world; — this point, or pinnacle, raised on the brink of a bottomless gulf, as old as the world, often discharging rivers of fire, and throwing out burning rocks, with a noise that shakes the whole island; the unbounded extent of the prospect, comprehending the greatest diversity, and the most beautiful scenery in nature, with the rising sun advancing in the east, to illumine the wondrous scene, — formed a combination to which I do not know a parallel.

The whole atmosphere by degrees kindled up, and showed, dimly and faintly, the boundless prospect around. Both sea and land looked dark and confused, as if only emerging from their original chaos; and light and darkness seemed still undivided, till the morning, by degrees advancing, completed the separation. The stars are extinguished, and the shades disappear. The forests, which but now seemed black and bottomless gulfs, from which no ray was reflected to show their form or colors, appear a new creation rising to the sight, and catching life and beauty from every increasing beam.

The scene still enlarges, and the horizon seems to widen and expand itself on all sides, till the sun, like the great Creator, appears in the east, and with his plastic

rays completes the mighty scene. All appears enchantment, and it is with difficulty we can believe we are still on earth. The senses, unaccustomed to the sublimity of such a scene, are bewildered and confounded; and it is not till after some time that they are capable of separating and judging of the objects that compose it. The body of the sun is seen rising from the ocean, immense tracts both of sea and land intervening. The islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli, and Volcano, with their smoking summits, appear under your feet: you look down on the whole of Sicily as on a map, and can trace every river through all its windings, from its source to its mouth. The view is absolutely boundless on every side, nor is there any one object within the circle of vision to interrupt it; so that the sight is every where lost in the immensity, and I am persuaded it is only from the imperfection of our organs that the coasts of Africa, and even of Greece, are not discovered, as they are certainly above the horizon. The circumference of the visible horizon, on the top of Etna, can not be less than two thousand miles.

But the most beautiful part of the scene is certainly the mountain itself, the island of Sicily, and the numerous islands lying around it. All these, by a kind of magic in vision that I am at a loss to account for, seem as if they were brought close around the skirts of Etna—the distances appearing reduced to nothing. The Regione Deserta, or the frigid zone of Etna, is the first object that calls your attention. It is marked out by a circle of snow and ice, which extends on all sides to the distance of about eight miles. In the center of this circle the great crater of the mountain rears its burning head, and the regions of intense cold and of intense heat seem for ever to be united in the same point. The Regione Deserta is immediately succeeded by the Sylvosa, or the woody region, which forms a circle or girdle of the most beautiful green, surrounding the mountain on all sides; and it is certainly one of the most delightful spots on earth. This presents a

remarkable contrast with the desert region. It is not smooth and even, like the greater part of the latter; but it is finely variegated by an infinite number of those beautiful little mountains that have been formed by the different eruptions of Etna. All these have now acquired a wonderful degree of fertility, except a very few that are but newly formed,—that is, within these five or six hundred years; for it certainly requires some thousands to bring them to their greatest degree of perfection. We looked down into the craters of these, and attempted, but in vain, to number them.

The circumference of this zone or great circle on Etna is not less than seventy or eighty miles. It is every where succeeded by the vineyards, orchards, and corn-fields, that compose the Regione Cultra, or the fertile region. This last zone is much broader than the others, and extends on all sides to the foot of the mountain. Its whole circumference, according to Recupero, is one hundred and eighty-three miles. It is likewise covered with a number of little conical and spherical mountains, and exhibits a wonderful variety of forms and colors, and makes a delightful contrast with the other two regions. It is bounded by the sea to the south and south-east, and on all its other sides by the Rivers Semetus and Alcantara, which run almost around it. The whole course of these rivers is seen at once, and all their beautiful windings through these fertile valleys, that seem like the favored possession of Ceres herself. Cast your eyes a little further, and you embrace the whole island, and see all its cities, rivers, and mountains, delineated in the great chart of nature,—all the adjacent islands, the whole coast of Italy, as far as your eye can reach;—for it is no where bounded, but every where lost in space. On the sun's first rising, the shadow of the mountain extends across the whole island, and makes a large track, visible even in the sea and in the air. By degrees this is shortened, and in a little time is confined only to the neighborhood of Etna.

We had now time to examine the fourth region of that wonderful mountain, very

different indeed from the others, and productive of very different sensations, but which has undoubtedly given being to all the rest,— I mean the region of fire. The present crater of this immense volcano is a circle of about three miles and a half in circumference. It goes shelving down on each side, and forms a regular hollow, like a vast amphitheater. From many places of this space issue volumes of sulphureous smoke, which, being much heavier than the circumambient air, instead of rising in it, as smoke generally does, immediately on its getting out of the crater rolls down the side of the mountain like a torrent, till, coming to that part of the atmosphere of the same specific gravity with itself, it shoots off horizontally, and forms a large track in the air, according to the direction of the wind, which, happily for us, carried it exactly to the side opposite to that where we were placed.

The crater is so hot that it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to go down into it; besides, the smoke is very incommodious, and in many places the surface is so soft, there have been instances of people sinking into it, and paying for their temerity with their lives. Near the center of the crater is the great mouth of the volcano—that tremendous gulf so celebrated in all ages, and looked upon as the terror and scourge both of this and another life. We beheld it with awe and with horror, and were not surprised that it had been considered by superstition as the place of eternal punishment. When we reflect on the immensity of its depth, the vast cells and caverns whence so many lavas have issued,—the force of its internal fire, to raise up those lavas to so vast a height, to support them as it were in the air, and even to force them over the very summit of the crater,—with all the dreadful accompaniments,—the boiling of the matter, the shaking of the mountain, and the explosion of flaming rocks,—we must allow that the most enthusiastic imagination, in the midst of all its terrors, hardly ever formed an idea of a hell more dreadful. —*Brydone.*

EVERY THING IS OF USE.



YOUNG people are too prone to waste. Listen to a true story. When I was a young man I lived for some time in London, and lodged in a very narrow and confined court. Thither there regularly came, once or twice a week, a man of the name of Bryant with a wheelbarrow and a broom, to sweep out the court, and carry off the refuse that from day to day had been accumulated in it. He was watched by the inhabitants with somewhat of a suspicious and jealous eye, as if he might possibly pick up something more than what he professed to remove. But he had never been found guilty of any pilfering, and his services were more than tolerated for the sake of the cleanliness and comfort which they promoted, and the trouble to others which they saved.

In process of time he made his appearance with a small cart, drawn by a donkey, to carry on his work, the circle of his operations having been extended and enlarged; and after another period these found a substitute in a wagon and horses; and so he gradually came to have a large establishment of horses and wagons, and became the grand scavenger of a considerable district of London at a period when the cleansing of the streets was not, as it is now, one of the objects of metropolitan police, and when the trade in dirt was free and open to the exercise of individual enterprise, and to private competition.

And what do you think he did with the masses of filth which he thus collected? He hired a large area of ground in the outskirts of London; he inclosed it with a wall, in which there were twelve or fifteen openings or gates, at each of which, during all hours of the day, you might see his wagons entering, and depositing their contents in a congeries of huge heaps of filth, all around and within the inclosure. On these heaps groups of women and children, hired for the purpose, were constantly to

be found, poking and scraping; and the work they performed was reduced to as perfect a system as obtains in any well-organized manufactory of materials of a more seemly kind.

They were trained to separate every article of the same class or description, and to lay all these in a corner by themselves. Here is a piece of black iron—that goes there. Here is a bit of white iron, or tin—that goes yonder. Here is a rag of linen, or one of cotton cloth—these are deposited on the spot allotted to each. Here is an old hat—that goes to its appointed corner. And so with bits of leather, and of rope, with scraps of woolen stuff, with bones, the horns and hoofs of oxen and sheep, and with each of a great *omnium gatherum* of other things.

Now, having thus collected, analyzed, and arranged, all this quantity of rubbish and refuse, Bryant found a use, and a profitable use too, for every one of the various articles which had been cast out as utterly worthless. He established an extensive trade for each of them, having its ramifications throughout all England. It was reckoned a most beneficial thing, when planting the potato-seed in the ground, that it should be set upon a bit of felt, or a piece of woolen cloth, by which it was considered that its growth was greatly promoted. Taking advantage of this notion, he found a market for a certain class of his articles. By using some pains with his rags of linen cloth, he disposed of these to the paper-makers; for his accumulation of broken metal he found an outlet with the iron and brass founders; many a good horn spoon was fabricated from part of the contents of his *dépôt*, and the value of bones as a manure was even then beginning to be known—an article which now, for the same purpose, is in such general use, and is imported into this country in very considerable quantities.

Gradually and laboriously Bryant extended his trade, and at last retired with a considerable fortune. Many years subsequent to the time when I first saw him

with his wheelbarrow in the court, happening to be in London, I made inquiry about him, and found that he was then an elderly man, riding about the streets in his own carriage! And so you see that every thing is of use, and may be turned to account. There is nothing, scarcely, that should be reckoned utterly worthless and lost; and a thousand things might be turned to some good purpose that are every hour thoughtlessly thrown away.

And not only so, but there are a great many other things of which we never think, that by a little care and pains may be picked up and turned to a profitable account and a valuable use. For example—I recollect observing in London a set of men in the great thoroughfares, such as Cheapside or Fleet-street, who were to be seen poking between the stones of the causeway with a bit of crooked wire or a kind of hook, and picking out dexterously all the pieces of horse-shoes or nails that had been broken off and left in the crevices. These they gathered up, and when they had obtained any quantity of them, sold them for no mean consideration—iron of this kind being reckoned peculiarly valuable from its having been welded under the tread of the horse's hoof, and being much in demand for gun-locks and harpoons, and other purposes where the hardest iron is required.

Such are some illustrations of the very plain and practical maxim that "Every thing is of use," of which examples might be multiplied without number, and the truth of which each of us, on every day of our lives, may put to the test; imitating in this respect Him who, though the Lord of creation, commanded his disciples, after feeding the hungry multitudes, to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost."

A MODERN philosopher, taking the motion of the earth on its axis at seventeen miles a second, says that if you take off your hat in the street to bow to a friend, you go seventeen miles bareheaded without taking cold.



PARLOR ASTRONOMY.

OUR first astronomical lesson shall be to fix the locality of the north star. Astronomically it is to be found in connection with the constellation called *Ursa Major*, or the *Great Bear*; but popularly this group is known as the *Plow*, and sometimes as the *Seven Stars*. Any one looking, however cursorily, in the northern portion of the heavens, must see seven large stars grouped very much in the form of a plow, and hence the common name assigned to them. If the learner can not find them out for himself, he must candidly acknowledge his ignorance, and get some one to show him the constellation in question. Suppose, then, that the Plow is discovered—the rest is easy. Look in the direction of the two pointers, or the two stars at the point of the Plow furthest from the stumps: about three times their distance, and nearly in a straight line from them, is the north star. The stumps of the Plow appear to move round from west to east, but the pointers invariably point to the north star; and hence the inestimable value of this fact for scientific as well as for practical purposes.

If the face of the spectator be fairly directed to the north star, his back will of course be to the south; and if he extend his arms, the right will naturally be to the east and the left to the west. Having determined the north star, the next stage is to discriminate between stars and planets. With few exceptions, almost every light that we see in the heavens is a star; and its distance is so great from us that, relatively considered, while appearing to move from west to east, the proportionate distances of the stars from each other never appear to alter. They move together in a mass. The planets, on the other hand, belong to our system, and receive, in common with us, light and heat from the sun; and they are

so much nearer to us, that we see their movements from one part of the heavens to the other.

In respect of motion, as seen by us, stars and planets resemble fixed and moving lights in a ship at sea. Suppose the case of a vessel at night, which has a light fixed to each of her three masts and bowsprit. When she moves through the water, these lights will partake of her motion, but, relatively to each other, they will remain in fixed positions; but, if we suppose the case of lanterns carried about on the deck, it is obvious that while this second class of lights also partake of the motions of the ship, their positions will vary as regards the fixed lights, and also as regards each other. The stars, then, are the fixed, and the planets the movable lights.

As we are not writing a treatise on astronomy, it is not necessary that we should refer to any more planets than those which are discernible by the naked eye. These are Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, and Mars; and there is no good reason why young people should not be able to recognize these four every night in the year that they are visible.

On consulting an almanac, you will find the time of southing put down for the planets all the year round; but as in almanacs planets are sometimes not called by their names, but on the contrary are referred to by symbols, it will be well to observe that \mathcal{J} stands for Jupiter, \mathfrak{v} for Venus, \mathfrak{s} for Saturn, and \mathfrak{m} for Mars. "Southing" means the time when the planet will be due south; and, in order to detect any of these luminaries, we have just to watch at a window in the direction indicated and at the hour specified, and the observer will without fail be duly rewarded for his pains.

"But how am I to identify one star out of several hundreds?" asks an impatient philosopher. Our answer is, *first*, that planets are generally lower in the horizon than stars, and they generally rise and "south" in localities where stars are not numerous. *Second*, that if due in the

evening planets rise before stars, and that in the morning they shine after stars become invisible. *Third*, that planets are larger and more luminous than stars. And, *fourth* and last, planets shine with a clear, steady light, while stars twinkle and glisten.

A circular card pierced with small holes, representing the sky as actually seen, will enable the tyro to find out the constellations much more readily than he can do by a globe. Several of these contrivances have been published, and most of them that we have seen answer the desired end remarkably well. They represent the heavens naturally, and are free from the "uncouth figures of men and monsters" which, according to Sir John Herschel, "are usually scribbled over celestial maps and globes."

We must add a word as to the magnitude of the heavenly bodies. Every one knows that the stars are very large masses; but, while generally aware of this truth, we are apt to make mistakes as to relative bulk. Sir John Herschel tells us in an interesting way how to avoid this error. "Choose," says he, "any well-leveled field or bowling-green. On it place a *globe* two feet in diameter—this will represent the Sun; Mercury will be represented by a *grain of mustard-seed* on the circumference of a circle 164 feet in diameter for its orbit; Venus, a *pea* on a circle of 284 feet in diameter; the Earth, also a *pea* on a circle of 430 feet; Mars, a rather large *pin's head* on a circle of 654 feet; Juno, Ceres, Vesta, and Pallas, *grains of sand* in orbits of from 1000 to 1200 feet; Jupiter, a moderate-sized *orange* on a circle nearly half a mile across; Saturn, a *small orange* on a circle of four fifths of a mile; and Uranus, a full-sized *cherry* or *small plum* upon the circumference of a circle more than a mile and a half in diameter."

PROVERBS.—Use soft words and hard arguments. Understanding without wealth is like feet without shoes; wealth without understanding is like shoes without feet. When the wine is in, the wit is out.

THE MAY SHOWER.

The following graceful little fable was written by a school-girl of fourteen, and not a word in it has been altered in the editorial revision:

ONE pleasant May-day, before sunrise, four little raindrops sat together in a cloud chatting. Their names were Mischief, Sportive, Dream-drop, and Mercy.

"In my humble opinion," said Mischief, the most restless of the four, "this is a very dull life of ours. I wish I were back, tumbling about in my old abode, the ocean."

"Dull, do you call it?" exclaimed Dream-drop. "To me it is delightful to float about here so high, with nothing to do but look up at the clear sky above us. But tell me, ye ever busy ones, what are your plans for the day?"

"I will tell you mine," cried Mischief, eagerly. "My friend, Mr. Breeze, reports that there is to be a May-party down yonder, and that it will be an easy thing for a large drop like me to stain the ribands on the queen's scepter; so, if I can get up a party, down I go."

"I'll go, too," exclaimed Sportive, "and I'll pop down first on the queen's nose. What fun it will be to see the scampering!"

"Yes," replied Mischief, "we shall soon put a stop to their merry-making. Will you go with us, Mercy?"

"I think not," answered she, modestly. "I have a little scheme of my own."

"Dream-drop will not go, of course," said Mischief; "she prefers her own lazy meditations. So, Sportive, we must muster whom we can to join us."

The two friends went off, and a smile of quiet amusement gleamed over the calm face of Dream-drop; and then she lay listlessly gazing up at the glorious morning star.

And where did Mercy go? She stole softly down to earth, and before the first sunbeam had edged with gold her home-cloud she lay in the bosom of a blue violet which nestled by the roadside; and when the heat of the day had withered the less obscure flowers, it was found by a poor barefooted child, all fresh and fragrant; for

the dew-drop lay quietly waiting at its heart; and then, as Mercy had anticipated, it was plucked and taken carefully to the sick mother in the city, longing for the perfume of the wild-flowers she remembered so well.

Mischief and Sportive carried out their plan. They went down in a smart shower, and, after ruining many dresses, and spoiling much innocent enjoyment, they found themselves at the close of the day in a dirty puddle, where Mischief had ample time to repent of his evil propensities, while Sportive bitterly lamented that he had yielded to the influence of bad company.

The same blast which aided the shower drove the selfish and indolent Dream-drop into the cold northern regions, where she was congealed into a hail-stone.

But the first returning sunbeam struggling through the poor woman's open window softly raised Mercy to the skies again, to be a gem in the lovely rainbow, and thus still to do good by reminding man of the loving promises of his Maker.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

AMONG the numerous curious facts connected with the history of the oft-exploded and oft-renewed search for perpetual motion, the following anecdote is worthy of perusal. It appears that some years ago an American, named Redheffer, contemporaneous with the celebrated Fulton, pretended to have discovered perpetual motion, and for a long time deluded the people, and realized a large sum of money. It was almost universally admitted that he had made a wonderful discovery, and men of learning and science formed various theories to account for this perpetual motion. Mr. Fulton was an unbeliever in Redheffer's discovery, and, although hundreds were daily paying their dollar to see the wonder, Mr. Fulton could not be prevailed upon, for some time, to follow the crowd. He was at length induced by some of his friends to visit the machine. It was in an isolated house in the suburbs of Philadelphia.

In a very short time after Mr. Fulton had entered the room in which it was exhibited, he exclaimed, "Why, this is a

crank motion." His ear enabled him to distinguish that the machine was moved by a crank, which always gives an unequal power, and therefore an unequal velocity in the course of each revolution; and a nice and practiced ear may perceive that the sound is not uniform. If the machine had been kept in motion by what was its ostensible moving power, it must have had an equable rotary motion, and the sound would have always been the same. After some little conversation with the showman, Mr. Fulton did not hesitate to declare that the machine was an imposition, and to tell the gentleman that he was an impostor.

Notwithstanding the anger and bluster these charges excited, Fulton assured the company that the thing was a cheat, and that, if they would support him in the attempt, he would detect it, at the risk of paying any penalty if he failed. Having obtained the assent of all who were present, he began by knocking away some very thin little pieces of lath, which appeared to be no part of the machinery, but to go from the frame of the machine to the wall of the room, merely to keep the corner posts of the machine steady.

It was found that a catgut string was led through one of these laths and the frame of the machine, to the head of the upright shaft of a principal wheel; that the catgut was conducted through the wall and along the floors of the second story to a back cockloft, at the distance of a number of yards from the room which contained the machine—and there was found the *moving power!* This was a poor old fellow with an immense beard, and all the appearance of having suffered a long imprisonment, who, when they broke in upon him, was unconscious of what had happened below, and who, while he was seated upon a stool gnawing a crust, was with one hand *turning a crank*. The proprietor of the perpetual motion soon disappeared. The mob demolished his machine, the destruction of which immediately put a stop to that which had been for so long a time, and with so much profit, exhibited in Philadelphia.



THE PLEASURES OF LEARNING TO DRAW.

To learn to draw should not be more uncommon than to learn to write, to play, or to sing. This is essential for the fair and complete development of our faculties, and every man has an eye for accuracy and grace, just as every man has an ear for melody and harmony, the one faculty requiring and being entitled to education as much as the other. Perhaps, also, in no branch of study does the pupil, particularly if young, derive such pleasure from his progress as in learning to draw. His materials may be rude, and the rules few and simple, yet how delightful and valuable are the results attained!

Gratifying at once the instinct that is common to children, and the ambition that is almost peculiar to youth, he sees himself with delight the author of something. He puts on a blank paper, or a dull board, images that have the double charm of resemblance and originality. He carries away, after a little labor, the representation of a pleasing landscape, a pretty cottage, a venerable gateway, or even of a beloved face, and pleasure in his skill mingles with joy in his acquisition.

He finds likewise that he can turn his accomplishment to a thousand uses of pleasure, and that it enhances his enjoyment of life in a multitude of ways. He quiets a group of noisy children by sitting down amongst them to draw. He prolongs his use of a borrowed book by copying the plates that have made it costly. He sees a new beauty in the sky, now that its every change of aspect offers a fresh challenge to his pencil. He finds in the leafy or the withered tree, in the grass-grown pool, in the Prattling brook, in birds and beasts, even

in a dead wall, or a common brick house, models that may try his powers.

At home or abroad he is armed against dullness, for with a few slips of paper and two or three pencils he can make the moments glide along unfelt, yet leaving every one its footprint of industry. By the river-bank, where others spend hours in angling for a poor little fish, he can pursue his "gentle craft;" and even from the window of a country inn, on a wet day, he may see much that will amuse him to depict. Being thus armed against *ennui* and indolence, he is armed against two of the worst foes to innocence; while at the same time he is forming around him a pure and healthful mental atmosphere, the precursor often of higher moral attainments.

Of late years schools of design have been established in some of our large towns, and have done much to art-educate the people, or rather to raise up a new class of artists. But, as the masses have not the opportunity of attending these institutions, the only means open to them of art-cultivation are those of self-instruction, through which such as can not obtain the aid of masters may effect considerable rudimentary progress. Many eminent painters may be said to have commenced their career self-taught, their biographies presenting examples of patient enduring industry unaided, and struggling against innumerable difficulties, with, too, almost improvised materials—the charred stick and whitewashed wall.

A FABLE.—The sword of the warrior was taken down to brighten; it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed, but there were spots that would not go—they were of blood. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little further off. "Thou art right," said the sword; "I am a bad neighbor."—"I fear thee not," said the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art, but love not thy society."—"I exterminate," said the sword.—"And I perpetuate," answered the pen. "Where are thy victories, if I record them not?"



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A TRUE DOG-STORY.

THERE was a ship called the Washington, bound for China, filled with passengers. On board this ship were an officer of the army and his wife, with their only child, a little boy of five years of age, and a large Newfoundland dog, called "Bobby."

Bobby was a great favorite with all the people in the ship, because he was so brave, so good-tempered, and so funny and playful. Sailors as well as passengers all liked brave Bobby. He would romp on the deck with any body that chose. Sometimes, when the ship was going slowly, he would jump overboard and dash through the sea after a biscuit, or any thing else that might be thrown in for him.

But his most constant playmate was a little boy, the son of his master. This boy was a merry little fellow, and as fond of Bobby as Bobby was of him. They used to make a fine noise in their droll games of play, rolling over and over each other like a couple of young porpoises. And, though the little boy was sometimes rather rough in his frolics with Bobby, and hit him on the head and back, yet Bobby was always gentle as a lamb to him.

The voyage had been very safe and pleasant, until within three days' sail of the Cape of Good Hope. Evening was coming on; the sun was setting in dark clouds, so that the dusk had commenced unusually early. The night watch of the ship had been set, and the wind had risen so that the ship was sailing very fast. The

boy and the dog were romping together, tugging each other, when on a sudden the ship gave a heavy roll, and the child fell overboard splash into the sea.

It had by this time become so dark that objects could not be distinguished many yards distant. A general cry of "A hand over!" was made by the men who saw the boy fall. Two or three sailors ran and threw lines over, and a stray coop that was found lying by the capstan, while the officer of the watch sang out, "Bring the ship to — bring the ship to, or the boy is lost!"

The order was scarcely given when Bobby, now for the first time missing the child, gave a loud bark, and, seeming to guess what had happened, cleared the taffrail with a bound; and the captain and boy's parents, with the other passengers who had come on deck to learn the cause of the outcry and bustle, saw the dog swimming away like a mad creature in the direction of the stern.

It was too dark to see him distinctly; however, he was dimly perceived to dive, and then dimly to appear again above water, and snatch at something. It was, however, too dusky for any body on deck to be sure what it was that he really saw. The dog was now out of sight, and nothing was visible but the surface of the water. The mother covered her eyes with her hands, not daring to look, fearful lest she should see the corpse of her darling child floating on the waves; while the father, equally unhappy, jumped into the jolly-boat, which the men, in all haste, had been getting ready, that he might spare no effort to recover his beloved son.

It was many minutes before the jolly-boat could be lowered and manned; the men rowed with all their might in the direction they had seen the dog take at first. The darkness had so much increased that the sailors could hardly see, and began to give up the child as lost.

The father, in great misery, sat at the head of the boat, trying to see through the surrounding gloom, and listening anxiously to every sound.

"I hear a splash—I hear a splash on the larboard quarter!" said he, starting up. "Pull on—be quick—it must be my child!"

The helmsman turned the tiller, the men pulled with redoubled force, and in a moment the faithful Bobby, with the child in his mouth, was alongside. Poor creatures! they were nearly exhausted when they were hauled into the boat. The father took the child into his arms, and the faithful Bobby sank down to the bottom of the boat, panting, and almost lifeless.

The men rowed back to the ship. Great indeed was the mother's joy when she saw her child, that she thought was gone for ever, in the arms of his father, and good Bobby with him also. They all got safe on board the ship again, and the father, thanking the sailors for helping him to recover his son, went down into the cabin with the mother, child, and dog. Every remedy was used that the doctor of the ship advised, to make the half-drowned boy well again.

Bobby, after he had shaken the water from his shaggy coat, could not be persuaded to leave the child's side. There he stood, licking one of his little hands, till the child became so much better as to be able to stroke and hug him as usual. Brave Bobby seemed as happy as any body when both the father and mother hugged and praised him too. And when the boy could speak again, they made a little party in the cabin, where before all had been sad.

After this circumstance of saving the child's life in so brave a manner, there was not a man on board that ship but loved the dog as a father might love his child, and well did Bobby deserve it.

At the Cape of Good Hope some of the passengers were to be landed, and among others the master of Bobby, with his wife and child. All those who remained in the ship were sorry to part with good Bobby.

The boats were prepared for the passengers and their luggage. All those who were to leave had got into the boats, the little boy was in his mother's lap, and

Bobby, whom the sailors were holding to pat and take leave of, was just going to leap into the boat after his master, when the officer stood up, and told the sailors to hold him tight by the collar until the boats should have rowed some way toward the shore. "You will see what a strong swimmer Bobby is," said he, "Let us start before him, and he will soon overtake us; when I hold up my handkerchief, let him go."

"Ay, ay," cried the sailors, and two of them held him by the collar. Poor fellow! he thought he was to be left behind, and he did not like it. He tugged and hauled, and yelled and barked, to get to his friends; but it was of no use. The boat put off without him. He was let loose as agreed on, and was soon over the side.

All the people in the boats, as well as those on board the ship, were eying Bobby with delight; and he had just reached midway between the ship and the boats, when the creature set up a shrill howl, and threw himself out of the water. Every body thought he had got the cramp; but O, no; the flash of white that glanced like lightning close against him the next minute told the truth; and "A shark! a shark!" sounded from boats to ship, and from ship to boats, in one loud cry. All stood trembling, with their eyes fixed upon the unfortunate dog. The boats stayed still for an instant, the men resting upon their oars as if panic-struck. But again, in another instant, one of the boats was to be seen putting back, the men rowing with all their might.

Poor Bobby! He kept swimming away right and left, now diving, now doubling, as if he knew his danger, while every now and then he gave a short fierce howl, and showed his grinders, never giving the vile shark time to turn on its back, which it must do before it can give the fearful bite.

The poor dog swam and dodged with a skill and speed, and maintained the unequal contest in a manner that surprised every body; but it was evident that his strength was nearly exhausted, when the boat that

had put back came sufficiently near for him to hear himself called, and encouraged to hold out. "Here, Bob, here!" The shark turned on its back, and opened its horrid jaws. "Poor Bob! dear Bobby!" shrieked the boy; and a lad who stood at the head of the boat, hoping to save the dog, threw a handspike that he held at the ravenous monster. But the lad was in such a flurry, from terror and anxiety, that he missed the shark, and the spike fell into the water. At this failure the child screamed aloud, in an agony of fright and sorrow. "O! save poor Bobby; save my dear, dear Bobby!" cried he; and every body thought poor Bobby was gone, when the father of the child, who, ever since the boat had come within gunshot of the shark, had been watching for the proper opportunity to save the faithful dog, fired. The gun was leveled with so true an aim, that he shot the cruel shark through the head, and splintered those horrid jaws that were ready to devour poor Bobby.

The shark sank, the sea became tinged with blood, and the father, throwing down the gun, stretched out his arm and pulled the dog, exhausted with fatigue and terror, into the boat, before the shark, who was not quite dead, could again rise to the surface of the water. The child threw his arms around the poor dog's neck; the sailors of the ship, who were all intently on the watch, and the men in the boats, set up one loud shout of joy—"Hurra! hurra! Bobby is saved—the shark is killed; hurra! hurra!" That night it seemed as if Bobby could not sufficiently show his gratitude. He wagged his tail, he licked his master's hand, and tried to let every body see that he was well pleased at his escape.

BE ENERGETIC

ABOUT any honest employment Providence throws in your way.

1. It is the way to be happy. "I have lived," said Dr. Adam Clarke, "long enough to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of

'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You can not have too many. Poker, tongs, and all—keep them all going."

2. It is the way to accomplish a vast deal in a short life. The late Wm. Hazlitt remarked: "There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

3. It is the way to be contented. The unemployed are always restless and uneasy. Occupation quiets the mind, by giving it something to do. Idleness makes it, like an empty stomach, uneasy. The mate of a ship, having put every thing to rights, called on the captain for what next should be done. "Tell them to *scour* the anchor," was the reply; on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

4. It is the way to disappoint the tempter. He comes up to the idler with assurance of a victim. From the well-occupied he departs as a roaring lion robbed of his prey. The one welcomes, the other repulses him.

MULTIPLYING BY FIVE.—Any number of figures that you may wish to multiply by 5 will give the same result if divided by 2, a much quicker operation; but you must remember to annex a cipher to the answer when there is no remainder; and when there is a remainder, whatever it may be, annex a 5 to the answer. Multiply 464 by 5, and the answer will be 2320; divide the same number by 2, and you have 232, and, as there is no remainder, you annex a cipher. Now, take 357 and multiply by 5, and the answer is 1785; on dividing the first sum by 2, there is 178 and a remainder; you therefore place a 5 at the end of the line, and the result is again 1785.

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."—"What is honorably, mother?"—"It means that you must give him the larger piece."—"Then, mother, I'd rather that Charley should divide it."



THE WILD DUCK.

THE wild duck is the origin of our domestic bird, and is widely spread over the northern parts of Europe, Asia, and America. In the winter it migrates in countless flocks. Wilson, in his American Ornithology, gives the following account of a method of catching wild ducks practiced in this country :

In some ponds frequented by these birds five or six wooden figures, cut and painted so as to represent ducks, and sunk by pieces of lead nailed to them so as to float at the usual depth on the surface, are anchored in a favorable position for being shot at from a concealment of brushwood. One of these usually attracts passing flocks, which alight. Sometimes eight or ten of these painted wooden ducks are fixed in various swimming postures in a frame, which is secured to the gunner's skiff, and projected before it in such a way that the weight of the frame sinks the figures to their proper depth. The skiff is then dressed with sedge or coarse grass in an artful manner, as low as the water's edge ; and under cover of this, which appears like a party of ducks swimming by a small island, the gunner floats down sometimes to the very skirt of a whole congregated multitude, and pours in a destructive and repeated fire of shot among them.

In winter, when detached pieces of ice are occasionally floating in the river, some of the gunners on the Delaware paint their whole skiff or canoe white, and, laying themselves flat at the bottom, with their hand over the side, silently managing a small paddle, direct it imperceptibly into or near a flock before the ducks have dis-

tinguished it from a floating mass of ice, and generally do great execution among them. A whole flock has sometimes been thus surprised asleep with their heads under their wings.

Original.

I TOLD YOU SO.

CHARACTERS.—MR. DEEP, MR. WATKINS, A NEWSBOY.

Enter Mr. Deep.

Deep. Here comes Watkins, straight from the telegraph office, full of news. What can it be now, I wonder !

Enter Watkins.

Watkins. I'm all out of breath. Don't stop me.

Deep. What is it, Watkins? Is the British steamer in ?

Wat. Yes, and such news!

Deep. It's no more than I expected. Napoleon the Third has been assassinated. I knew it would be so.

Wat. On the contrary, he was never better.

Deep. Lucknow has been retaken, and the British driven out. I've been expecting that.

Wat. Have you? Well, the British in Lucknow were never heartier nor jollier. So you're wrong there.

Deep. O, you wait a while. I'm very rarely mistaken. But what is it?

Wat. The news is, that the Atlantic telegraph cable has been —

Deep. It has been laid,—of course it has. I knew it would be so! It was no later than yesterday that I told some croakers I met in an insurance office that the cable was bound to be a success. Old Jacobs came to me to ask my advice about buying some cable stock. Shares had gone down from five thousand dollars to one thousand. "Buy," said I; "now's your time. The next news you get will be that the thing is done." Well, he bought. Ten shares, that ought to be worth fifty thousand dollars, he got for ten thousand.

Wat. Well, well, friend Deep, if you had heard me out, perhaps you would n't

have confessed so much. Two attempts have been made to lay the cable, and both have failed.

Deep. Failed?

Wat. Failed. The Agamemnon and the Niagara have gone back to Valentia. What will you say now to your friend Jacobs?

Deep. Say? Why, I said at the outset, to everybody but him, that I would sooner take stock in a railroad to the moon than in this transatlantic telegraph company. This Mr. Field, who got up the company —

Wat. Ay, what of him?

Deep. I always said he was a humbug, and that his enterprise would end in smoke. But, seeing old Jacobs was bent on buying, and knowing that he could afford to lose, I just thought I would humor the old fool. But I knew, all the while, that the cable could n't be carried unbroken from mid-ocean to Valentia on one side and to Trinity Bay on the other. I can prove it to you scientifically in five minutes. In the first place, there are inequalities in the bottom of the ocean, where the cable must chafe and break. In the second place —

Enter Newsboy, with papers.

Newsboy. Here's the Extra Herald, — got the news of the laying of the cable!

Deep. Nonsense! Look here, boy; if you go about crying false news, I'll have your license taken away.

News. You could n't do it, Buttons. Here's the Extra Herald!

Deep. Buttons! Why do you call me Buttons, you young scamp?

News. Because you've more buttons than brains. Here's the Extra Herald, — got the news of the laying of the cable!

Wat. Don't strike him, friend Deep.

News. I stump him to do it!

Wat. Give me a Herald, boy. (*Buys a Herald.*)

News. Thank you, sir. All right. (*Runs off.*) Here's the Extra Herald!

Deep. There's a precious specimen of Young America! I remember the time when schoolboys used to take off their hats to every passing gentleman: now they pelt him with snowballs, or call him names.

Wat. (having opened and read the paper.) It's true, after all!

Deep. What's true?

Wat. The cable is laid.

Deep. I told you so.

Wat. The Niagara is at Trinity Bay; the Agamemnon, at Valentia. The communication is perfect. Hurra! The great deed is accomplished.

Deep. Did n't I tell you so?

Wat. (reading). But stop!

Deep. What's the matter?

Wat. They have only had signals as yet. The instruments don't work.

Deep. That's what I've been afraid of. Even supposing they get the cable laid, said I, what then? The magnetic current will be so enfeebled, in passing nearly two thousand miles through the water, that they can never make their instruments work. I've looked a good deal into the subject of electro-magnetism; and I tell you there are scientific reasons why the thing can't be done. It's coming out just as I said it would. I'm a matter-of-fact man, you see, Watkins. I don't allow my enthusiasm to run away with my judgment.

Wat. (reading.) Hullo!

Deep. What's the matter now?

Wat. Here's a second dispatch, that I did n't see.

Deep. The cable broken — eh? I thought so!

Wat. No. Here's a message from the Queen to President Buchanan, transmitted by the cable. The instruments are working beautifully. The Queen congratulates the President, and hopes that the electric cable may prove an additional link between the nations. Dated August 17th, 1858.

Deep. Is n't it astonishing that things should come out so nearly as I predicted?

Wat. Astonishing, indeed! In London the stock has gone up from two hundred pounds a share to nine hundred.

Deep. Did n't I say so? Did n't I tell Jacobs to buy?

Wat. Yes; and did n't you say he was an old fool for doing it? and did n't you say Cyrus Field was a humbug? and did n't you say that the cable could n't be

laid? and that, if it was laid, the electric current would be too feeble to work the instruments? O, we've had a plenty of just such wise prophets in regard to this cable. Science has frowned just so sagaciously on many a great practical achievement,—on Columbus; on Jenner; on the man who lighted cities with gas; on him who sent us the first Atlantic steamship; on Morton, when he attempted etherization. So don't fret, friend Deep. You're in good company. Only don't be so positive another time; and don't be so fond of saying, *I told you so!*

Deep. (angry.) Mr. Watkins, you're a — you're a —

Wat. I am what, sir? I am what?

Deep. You're a little sarcastic; that's all. Good-by.

Wat. Good-by, Mr. *I-told-you-so!*

[*Exeunt, in separate directions.*]

THE ART AND PRACTICE OF ORATORY.

From Earl Stanhope's speech at Aberdeen.

THE importance of study in all the walks of life can not be too strongly dwelt upon, for that in reality is the keystone to success. Now, there is one scene of success to which you may think my remarks will not apply. I mean speeches, such as you hear in public assemblies,—in the Houses of Lords and Commons, for example, where you find an extemporaneous and immediate reply, delivered with great force and effect, to some speech which had only just been uttered. You will find, if you consider this more closely, that the power of making such quick replies is only to be gained by great study and by slow degrees.

It is related in Italy of a great painter, that, having produced a most powerful though perhaps unfinished picture in three days, he asked as its price one hundred sequins. It is said that the churlish patron demurred at the price, saying that the sum seemed to him excessive for the work of the three days. "But what!" cried the artist; "do you forget that I have been thirty years in learning how to make this picture in three days?" When, therefore,

you see an immediate reply proceed from some of the great leaders of public opinion, do not deceive yourselves by the idea that this was a mere burst of extemporaneous genius, but be assured that there has been study, persevering study, to give the power and felicity of this outburst, which seemed to spring up at the moment.

I feel tempted at this place to state to you, from the highest authority, some of the means by which that important gift of readiness of speech can be most easily and completely acquired. And you will observe that the power of extemporaneous speaking is not confined merely, so far as utility goes, to men engaged in public life, but may in many circumstances in private life be found of great service. Perhaps you may like to hear some practical advice which came from a man of the highest reputation in this respect.

No man had that gift of using in public speaking the right word in the right place—no man carried that gift to a higher degree of perfection, as all parties have owned, than Mr. Pitt. Now, my father had the honor to be connected in relationship with that great man, and, as such, he had the privilege of being in the house with him sometimes for many weeks together. Presuming on that familiar intercourse, he told me he ventured on one occasion to ask Mr. Pitt by what means—by what course of study—he had acquired that admirable readiness of speech—that aptness of finding the right word. Mr. Pitt replied that whatever readiness he might be thought to possess in that respect he believed he derived very much from a practice his father, the great Lord Chatham, had enjoined on him. Lord Chatham had bid him take up any book in some foreign language with which he was well acquainted,—in Latin, Greek, or French, for example. Lord Chatham then enjoined him to read out of this work a passage in English, stopping where he was not sure of the word until the right one came, and then proceed. Mr. Pitt states that he had assiduously followed the practice. At first he had often to stop

for a while before he could find the proper word, but he found the difficulties gradually disappear, until what was a toil to him at first became at last an easy and familiar task.

Of course I do not mean to say that with men in general the same success as in the case of Mr. Pitt, or any thing like it, would be found to follow the same course of practice; although I am able to assure you, from other cases I have known, that a course of study of this kind is of great use in removing the difficulties of extemporeaneous speaking; and it not only gives its aid in public speaking, but also in written composition. Moreover, you will find this course has the further advantage of confirming and extending your knowledge of some valuable author who had already been made the subject of study; and on these grounds it is by no means unworthy of your thoughtful attention.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Poor, lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:—
Spring and Winter

Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes!

Not a neighbor
Passing nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
“ Is there from the fishers any news? ”
O ! her heart 's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone !

Night and morning
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes !

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly woos :
Tall and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues !
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so !
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes !

May is passing;
'Mong the apple-boughs a pigeon coos ;
Hannah shudders,
For the wild southwester mischief brews ;

Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped.
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes !

'T is November ;
Now a tear her wasted cheek bedews ;
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose ;—
Whispering hoarsely, “ Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben ? ”
Old with watching,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes !
Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the rugged shore she views :
Twenty seasons,
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea.
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah 's at the window, binding shoes !

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

“ Little by little,” the acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
“ I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”
Little by little each day it grew;
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot.
Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.
Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea
An insect train work ceaselessly ;
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.
Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to work or to play,
Rock upon rock they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky ;
The gentle wind and the balmy air
Little by little bring verdure there,
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.
“ Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,
“ Moment by moment I 'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play ;
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I 'll do it well.
Little by little I 'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago ;
And one of these days, perhaps, we 'll see
That the world will be the better for me.”
And do not you think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and a useful man ?



THE HOSPICE OF ST. BERNARD.

THE remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piedmont and the Valais, known as Saint Bernard, is said to have been founded by Bernard de Menthon in the year 862, for the succor of travelers. The *hospice*, a strong stone building, is situated on the summit of the pass, eleven miles north-west of Aosta, and seventeen miles south-east of Martigny, at an elevation of eight thousand one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea.

It is the highest habitation in the Alps, and the cold is so intense that a small lake in its vicinity is frozen over nine months in the year. During the whole year, the philanthropic inmates, monks of the order of St. Augustine, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to assist travelers arrested by the snow, which in winter accumulates to a depth of from ten to forty feet.

In the chapel of the building is a monument to General Desaix, erected by Napoleon in 1805. This gorge, which was traversed by Roman armies, by Charlemagne, and by Frederick Barbarossa, is chiefly celebrated for the passage of Bonaparte, at the head of the French army of thirty thousand men, with cavalry and artillery, from the 15th to the 21st of May, 1800. The

road has been recently much improved, and rendered passable for carriages.

The monks who live here can stand the climate but a short time, and then they are obliged to go down and live in the valleys below, while others take their places. The principal use of the dogs is to find paths in the deep snow, when the monks go out to look for travelers, as they always do in stormy weather. The dogs are not long-lived; neither man nor beast can stand the severe temperature and the thin air for a long time. A little while ago, so many of the St. Bernard dogs died that the monks were fearful of losing the breed altogether, and were obliged to recruit by sending down into the valley for some they had given away. Many of the dogs die from diseases of the lungs and from rheumatism; and many are killed by accidents, such as the falling of avalanches, etc.

THE STUDY OF WORDS.

LET us a little consider the word "kind." We speak of a "kind" person, and we speak of man—"kind;" and perhaps, if we think about the matter at all, we seem to ourselves to be using quite different words, or the same word in senses quite unconnected. But they are connected, and that by the closest bonds; a "kind" person is a "kin-

ned" person, one of a kin; one who acknowledges and acts upon his kinship with other men—confesses that he owes to them, as of one blood with himself, the debt of love. And so *mankind* is *mankinned*. In the word is contained a declaration of the relationship which exists between all the members of the human family; and, seeing that this relationship in a race now scattered so widely, and divided so far asunder, can only be through a common head, we do, in fact, every time that we use the word "mankind," declare our faith in the one common descent of the whole race of man.

And, beautiful before, how much more beautiful now do the words "kind" and "kindness" appear, when we apprehend the root out of which they grow; that they are the acknowledgment in loving deeds of our kinship with our brethren; and how profitable to keep in mind that a lively recognition of the bonds of blood, whether of those closer ones which unite us to those whom by the best right we term our family, or those wider ones which knit us to the whole human family,—that this is the true source out of which all genuine love and affection must spring; for so much is affirmed in our daily, hourly use of the word.

And other words there are, having reference to the family and the relations of family life, which are not less full of teaching, while each may serve to remind of some duty. For example, "husband" is properly "houseband," the *band* and *bond* of the house, who shall bind and hold it together. Thus, old Tusser, in his "Points of Husbandry,"—

"The name of the *husband*, what is it to say?
Of wife and of *household* the *band* and the *stay*;"

so that the name may put him in mind of his authority, and of that which he ought to be to all the members of the house. And the name "wife" has its lesson, too, although not so deep a one as the equivalent word in some other tongues. It belongs to the same family of words as "weave," "web," and the German "weben."

It is a title given to her who is engaged at the web and woof, these having been the most ordinary branches of female industry, of wifely employment, when the language was forming. So that in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being the fittest for her who bears this name.—*R. C. Trench.*

THE MOTTO OF THE SUN-DIAL.

In a conspicuous place upon one of the buildings in London, known as the Middle Temple, and occupied by lawyers, might have been seen until recently a sun-dial with a memorable motto. This sun-dial was set up before clocks became common. It was ordered by an association of lawyers known as *benchers*. The order was given to the most celebrated manufacturer to prepare a dial which should be worthy of the society and of the place.

In due time the instrument was constructed, and all was ready for its public exposure, with the exception of *that* without which no sun-dial would be considered complete, namely, an appropriate motto. In order to be furnished with this, the manufacturer was desired to wait upon the benchers, on an appointed day and hour.

It so happened that, being unable to attend in person, he sent his foreman, a plain, matter-of-fact man of business. When he came, according to instructions, he was surprised to find that the benchers had separated, without at all recollecting either the appointment or the motto. He found there only one learned member, who appeared to know little and care less about the entire affair, and who had manifestly been annoyed about something or other just at the moment when the man was ushered into his august presence. The foreman was very abruptly asked what he wanted.

"Please, sir," said the man, a little confused at the mode in which he was addressed, "my master sent me for the motto."

"Motto, motto—what motto? I know nothing of a motto," said the bencher.

"The motto for the sun-dial, please, sir," said the man, "which your honors promised to have ready."

"I tell you," said the honorable bencher, "I know nothing about any motto, or sun-dial either. You should have been here much sooner. I can not be delayed by you any longer. *Begone about your business.*"

The man, abashed, at once withdrew, and returned to his master, who was anxiously waiting for the promised inscription.

"Well, John," said he, "have you seen the gentlemen?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "I saw one very queer gentleman, who appeared to be in a great hurry to get away."

"And what did he tell you?" said the master.

"Sir," said John, "he first said he knew nothing about any motto, and then in a loud voice told me, '*Begone about your business;*' so I hurried home as quickly as I could."

"O! very well," said the master, who was a little of a wag; "that will do famously." And on the next day the walls of the Middle Temple were adorned with a first-rate sun-dial, on which stood out, in large and attractive letters, the sage and appropriate motto —

"**BEGONE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS.**"

A capital motto it was, too. God has given every man his work, and the time to do it in; and happy are those who can always make the hour and its duty go hand in hand.

A KISS FOR A BLOW.

NOW please tell us," said a little boy in an infant school, "what is meant by *overcoming evil with good.*" The teacher began to explain it, when a little incident occurred which gave her a striking illustration.

A boy, about seven years of age, was sitting beside his little sister, who was only

six years old. As the teacher was talking, George — for that was the boy's name — got angry with his sister for something, doubled up his fist, and struck her on the head.

The little girl was just about to strike him in return, when the teacher, seeing it, said, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks."

Mary looked at her brother. He looked sullen and wretched. She threw both her arms about his neck and kissed him.

The poor boy was wholly unprepared for such a kind return for his blow. His feelings were touched, and he burst out crying.

His gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears, and sought to comfort him by saying, with endearing sweetness and generous affection, "Don't cry, George; you did not hurt me much." But he only wept the more.

But why did George weep? Poor little fellow! Would he have wept if his sister had struck him as he had struck her? Not he. But, by kissing him as she did, she made him feel more acutely than if she had beaten him black and blue.

Here was a *kiss for a blow* — love for anger; and all the school saw at once what was meant by "*overcoming evil with good.*"

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE warm wide hills are muffled thick with green,
And fluttering swallows fill the air with song.
Come to our cottage home. . . . Lowly it stands,
Set in a vale of flowers, deep fringed with grass.
The sweet-briar — noiseless herald of the place —
Hies with its odor, meeting all who roam
With welcome footsteps to our small abode.
No splendid cares live here — no barren showa.
The bee makes harbor at our perfumed door,
And hums all day his breezy note of joy.
Come, O my friend! and share our festal month,
And while the west wind walks the leafy woods,
While orchard-blooms are white in all the lanes,
And brooks make music in the deep, cool dells,
Enjoy the golden moments as they pass,
And gain new strength for days that are to come.



EARLY RISING.

“Up, up!” cries wakeful *Chanticleer*;
“The village clock did you not hear?
I have been up an hour or more,
Crowing away at the stable door.
Dobbin has gone with the boy to plow;
Sarah has started to milk the cow;
Sure there is plenty for all to do,
And all are up, young friend, but you.”

“Up, up!” cries the soaring *Lark*;
“Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark,
And let it never, never be said
You wasted the morning hours in bed;
Out of the window glance your eye,
And see how blue is the morning sky;
Open the casement, your slumber spare,
And smell how fresh is the morning air.”

“Up, up!” cries the busy *Sun*;
“Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
That you lie dozing the hours away?
Who would give light to the world below,
If I were idly to slumber so?
What would become of the hay and corn,
Did I thus waste the precious morn?”

“Up, up!” cries the buzzing *Bee*;
“There’s work for you as well as for me;
O! how I prize the morning hour,
Gathering sweets from the dewy flower!
Quick comes on the scorching noon,
And darksome night will follow soon;
Say, shall it chide for idle hours,
Time unimproved, and wasted powers?”

The thrush is on her trembling nest,
Which every wind is swaying;
And every robin shows his breast,
While we are here delaying!
The bees have set their pipes in tune
On every head of clover;
And we must haste to hear them soon,
Or Summer will be over!

To-day the birds on every bough
Their Sabbath chimes are ringing;—

The Lord is in his temple now—
We praise Him with our singing!
Without, within, the voices chord!
One praise we all are giving—
To Thee, the ever-loving Lord!
To Thee, the ever living!

Original.

THE RICH UNCLE.

CHARACTERS.—MR. PLUM, CAPT. TRACY, CHARLES BLANDISH, FRANK UPTON.

Enter Mr. Plum and Capt. Tracy, meeting.

Plum. Ha! my old friend of the quarter-deck, how did you leave them all in Canton? (*They shake hands.*)

Tracy. As well as could be expected, with the city knocked about their ears by the English guns. Times are not as quiet as when you sailed with me in the Ocean Racer. But how goes it with you, friend Plum? Have you found any relations here in New York to inherit your half a million?

Plum. O, they have sprung up as plenty as blackberries. I am beset on every side. I have no less than twenty-one nephews and nieces. Of these, twenty call on me every day or two. Such concern are they under about my health—so anxious to have me call and dine—so importunate to know what amusements I like! “Do you wear flannel?” asks one.—“Come and make your home with us,” says another.—“Use my horses when you like,” says a third. Pooh! I see through it all. Their attentions are lavished not on plain Peter Plum, their kinsman, but on old Plum the millionaire.

Tracy. Well, well, what could you expect? It’s all natural enough; as natural as for a shark to follow in the wake of a whale-ship.

Plum. That may be; still, it’s not pleasant, altogether. There’s one of my nephews, however, who hasn’t called on me yet.

Tracy. Cut him off with a shilling.

Plum. On the contrary, I have made my will in his favor; but this is a secret.

Tracy. Never fear my blabbing. Have you seen the lad?

Plum. Never. He's a son of my youngest sister, and was born while I was in China. Twice I sent for him to come and see me; but he took no notice of my invitation. This morning I sent him a letter which will bring him forthwith, or I am much mistaken.

Tracy. What did you write him?

Plum. Read. (*Handing him a letter.*)

Tracy (reads). "MR. FRANK UPTON.—

Sir: More than twenty years ago I lent your late mother a hundred dollars to pay for your schooling, taking no paper from her to show the obligation. With interest, simple and compound, at fifteen per cent., it would now be \$969.72. I am aware I have no strictly legal demand against you for this sum; but it would be convenient to me to have you pay it this morning, if possible, as you are in honor bound to do. — Yours, P. PLUM." Why, what an old skinflint he will take you to be! Is n't this carrying a joke too far? (*Returns the letter.*)

Plum. I want to see if he's like the rest of my precious kinsfolk; or whether he's man enough to speak his mind.

Enter CHARLES BLANDISH.

Tracy. Is this the man?

Plum. No. My nephew, Charles Blandish, Mr. Tracy. Charles, this is one of my oldest friends.

Charles (shaking hands very energetically with TRACY). Sir, I'm delighted to make your acquaintance. Any friend of my dear uncle becomes mine, of course. I trust we shall meet often while you are in the city.

Tracy (aside to PLUM). He's too civil by half.

Charles. My dear uncle, I hope you took no cold last night. You can't trifle with your constitution in this climate of ours; with the thermometer one hour at eighty, and the next at sixty—wind raw from the east. Who would think, to look at him, Mr. Tracy, that he was past seventy?

Tracy. I should. He has grown old faster than any man of my acquaintance.

Charles. Excuse me; but I really

should n't suppose he was a day over fifty-five. You rarely see so youthful an expression in a man of his years. I heard a lady last night declare that he was positively handsome.

Tracy. He's as ugly an old man as I've seen walking Broadway.

Charles. You're disposed to be merry, sir.

Tracy. I speak what I think.

Plum. Jealousy, sheer jealousy in him, Charles! (*Enter FRANK UPTON.*) Whom have we here?

Frank. Is Mr. Plum within?

Charles. How is this, Cousin Frank? Don't you know our uncle? Allow me to introduce you. This is Mr. Frank Upton, Uncle Plum; a young gentleman destined to become an ornament to the bar, if he's only left to fight his own way. Assist him, and he's lost. Leave him poor, and he'll get along famously.

Frank. Thank you, Cousin Charles. When I need a trumpeter, I'll let you know. Mr. Plum, I have a little business with you. (*Mr. TRACY and CHARLES fall back, converse in dumb show from time to time, but seem attentive to what goes on.*)

Plum. Well, sir, you got my note?

Frank. Yes, and I've come with the money. (*Hands money.*) You'll find it all right, I believe.

Plum (putting money in his pocket). I'll take your word for that.

Frank. I'd like to have you count it, and give me a receipt.

Plum. A receipt? Is n't my verbal acknowledgment enough? I have no charge against you on my books.

Frank. That's an additional reason why you should give me a receipt.

Plum. Here's a pretty fellow for a nephew! He asks his uncle for a receipt! I lent his mother a hundred dollars twenty years ago,—I call upon him to pay it, charging him only fifteen per cent., whom I might have charged twenty,—and he asks me to give a receipt for the money!

Charles. Shame! shame! After such kindness and liberality on the part of Uncle

Peter, such a demand from you, Frank, is a downright insult. Shame! shame!

Plum. I dare say he calls me in his heart an old usurer. Don't deny it, sir—don't deny it! Your face proclaims it.

Frank. I am glad, then, sir, that my face has spared me the pain of uttering with the tongue what you rightly conjecture was the sentiment of my heart.

Plum. He confesses it! He avows it! He calls his old uncle a usurer!

Charles. Shame on you, Frank! Shame! Uncle Peter is one of the best, the noblest of men. I would trust him with my whole fortune, and ask no guaranty!

Plum (aside). His fortune! His tailors' bills, he means.

Tracy. So far as I can see, Mr. Upton is in the right, and is fully justified in holding the opinion of you he does.

Plum (pretending anger). Who asked you to interfere, old fellow? What business is it of yours? (*Pointing at Frank.*) There! He is laughing at me, the jackanapes! Now, sir, look me in the face, and tell me, honestly and frankly, if you are not setting me down in your thoughts as an unreasonable, passionate, absurd old miser!

Frank. Well, then, honestly and frankly, judging from present appearances, I have set you down for precisely what you name.

Charles (aside, rubbing his hands). There's one heir out of the way, anyhow! He'll never get a cent of the old man's money.

Plum (to Frank). Do you know that I am worth half a million, and have n't a child in the world?

Frank. I am well aware of the fact.

Plum. Do you know, if I should die intestate, that you would be one of my lawful heirs?

Frank. Nothing is plainer.

Plum. Do you know that I could make a will leaving you only money enough to buy a halter?

Frank. You could not put the case more forcibly, sir. Only consider this: it is not

the loss of a million that would unman me, or make me hang myself.

Plum. Ah! a philosopher! He despises wealth! He would not return me a "thank you" for a hundred thousand dollars!

Charles. Ha, ha, ha! As you say, a philosopher!

Frank. On the contrary, I would be very grateful to you for a tenth part of a hundred thousand dollars. But know this, sir: I have too much respect both for you and for myself to pay court to you, and try to make you think it is out of love to yourself, and not out of regard to your money-bags.

Charles. Shame! shame!

Tracy (to Charles). Stop that braying, will you?

Plum (to Frank). Do you mean to say, sir, that a nephew or a niece can't be civil to me, except from sordid motives?

Charles. Yes, sir; do you mean to say that?

Plum (to Charles). Hold your tongue!

Frank. I mean to say this, sir: that under the circumstances I should distrust my motives. I owe you respect as my mother's brother. In order to love you, I must know of you something more than that you are a rich man.

Charles. Shame! shame!

Plum (to Tracy). Captain, if you will take that donkey into the stable, and keep him there till I come, I'll be much obliged.

(*TRACY takes CHARLES by the arm, and gradually leads him off, while the conversation goes on.*)

Frank. I came, sir, disposed to treat you politely; but you compelled me to answer a question to which my reply could not be at the same time flattering and true. If I had dissembled, and told you that I considered your course liberal and right, you might have liked me better; but—

Plum. No, I should n't, Frank,—no, I should n't! So, you did n't see through my game, boy, eh?

Frank. What game, sir?

Plum. Why, I could n't bring you here by fair means, so I tried *foul*. And you really thought I was serious in demanding the money? What an old *screw* you must have taken me for! (*Handing him money, which he takes.*) Here! Take it back! Take it back!

Frank. Thank you, sir,—thank you;—not for the money—though that is acceptable—upon my word, not for the money, but for reversing the opinion which I had formed of my mother's brother. Ah, sir, I could not bear to think you were not, like her, open-handed and liberal-hearted. Your features remind me of her; and I would not have your actions contradict the resemblance.

Plum (*wiping his eyes with his handkerchief*). Frank, I'll come and live with you; but don't ask me to alter my will. Promise me that.

Frank. Not guessing what it is, I can safely promise it. But this much I'll *not* promise.

Plum. What's that?

Frank. I'll not promise to discourage you in seizing the luxury of doing good with your money while you *live*—of giving to the needy and rewarding the worthy.

Plum. What, if in so doing you abstract from the pile which would ultimately be your own?

Frank. Then so much the more freely would I help you open your purse-strings at the call of genuine charity.

Plum. Frank, give me your hand. (*They shake hands.*) I see we shall agree. Now let us go to the stable and release that obsequious cousin of yours. [*Exeunt.*

SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

SIR CHARLES was born at Whitehall, in England, in 1782. He was weak and sickly; but, from the first, of indomitable spirit. As a child he was demure and thoughtful, and his expressions generally had a touch of greatness. Thus, when only ten years of age, he rejoiced to find he was short-sighted, because a portrait of Frederick the Great, hanging in his father's

room, had strange eyes, and because Plutarch said Philip Sertorius and Hannibal were one-eyed, and Alexander's eyes of different colors. He even wished to lose one of his own, as the token of a great general, unknowing then that none of God's gifts can be lost with satisfaction. But a longing for fame was with him a master passion, and in his childhood he looked to war for it with an intense eagerness; yet nothing savage ever entered his mind.

His compassionate sensibility was that of a girl; it was displayed early, and continued till death. When he could but just speak, hearing for the first time the caw of a single crow, probably a melancholy one, which infancy could detect, he stretched forth his little hands, and, weeping, exclaimed, with broken infantine accents, "*What matter—poor bird—what matter?*" And only by repeated assurances that the bird was not unhappy could he be pacified. Danger he sought as conducting to reputation; but indifference to it was not, as supposed, any part of his temperament. He was of very sensitive fiber; yet, with astonishing force of will, he could always call up daring and fortitude to overbear natural timidity.

Unlucky as to accidents,—they beset him from childhood to latest age,—he was never deterred thereby from striving in all perilous feats of youth in youth, and daring actions becoming age in age. Once, in leaping, he struck his leg against a roughly-riveted bar with such force as to tear the flesh from the bone in a frightful manner. He was but ten years old, and the wound was alarming, yet he sustained the pain and fear with a spirit that excited the admiration of stern men.

His moral resolution was very early shown. A wandering showman, a wild-looking creature, short of stature, but huge of limb, half naked, with thick matted red hair and beard, and a thundering voice, was displaying his powers on the Esplanade at Castletown. A crowd of people gathered, and, after some minor displays, the man, balancing a ladder on his chin, invited, or

rather, with menacing tones, ordered a sweep to mount and sit on the top; but the boy shrank in fear from the shouting, gesticulating ogre. Charles Napier, then six years old, was asked by his father if he would venture. Silent for a moment, he seemed to fear; but, suddenly looking up, said yes, and was borne aloft amid the cheers of the spectators.

Again: at ten years of age, having caught a fish when angling, he was surprised by the descent of a half-tamed eagle of great size and fierceness, which, floating down from a tree, settled upon his shoulders, covered him with its huge dark wings, and took the fish out of his hands. Far from being frightened, he pursued his sport, and, on catching another fish, held it up, inviting the eagle to try again, at the same time menacing the formidable bird with the spear-end of the rod. Plutarch would have drawn an omen from such an event.

About this time he was taken to the Hot Wells of Bristol, where Mr. Sheridan, being acquainted with his father, took much notice of the boy, and once offered him a present of money, which was instantly rejected. "Papa told me never to take money, and I will not have yours: but I thank you." Sheridan was surprised, and rather characteristically said to the father, "Your boy is a fine fellow, but very wonderful."

THE DUTCH SHIPMASTER AND THE RUSSIAN COTTAGER.

In a little town, five miles from St. Petersburg, lived a poor German woman. A small cottage was her only possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters, on their way to Petersburg, her only livelihood. Several Dutch shipmasters having supped at her house, one evening, she found, when they were gone, a sealed bag of money under the table. Some one of the company had no doubt forgotten it; but they had sailed over to Cronstadt, and, the wind being fair, there was no chance of their putting back. The good woman put the bag into her cupboard, to keep it till it

should be called for. Full seven years, however, elapsed, and no one claimed it; and, though often tempted by opportunity, and oftener by want, to make use of the contents, the poor woman's good principles prevailed, and it remained untouched.

One evening, some shipmasters again stopped at her house for refreshment. Three of them were English, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing on various matters, one of them asked the Dutchman if he had ever been in that town before. "Indeed I have," replied he. "I know the place but too well; my being here cost me once seven hundred rubles."—"How so?"—"Why, in one of these wretched hovels I once left behind me a bag of rubles?"—"Was the bag sealed?" asked the old woman, who was sitting in a corner of the room, and whose attention was roused by the subject. "Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal, here at my watch-chain."—The woman knew the seal instantly. "Well, then," said she, "by that you may recover what you have lost."—"Recover it, mother!"—no, no; I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest; besides, it is full seven years since I lost the money. Say no more about it; it always makes me melancholy."

Meanwhile, the good woman slipped out, and presently returned with the bag. "See here," said she; "honesty is not so rare, perhaps, as you imagine;" and she threw the bag on the table.

The guests were astonished, and the owner of the bag, as may be supposed, highly delighted. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took out one ruble (worth about a dollar of our money), and laid it on the table for the hostess, thanking her civilly for the trouble she had taken. The three Englishmen were amazed and indignant at so small a reward being offered, and remonstrated warmly with him. The old woman protested she required no recompense for merely doing her duty, and begged the Dutchman to take back even his ruble. But the Englishmen insisted on seeing justice done. "The woman," said

they, "has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded." At length, the Dutchman agreed to part with one hundred rubles; they were counted out, and given to the old woman, who thus, at length, was handsomely rewarded for her honesty.

From the London Times, Aug. 6th, 1858.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

We believe we are correct in stating that five hundred miles of telegraph have never before been successfully laid under water; and yesterday we received intelligence that a communication is fully established beneath two thousand miles of stormy ocean, under a superincumbent mass of water, the depth of which may be calculated in miles. Only now, when it has succeeded, are we able fully to realize the magnitude and the hardihood of the enterprise. Over what jagged mountain ranges is that slender thread folded, in what deep oceanic valleys does it rest, when the flash which carries the thought of man from one continent to another darts along the wire; through what strange and unknown regions, among things how uncouth and wild, must it thread its way! It brings us up tidings from the vast abyss, but not of the abyss itself, but of men like ourselves who dwell beyond.

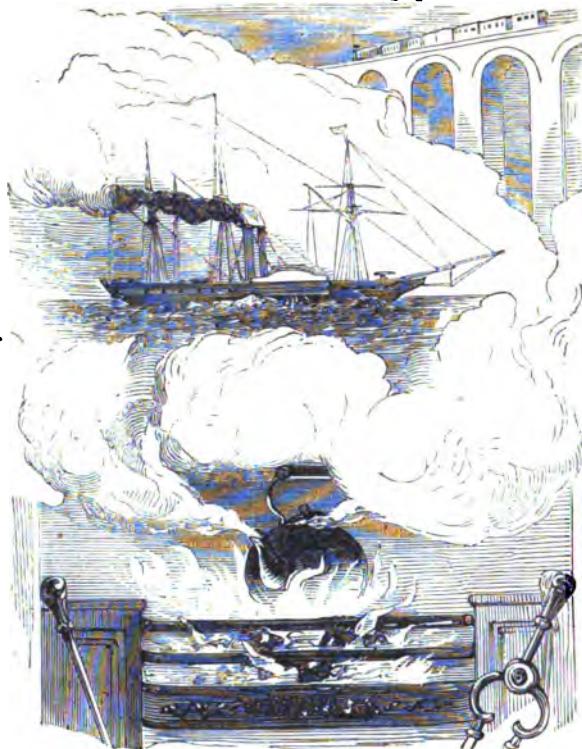
Since the discovery of Columbus, nothing has been done in any degree comparable to the vast enlargement which has thus been given to the sphere of human activity. We may, now that this most difficult problem of all has been solved, be justified in anticipating that there is no portion of the earth's surface which may not be placed in immediate communication with us. We know that we have in our hands the means of a practical ubiquity. Distance, as a ground of uncertainty, will be eliminated from the calculation of the statesman and the merchant. It is no violent presumption to suppose that within a very short period we shall be able to present to our readers every morning intelligence of what happened the day before in every quarter

of the globe. The Admiralty will know to within a few miles the position of every ship in her majesty's service. The intelligence of a Caffre war or an Indian mutiny will reach us before the first blood that has been shed is cold; and we shall be able to economize the whole time consumed by the ordinary vehicles of intelligence.

We see with not unnatural satisfaction that the advantage of the discovery will be the greatest to those countries the possessions of which are the most remote, and, therefore, that England has more to gain than any of her rivals. More was done yesterday for the consolidation of our empire than the wisdom of our statesmen, the liberality of our legislature, or the loyalty of our colonists, could ever have effected. Distance between Canada and England is annihilated. For the purposes of mutual communication and of good understanding the Atlantic is dried up, and we become, in reality as well as in wish, one country.

Nor can any one regard with indifference the position in which the Atlantic telegraph has placed us in regard to the great American republic. It has half undone the Declaration of 1776, and gone far to make us once again, in spite of ourselves, one people. To the ties of a common blood, language, and religion, to the legitimate association in business and a complete sympathy on so many subjects, is now added the faculty of instantaneous communication, which must give to all these tendencies to unity an intensity which they never before could possess.

TRAVELS OF A PRINTER'S HAND.—A good printer will set six thousand ems a day, or about twelve thousand letters. The distance traveled over by his hand will average one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning, making two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of twenty-four thousand feet, or more than four miles; and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that member travels about fourteen hundred miles.



THE STEAM-ENGINE.

THERE is scarcely a boy in our common public schools that is not familiar with the steam-engine; but how few have reflected on the magnitude and the effects of its motive power! The expansive force of steam, in raising water, or any other liquid body, by pressure, above its natural height, was known even before the Christian era. And, though in France some few efforts were made to use steam for mechanical purposes; though, about the middle of the seventeenth century, the Marquis of Worcester constructed his engine, by which one volume of water rarefied by fire could drive up forty volumes of cold water; though, thirty years afterward, Savary exhibited to the Royal Society his model of an engine for draining mines and raising water to unusual heights; though Papin, the French engineer, improved upon Savary, by making the steam act through the cylinder and the piston; and though the ideas of both these men gave birth, in the mind

of Newcomen, to a machine in which there was a distinct vessel for the generation of the steam, and which was intended to raise water from greater depths, it was not till the steam-engine came into the hands of Watt that it took on that mighty and all but perfect form which resulted from his manifold improvements.

It is well known that water is converted into steam by the action of heat, and that a cubic inch of water, weighing rather more than two hundred and fifty grains, may be turned into an equal weight of steam; while, in the act of transformation, it absorbs so much heat as to increase more than seventeen hundred times in bulk. In other words, a cubic inch of water may, at the boiling point, be converted into a cubic foot of steam, and it is this difference of bulk which gives us the true idea of the power of the steam-engine. And yet this expansion of the liquid body would be of little service, unless there were corresponding means of effecting a subsequent reduction of the

steam. This reaction is produced by cold, which robs the steam of so much of its latent heat as to render it incapable of maintaining the vaporous form, and so reduces it again to water.

But the steam once formed is, in Watt's engine, carried along a pipe into the cylinder, and passes through a valve so contrived as to regulate the quantity of steam admitted according to the amount of power required. The cylinder is inclosed on all sides, having an internal piston, wholly shielded from the external air. The downward pressure of the air is lost, but, in lieu of it, steam is admitted above the piston as well as below. The cylinder is preserved constantly warm, and the condensation of the steam is effected in a separate cylinder kept in a cistern of cold water. Supposing that steam admitted above the piston presses it down, a valve is then opened, by which the steam is conducted to the condenser and instantly cooled, whereby a vacuum is formed above the piston. Meanwhile steam is being admitted below the piston, and, as the latter has now a vacuum above it, it is forced upward by the pressure from beneath. The communication between the condenser and the upper part of the cylinder is then cut off, and another opened with the lower part, whereby another series of changes occur, the steam driving the piston upward and downward alternately. To the piston is attached a metallic rod, which shares the reciprocating motion given to the piston; and hence any machinery attached to the remote end of the piston-rod is thus moved to and fro through an equal space with great rapidity.

The draining machine of Newcomen, which was sent to Watt in 1763 for some repairs, he found to be a clumsy, noisy, inefficient apparatus; and in twenty years he had made and patented all those improvements which rendered his engine fit for those various and wondrous applications to which it is now devoted. But for these improvements, Britain could never have produced those manufactures which chal-

lenged the competition of the world, and find a market on the most distant shores. If human labor, or even horse-power, were employed instead of machinery, the manufactures could not be produced at so cheap a rate; or, if the mechanism were less perfect, the article would be inferior in quality and in texture.

There is no evidence that the idea of a rail ever entered the mind of Watt, in connection with his locomotive engine. That it might be employed on the common highway was as far as his thoughts reached. But what are now the achievements of railway transit! When stage-coach traveling was at its very height and perfection, it did not exceed ten miles an hour; so that the journey from London to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles, was never performed within the five hours. Now it can be done by a steam locomotive in about two hours, or, if we avail ourselves of the express train, within sixty minutes of time.

It is more than sixty years since the first steam-vessel in Europe was seen gliding over the bosom of the lovely Clyde; but now we can cross the Atlantic, and force our passage to the most distant shores of the globe. Nor can steam navigation be said to have yet reached its perfection. Its future development may throw its present triumphs into the shade, and be pregnant with results which no human reason can calculate or determine. At the beginning of the present century it was the labor of two men to throw off about two thousand sheets a day from the printing-press; and now, by the application of steam, we can insure more than five times the number in a single hour.

A GOOD RULE.—Two persons—I believe a husband and a wife—being very much at variance, referred their quarrel to Mr. Howels. Each accused the other, and both declared themselves to be without blame. Mr. Howels heard them very patiently, and then said, “My judgment is this: Let the innocent forgive the guilty.”

THE TURNPIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic in England, some years since, that a gentleman of the name of Thomson was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerk pay away thousands of pounds hourly. He was a banker of excellent credit; there existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thomson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late — forgetting that this step, of all others, was the most likely to insure the end he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily watching the outpouring of his gold, and, with a grim smile, listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for, though he felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate result of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends eagerly assisting in the run upon his strong box.

Presently the door was opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him. "You will pardon me, sir, for asking a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come to the point." — "Well, sir!" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you had a run on your bank, sir." — "Well!" — "Is it true?" — "Really, sir, I must decline answering your most extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you." And the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands." — "Then may I ask you what is your business here?" — "I wish

to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment." — "Why do you ask that question?" — "Because, if it would, I would gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer started. "You seem surprised; you don't know my person nor my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?" — "Perfectly." — "Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily. My father kept that gate, and was very often honored with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day you passed through, and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend." — "No, sir: few men remember their kind deeds, and those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am, perhaps, prolix. Listen, however, for a few moments, and I have done." The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you; 'thank you, and the same to you; and here is a token to make it so;' and you threw me a seven-shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed; and never shall I forget my joy on receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and as I grew up added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining on you; your present brought good fortune with it; I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So, this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I drew my deposits from my banker, and have brought them to lodge with you, in case they can be of any use; so here they are, sir — here they are;" and he handed a bundle of bank-notes to the agitated Thomson. "In a

few days I 'll call again." And, snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thomson opened the roll; it contained thirty thousand pounds! The stern-hearted banker burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop, but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire was affected. He could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

ARABIAN HOSPITALITY.

HAJJI BEN HASSUNA, a chief of a party of the troops of the Bey of Tripoli, being pursued by Arabs, lost his way, and was benighted near the enemy's camp. Passing the door of a tent which was open, he stopped his horse; and, being exhausted with fatigue and thirst, implored assistance. The warlike Arab bid his enemy enter his tent with confidence, and treated him with all the respect and hospitality for which his people are so famous. The highest among them, like the patriarchs of old, wait on their guest. A man of rank, when visited by a stranger, quickly fetches a lamb from his flock and kills it, and his wife superintends her women in dressing it in the best manner.

With some of the Arabs, the primitive custom (so often spoken of in the Bible) of washing the feet is yet adopted, and this compliment is performed by the head of the family. Their supper was the best of the fatted lamb roasted; their dessert, dates and dried fruit; and the Arab's wife, to honor more particularly her husband's guest, set before him a dish of "boseen" of her own making. This was a preparation of flour and water kneaded into a paste, which, being half baked, was broken into pieces and kneaded again with new milk, oil, and salt, and garnished with "kadeed," or mutton dried and salted in the highest manner.

Though these two chiefs were opposed in war, they talked with candor and friendship to each other, recounting the achievements of themselves and their ancestors, when a sudden paleness overspread the

countenance of the host. He started from his seat and retired, and in a few minutes afterward sent word to his guest that his bed was prepared, and all things ready for his repose; that he was not well himself, and could not attend to finish the repast; that he had examined the Moor's horse, and found it too much exhausted to bear him through a hard journey the next day, but that before sunrise an able horse with every accommodation would be ready at the door of the tent, where he would meet him, and expect him to depart with all speed. The stranger, not able to account further for the conduct of his host, retired to rest.

An Arab waked him in time to take refreshment before his departure, which was ready prepared for him; but he saw none of the family till he perceived, on reaching the door of the tent, the master of it holding the bridle of his horse, and supporting his stirrups for him to mount, which is done among the Arabs as the last office of friendship.

No sooner was Hajji mounted than his host announced to him that through the whole of the enemy's camp he had not so great an enemy to dread as himself. "Last night," said he, "in the exploits of your ancestors, you discovered to me the murderer of my father. There lie all the habits he was slain in" (which were at that moment brought to the door of the tent), "over which, in the presence of my family, I have many times sworn to revenge his death, and to seek the blood of his murderer from sunrise to sunset. The sun has not yet risen:—the sun will be no more than risen when I pursue you, after you have in safety quitted my tent, where, fortunately for you, it is against our religion to molest you, after your having sought my protection, and found a refuge there; but all my obligations cease as soon as we part, and from that moment you must consider me as one determined on your destruction, in whatever part or at whatever distance we may meet again. You have not mounted a horse inferior to the one that stands ready for myself; on its swift-

ness surpassing that of mine depends one of our lives, or both."

After saying this, he shook his adversary by the hand and parted from him. The Moor, profiting by the few moments he had in advance, reached the Bey's army in time to escape his pursuer, who followed him closely as near the enemy's camp as he could with safety. This was certainly a striking trait of hospitality, but it was no more than every Arab and every Moor in the same circumstances would do.—TULLY'S *Residence at Tripoli.*

For Declamation.

THE FARMERS OF AMERICA.

OUR free institutions, our district schools, with their wide open doors, our churches freely supported, have reared up a class of free and intelligent cultivators of the soil, whose like you can not find in the world. If there be a people any where among whom agriculture can flourish as an art, it is here. And I rejoice to believe that even here, where commercial and manufacturing interests so largely engross the population, agriculture is the occupation to which all look for pleasure and retirement, if not for profit.

The stripling, just mounted at the counting-house desk, or for the first six months fingering laces, or measuring off cambrics and ginghams, or, it may be, just emerging from college walls, looks back to the farm as an escape from drudgery. The merchant, the manufacturer, the professional man, on the crowded and heaving ocean of middle life, turns to it as the sailor to his distant home. Thither his affections go, his hopes aspire. Here he fondly anticipates to crown

"A youth of labor with an age of ease."

Men live as mechanics, merchants, or lawyers; but they hope, retiring with success, to die as farmers. Nothing could better declare the dignity and attraction of the occupation, if such declaration were needed. Farming, pursued by intelligent men, vindicates itself. It were trite to add, no occupation tends more to the quiet and improvement of the mind, or to elevate

it to close communion with its God. And no man commands more the respect, confidence, and love, of his fellows, than he who honestly, intelligently, and faithfully, pursues it.

I know no more beautiful spectacle than the Christian farmer, who, for three-score years and ten, has cultivated his paternal acres, whose contemplations have been "beside the still waters" and "in the green pastures," and who, with his children and grandchildren to solace his declining years, patiently and hopefully, in a vigorous old age, awaits for his earthly inheritance to descend to them, as he assumes his heavenly.

"Onward he moves, to meet his latter end,
Angels around, befriending virtue's friend ;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world is past."

C. T. RUSSELL.

ILLEGIBILITY IN WRITING.—The following anecdotes will illustrate the misfortune of illegible writing, and hint at the importance of giving more attention to this subject. An English gentleman once applied to the East India Company to procure an office for a friend of his in India. Having succeeded in obtaining the appointment, his friend wrote him a letter of thanks, alluding to his intention of sending him an equivalent. The Englishman could make nothing of the word *equivalent* but *elephant*, and, being pleased with the idea of receiving such a noble animal as a present from his friend, he was at the expense of erecting a large and expensive building for its accommodation. In a few weeks the equivalent came, which proved to be not quite so large as an elephant, for it was nothing more nor less than a pot of *sweetmeats*.—In a letter describing a school, the writer wished to say, "We have two school-rooms, one above the other, sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred scholars;" but he actually said, "We have two school-rooms sufficiently large to accommodate three hundred scholars one above the other." What rooms! What a pile!



TRUST NOT TO APPEARANCES.

EARLY one day in leafy June,
When brooks and birds are all in tune,
A Quaker, on a palfrey brown,
Was riding over Horsley Down.

Though he could see no houses near,
He trotted on without a fear ;
For not a thief upon the road
Would guess where he his cash had stowed.

As thus he went — that Quaker sly —
Another Quaker trotted by : —
“ Stop, brother,” said the first; “ the weather
Is pleasant — let us chat together.”

“ Nay,” said the stranger, “ know’st thou not
That this is a suspected spot ?
That robbers here resort, my brother ? ” —
“ A fig for robbers ! ” said the other :

“ I’ve all my money in a note,
And that is hid — not in my coat —
But — ” — “ Where ? ” the other asked. — “ Be-
hold ! ” —

“ What ! in your shoe ? ” — “ The secret’s told !

“ You see, it has a double sole :
Within that I have hid the whole :
Now, where’s the robber who would think
Of ever looking there for chink ? ”

“ Here ! ” cried the stranger ; “ so dismount,
And straightway render an account :
I’m Captain Bibb, the robber trim ;
So hand your money quick to him !

“ Don’t tremble — all you’ve got to do,
You know, is to take off your shoe ;
And for your money I will give
Advice shall serve you while you live.

“ Don’t take each broad-brim chance may send,
Though plain his collar, for a Friend :
Don’t trust in gentleman or clown
While riding over Horsley Down.”

OSBORNE.

NATURE AND USES OF SEA-WEED.

THE sea-weeds, with which the shores of the ocean are strewn, were considered by the ancients to be so utterly worthless, that the name *Alga*, by which they were known, was applied proverbially to any useless object. But modern science has shown that, instead of being regarded with an indifferent eye, they ought to be esteemed as a bountiful provision of the Creator, for the service of mankind.

Among the uses to which sea-weeds have been applied, we may notice the following : — To the agriculturist they afford a useful manure; to the glass-maker they yield the alkali which, when mixed with powdered flint, can be melted into glass. The same substance is employed by the soap-boiler in the manufacture of soap; and the manufacture of kelp for this purpose has become a valuable source of revenue to the inhabitants of the rocky coasts of Europe, particularly Great Britain, and more especially the northern shores and the islands of Scotland. Of such importance has this manufacture appeared, that in some places attempts have even been made to cultivate the larger species of sea-weed. So rich are some kinds in sugar and mucilage, that they are gathered in the winter as provender for cattle; while, at times, a few afford food for man, and the coarser sorts fuel. The article known as Irish moss, from which a sort of *blanc mange* is made, is found in abundance on the Atlantic sea-coast of the United States.

In Scotland, the manufacture of kelp is carried on chiefly in the months of July and August. The kelp-kiln is nothing but a hole dug in the sand or earth, and surrounded with a few loose stones. In the morning a fire is kindled in this pit, generally by means of peat or turf. This fire is gradually fed with sea-weed, in such a state of dryness that it will merely burn; and in the course of eight or ten hours the furnace is found to be nearly full of melted

matter. Iron rakes are then drawn rapidly backward and forward, in order to bring it into an equal state of fusion. It is then allowed to cool, and, being broken in pieces and carried to the store-houses, it becomes the kelp of commerce. The making of kelp from sea-weed was practiced in France for half a century before it was undertaken in Great Britain. It was first made in Orkney, in about 1722, and now occupies, for part of the year, a great portion of the population of the Scotch Islands.

The sea-weeds belong to that description of plants which are called *Cryptogamic*; and the method by which they were propagated was unknown until of late years, when their minute seeds were discovered. The Cryptogamic plants contain the sea-weeds (*Algæ*), the mosses (*Musci*), the mushrooms (*Fungi*), and the ferns (*Filices*).

In all the rest of the vegetable kingdom, the vessels which supply the plant with nourishment are continued from the roots to the extremities of the leaves, so that a faded plant will revive if the root or lower end is placed in water. But this is not the case with the Cryptogamia, in which that portion only of a faded specimen will recover which is completely immersed in the water. The only use of the root seems to be, to fix the plant to the rock on which it grows.

The growth of sea-weeds is extremely rapid. This fact was ascertained at the time a stone beacon was in the course of erection near the entrance to the Frith of Forth. In November, 1813, when the workmen who were preparing the foundations were obliged to relinquish their labors, owing to the state of the weather, the part of the rock on which they had been at work had been completely cleared of sea-weed, and the surface in part chiseled; but, on recommencing their operations in May, 1814, they were surprised to find that the sea-weeds were as abundant as ever; and this rapid growth had taken place during an inclement winter.

Some of the sea-weeds attain a very

great size. The *Fucus giganteus* of the Pacific Ocean is several hundred feet in length; some specimens have been seen as much as eight hundred. In our own seas the thread-like fucus (*Fucus filum*) has been found thirty or forty feet in length.

Some of the small kinds of sea-weed afford most beautiful objects for the microscope, which displays to great advantage their singular structure.



WORK ! WORK !

FROM the sea the tireless sun
Mounts, his daily course to run ;
Month by month the moon on high
Circles o'er the midnight sky ;
Rivers with unresting sweep
Still roll onward to the deep ;
Trees and plants, with foliage fair,
Fan and cool the summer air ;
All things work, and thus fulfill
Their all-wise Creator's will.

Thou for whom the sun was born,
Whose is the rich glow of morn,
And the moon's soft gleaming light
Silvering the dark face of night ;
Thou for whom God bâde the earth
Give to flowers and forests birth ;
Thou for whom with her rich hoard
Was earth's laboring bosom stored ;
Thou of all God's works the latest,
Likest to himself and greatest ;
Thou, whose life beneath the sky
Like a short dream passeth by,
But whose life beyond must be
Lasting as eternity ;—
Wilt thou live in listless sloth ?
Wilt thou, like a heedless moth,
Flit round pleasure's flickering flame,
Till self-scorched thou sink'st in shame ?
Shall each precious God-sent day
Pass in tattling, trifling, play ?—
Loiterer, gird thee for thy race !
Flinching soul, thy conflict face !
God thy work to thee has given ;
Work in faith — then rest in heaven !



THE FATAL BLOW.

A TRUE STORY.

LITTLE Walter M—— was between four and five years old. He was in many respects a very good little fellow. He was obedient, very affectionate to his friends, and very obliging and kind; but he had a very violent temper. When any thing teased or provoked him, he would get into a perfect transport of fury, and tear and strike whatever was in his way. One day, as his mother was passing the nursery door, she heard a great noise within, and her little Walter's voice speaking in a tone that made her sure he was bad; so she opened the door, and there she saw Walter, with his little face swelled and distorted with rage, his curly hair all torn into disorder, while with his feet and hands he was kicking and striking with all his force at one of the servants, and crying out, "I don't love you, Mary; I don't love you: I *hate* you." He stopped when he saw his mother.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mrs. M—— to the servant.—"It is just this, ma'am," said the servant, "that Master Walter kept throwing water about the room, out of his little new jug; when I for-

bade him, he threw the water that was in the jug in my face; and when I attempted to take hold of him to carry him to you, as you desired when he did wrong, he flew at me, and struck me as you have seen."

Mrs. M—— looked very grave, and, lifting the sobbing Walter in her arms, carried him into her own room. She sat down with him on her lap, and remained quite silent till the angry sobs had almost ceased. She then placed him on his knees, and, in a very solemn voice, told him to repeat after her the following words: "O, my heavenly Father, look down in mercy, with pardoning mercy, on my poor, little, silly, wicked heart, at this moment throbbing with such dreadfully bad feelings as only the spirit of all evil could put into it. O, my heavenly Father, drive away this bad spirit, help me with thy good spirit, and pardon me the evil I have done this day, for Christ Jesus's sake. Amen." Walter trembled exceedingly; but he repeated the words after his mother, and, as he did so, in his heart he wished that God might hear them.

His mother again placed him on her lap, and asked if his rage was away. Walter

answered, in a soft voice, "Not quite, mother; but it's better."

"Very well," said his mother, "until it is quite away, I shall tell you a story that I was told when I was young; and I hope it will make as deep an impression on your mind, my poor child, as it did on mine, and tend as effectually to make you try yourself to check your bad and furious temper.

"Lord and Lady — were very great and rich people. They had only one child, and it was a daughter. They were very, very fond of this child, and she was, in truth, a very fine little creature; very lively, and merry, and affectionate, and exceedingly beautiful; but, like you, Walter, she had a bad, bad temper; like you, she got into transports of rage when any thing vexed her, and, like you, would turn at or strike whoever provoked her; like you, after every fit of rage, she was grieved and ashamed of herself, and resolved never to be so bad again; but, the next temptation, all that was forgotten, and she was as angry as ever.

"When she was just your age, her mother had a little son — a sweet, sweet, little, tender baby. Her father and mother were glad — and little Eveline would have been glad too, but the servant very foolishly and wickedly teased and irritated her, by telling her that father and mother would not care for her now; all their love and pleasure would be this little brother, and they never would mind her. Poor Eveline burst into a passion of tears, and cried bitterly. — 'You are a wicked woman to say so; mother will always love me; I know she will, and I'll go this very moment and ask her, I will,' and she darted out of the nursery, and flew to her mother's room, the servant in the nursery calling after her, 'Come, come, miss; you need n't go into your mother's room; she won't see you now.'

"Eveline burst open the door of her mother's room, but was instantly caught hold of by a stranger woman she had never seen before. 'My dear,' said this person, 'you can not be allowed to see your mother

just now.' She would have said more; she would have told Eveline that the reason she could not see her mother then was because she was very sick, and must not be disturbed. But Eveline was too angry to listen; she screamed and kicked at the woman, who, finding her so unreasonable, lifted her by force out of the room, and, carrying her into the nursery, put her down, and told the servant there, as she was going away, 'that she must prevent miss coming to her mother's room.'

"Eveline heard this, and it added to her rage; and then this wicked servant burst out laughing, and said, 'I told you *that*, miss: you see your mother does n't love you now!' The poor child became mad with fury; she darted at the cradle where lay the poor, little, innocent, new-born baby. The maid whose duty it was to watch over it was lying asleep upon her chair; and O, Walter, Walter! just as you did to Mary just now, she struck it with all her force — struck it on the little, tender head. It gave one feeble, struggling cry, and breathed no more."

"Why, mother, mother," cried Walter, bursting into tears, "why did it breathe no more?" — "It was dead — killed by its own sister!" — "O, mother, mother! what a dreadful, what a wicked little girl! O, mother, I am not so wicked as she; I never killed a little baby!" sobbed Walter, as he hid his face in his mother's bosom, and clung to her neck.

"My dear child," said Mrs. M——, solemnly, "how dare you say you are not so wicked as Eveline? You are more wicked, and, but for the goodness of God to you, might have been at this moment as miserable. Were you not in as great a rage when I came to the nursery as she was? Were you not striking Mary with all your force, not one blow, but repeated blows? and had Mary been, like the object of Eveline's rage, a little baby, you would have killed her. It was only because she was bigger and stronger than yourself that you did not actually do so; and only think, for a moment, on the difference between the

provocation poor Eveline received and that which you supposed Mary gave you. Indeed, Mary gave you none. You were wrong, and she was right; whereas no one can wonder Eveline was made angry by her wicked maid. Yet you may observe that had she not got into such an ungovernable rage as not to listen when she was spoken to by the person she saw in her mother's room, she would then have heard that it was from no change in her mother's love that she had not seen her for several days, but because she was confined to her bed."

" And what did Eveline's poor mother say to her for killing the baby ? " — " Eveline never again saw her dear and beautiful young mother; she died that night of grief and horror, on hearing that her sweet and lovely infant was murdered, and by whom." — " O dear, O dear, mother ! was Eveline sorry ? " — " My love, how can you ask such a question ? " — " But, mother, I mean how sorry was she: what way was she sorry enough ? " — " Indeed, Walter, it is not easy to know or to tell how she could be sorry enough. All I know is that she lived to be a big lady — she lived to be herself a mother — and in her whole life no one ever saw her smile."

" And, mother, was it a quite true story ? It is so dreadful, mother ! " — " Yes, my child, it is a quite true story ; that unfortunate child was the great-grandmother of the present Earl of E—l." — " My dearest mother," said Walter, once more bursting into tears, " let me go upon my knees again, and pray to God to take away my bad temper, lest I, too, become so miserable." — " Yes, my love, pray to him for that, and he will hear and bless you; but also thank him for preserving you hitherto from the endless and incalculable wretchedness so often produced by one fit of sinful rage."

The editor of the *London Literary Gazette*, in noticing the foregoing story, mentions his belief of its being perfectly true. "The unfortunate angry child," says he, " was Anna, Countess of Livingston. She was also Countess of Crawford; and, in her

right, her son succeeded to the earldom of Errol. It was a smoothing-iron which, in her paroxysm of rage and terror, she snatched up and flung into the infant's cradle. A sad chance directed the blow, and the baby was murdered. No other child was ever born to the family, and the poor girl grew up fully informed of the fatal deed by which she had attained so many deplorable honors. She was most amiable, and highly esteemed, but in all her life was never known to smile. When very young, she was married to the unfortunate William Earl of Kilmarnock (beheaded in 1746), who, whatever might be the motives of his loyalty to his king, was most disloyal to his wife, being as bad a husband as it is possible to conceive. Notwithstanding this, his excellent, unhappy lady hurried to London, and made every possible effort to obtain his pardon. Her want of success is known."

LAVALETTE.

LEONARD LAVALETTE is prolific in remarkable personal adventures; but none perhaps have been more so than the French Revolution. Count Lavalette, in early life, was an attached friend of the Bourbon dynasty; but the exciting events of the revolution having opened up to him the prospect of an ambitious career, he became one of the most intrepid soldiers and supporters of the French republic. During the latter years of the reign of Napoleon, he held the chief place in the post establishment, from which he retired on the introduction of the Bourbons. He was now accused of having been an accomplice in the conspiracy which brought on the events which terminated in the battle of Waterloo, and, after two days' discussion, was condemned to death. Immured in prison, he endeavored to avert his fate by a writ of error; but this, along with a petition for pardon presented by Madame Lavalette, was refused.

" The day of his execution approached," says the writer of his memoirs; " the un-

fortunate man had no hope left; the turnkeys themselves trembled. On the eve of that last day, the Countess Lavalette entered his prison. She had put on a pelisse of merino, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear when she left a ball-room; in her reticule she had a black silk gown. Coming up to her husband, she assured him, with a firm voice, that all was lost, and he had nothing more to hope than in a well-contrived escape. She showed him the woman's attire, and proposed to him to disguise himself. Every precaution had been taken to secure his escape. A sedan-chair would receive him on his coming out of prison; a cabriolet waited for him on the Quay des Orferres; a devoted friend, a safe retreat, would answer any further objections.

"M. Lavalette listened to her without approving of so hazardous a plan; he was resigned to his fate, and refused to fly from it. 'I know how to act my part in a tragedy,' he said, 'but spare me the burlesque farce. I shall be apprehended in this ridiculous disguise, and they will perhaps expose me to the mockery of the mob. On the other hand, if I escape, you will remain a prey to the insolence of prison valets, and to the persecution of my enemies.' — 'If you die, I die; save your life, to save mine!' The prisoner yielded to her urgent entreaties. 'Now put on the disguise,' she added; 'it is time to go. No farewell — no tears; your hours are counted!' And when the toilet was finished, 'Adieu,' she said. 'Do not forget to stoop when you pass under the wickets, for fear the feathers in your bonnet should stick fast.' She then pulled the bell, and rushed behind a screen.

The door opened — he passed, followed by an old servant of his wife, and leaning on his daughter's arm. When they arrived at the sedan-chair, the chairmen were not there. The soldiers of the guard-house had assembled to see Madame Lavalette, and looked on without moving! This was a fearful moment! The men arrived, at last; the chair went off. A few minutes

later, a cabriolet, drawn by a swift horse, rolled over the stones of the Pont Michel. This took place on the 23d of December. M. Lavalette remained concealed in Paris until the 10th of January. A singular favor of fortune gave him as a retreat the very roof under which lived one of his political enemies, equally powerful by his name, his station, and his wealth. From the garret floor which Lavalette inhabited he heard persons crying in the streets the police ordinance which prescribed search after his person. The barriers were shut; the delivery of passports suspended; expresses bearing the description of his person were flying about on every side. In the chambers, in the court circles, the utmost consternation prevailed among those who were convinced that all was lost if M. Lavalette was not taken.

"Paris, however, rejoiced, while the police, falsely accused of connivance, burned with impatience to damp the public joy, and answer, by a feat worthy of its zeal, the complaints of the gilded drawing-rooms, and the reproaches that reechoed from the tribune. In the midst of all these dangers Count Lavalette lived, protected, by a family to whom he was personally unknown, but whose courageous friendship helped him to bear the agonies of his concealment. His days passed on between agreeable conversation and diversified reading; a double-barreled pistol hid under his pillow, like a talisman, secured to him some nightly rest. This lasted seventeen days.

"Finally, on the 9th of January, 1816, at eight o'clock in the morning, he went on foot with a friend to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings; and next day, at the very hour when a gibbet was being put up on the Place de Grève for his execution in effigy, he set off, dressed in English regimentals, with Sir Robert Wilson, crossed the barriers in an open cabriolet, and proceeded to Mons. During this journey, M. Lavalette, who did not know one word of English, was forced to keep a handkerchief to his face, as if he had been suffering from a violent toothache, that he might not be under the

necessity of speaking to the numerous English officers that stopped his guide on the road.

"Once, at Compeigne, having entered a public room in an inn, a traveling clerk of a trading house told him the whole history of his escape from prison, accompanied by the most ridiculous circumstances, and adding between every sentence the words, 'You may believe me, for I was in Paris at the time.' Another time, near the frontiers, a captain of gendarmerie asked for their passports, and took them with him. M. Lavalette traveled under the name of Colonel Lossack. The captain came back a long while afterward, saying that there was no colonel of that name in the English army. Sir Robert replied that he was talking nonsense; that they were fools for staying so long, and, making a sign to the postillions, they set off at full speed.

"At Mons his generous guide was to leave him. M. Lavalette, very deeply affected, pressed his hands while expressing his gratitude; but Sir Robert, still maintaining his wonted gravity, smiled, without replying. At last, after half an hour's silence, he turned to M. Lavalette, and said, in the most serious manner possible, 'Now, pray, my dear friend, why did you not like to be guillotined?' M. Lavalette stared at him, surprised at such a question. 'Yes,' added Sir Robert; 'I have been told you solicited as a favor to be shot.'—'Because the condemned person is placed in a cart, his hands tied behind his back; then he is bound to a plank, which is slipped under the axe.'—'Ah, I understand; you did not wish to have your throat cut like a calf.'

"M. Lavalette crossed a part of Germany, and soon entered upon the hospitable soil of Bavaria. The king received him with great zeal, and protected him against the French ministry, who insisted on his being delivered up to them. The Duchess of St. Leu offered him her house, and Prince Eugene lavished on him all the consolations of friendship. In 1822 Lavalette was re-

stored to his native country, by letters of pardon granted by Louis XVIII."



THE TWO SOLILOQUIES ; OR,
THE IDLE BOY, AND THE IDLE BOY BECOME A MAN.
I.

O, DEAR me! what a terrible trouble it is to me to learn lessons and go to school! Here I have one, two — no, not two, but a whole column and a half of words with meanings, to get by heart. I wish words had no meanings. Well, I suppose I must begin to learn them: — p-r-i-s pris, o-n on, prison, "a place where people are confined." Why could n't they say school, at once? — that 's a prison, I am sure. Well, what comes next? P-u-n pun, i-s-h ish, punish. I know the meaning of that word without the book, everybody in our house is so fond of using it. "Master Charles," says old cross nurse, "if you will spoil your clothes in this manner, I shall ask your father to punish you." — "Master Charles," cries Betty housemaid, "you deserve punishing, that you do, scratching my chairs, and writing on my tables so." — Now, they are not your chairs and tables, Mrs. Betty. O, this ugly lesson, — I never shall get it! P-l-e-a-s pleas, u-r-e ure, pleasure, "gratification of mind." Nay, but I am sure pleasure means swinging on gates, eating candy, blowing bubbles, and playing at watchmen and thieves with all our scholars. I dare say, if Fred Jones had heard me, he'd say pleasure meant having a new book. Read, read, read, — I hate reading! When I am a man, I'll never open a book, and I'll never send my children to school, and I'll have a black horse — no, it shall be a gray

one with a long tail, and I 'll ride up and down street all day long. O, how I wish I were a man now !

II.

Yes, I am a man ; and woe is me for having been such a little fool when I was a boy ! I hated my book, and took more pains to forget my lessons than ever I did to learn them. What a dunce I was, even over my spelling ! Always at the bottom of my class, and my book thumbed, and dog's-eared, and cried over — the very emblem of duncehood. "Do, Charles, learn your lessons," said my father, "or you will be fit for nothing when a man." — "Do, dear Charles, give your mind to your books, or I shall be ashamed of owning you for my boy," said my poor mother. But no ; I must give my mind to whipping tops, and eating cakes ; and a fine scholar they made me ! Now, there was Fred Jones ; he liked play well enough, but he liked reading better ; and he learnt more out of school hours than ever I did in them. Fred Jones is now like myself, a man, but a very different kind of a man. He has made friends among the wise, the honorable, and the learned : I can not be admitted to their acquaintance ! He can interest a whole company with useful information : I am obliged either to be silent, or talk about the weather and my neighbors. I can make out a bill of parcels, but I blunder over a letter to a friend. I see my error now, but now it is too late. I have no time to read, for I must work for my daily bread ; and if I had time, I could not now turn my reading to profit.

Behold the bitter fruits of idleness in childhood ! — *Miss Jeusbury.*

LIMBY LUMPY ;

OR, THE BOY WHO WAS SPOILED BY HIS MAMMA.

LIMBY LUMPY was the only son of his mamma. His father was called the "paviors' assistant ;" for he was so large and heavy that when he used to walk through the streets, the men who were ramming the stones down, with a large wooden rammer, would say, "Please to walk over these

stones, sir." And then the men would get a rest.

Limby was born on the 1st of April. I do not know how long ago ; but, before he came into the world, such preparations were made ! There was a beautiful cradle ; and a bunch of coral with bells on it ; and lots of little caps ; and a fine satin hat ; and two nurses to take care of him. He was to have, also, a little perambulator, when he grew big enough ; after that he was to have a donkey, and then a pony. In short, he was to have the moon for a plaything, if it could be got.

Limby made a rare to do when he was a little baby. But he never was a *little* baby,—he was always a big baby ; nay, he was a big baby till the day of his death. "Baby Big," his mamma used to call him ; he was "a noble baby," said his aunt ; he was "a sweet baby," said old Mrs. Tomkins, the nurse ; he was "a dear baby," said his papa,—and so he was, for he cost a good deal ;—he was "a darling baby," said his aunt by the mother's side ; "there never was such a fine child," said every body before the parents. When they were at another place, they called him "a great ugly, fat thing."

Limby was almost as broad as he was long. He had what some people call an open countenance ; that is, one as broad as a full moon. He had what his mamma called beautiful auburn locks, but what other people said were carroty,—not before the mother, of course.

Limby had a flattish nose and a widish mouth, and his eyes were a little out of the right line. Poor little dear, he could not help that, and, therefore, it was not right to laugh at him.

Every body, however, laughed to see him eat his pap ; for he would not be fed with the patent silver pap-spoon which his father bought him, but used to lay himself flat on his back, and seize the pap-boat with both hands, and never leave go of it till its contents were fairly in his dear little stomach.

So Limby grew bigger and bigger every

day, till at last he could scarcely draw his breath, and was very ill. So his mother sent for three apothecaries and two physicians, who looked at him—told his mamma there were no hopes; the poor child was dying of over-feeding. The physicians, however, prescribed for him a dose of castor-oil.

His mamma attempted to give him the castor-oil; but Limby, although he liked cordial, and pap, and sweet-bread, and oysters, and other things nicely dished up, had no fancy for castor-oil, and struggled, and kicked, and fought, every time his nurse or mamma attempted to give it him.

"Limby, my darling boy," said his mamma, "my sweet cherub, my only dearest, do take its oily poily—there's a ducky, deary—and it shall ride in a coachy poachy."—"O! the dear baby," said the nurse, "take it for nursey. It will take it for nursey—that it will."

The nurse had got the oil in a silver medicine-spoon, so contrived that if you could get it into the child's mouth the medicine must go down. Limby, however, took care that no spoon should go into his mouth; and when the nurse tried the experiment, for the nineteenth time, he gave a plunge and a kick, and sent the spoon up to the ceiling, knocked off nurse's spectacles, upset the table on which all the bottles and glasses were, and came down whack on the floor.

His mother picked him up, clasped him to her breast, and almost smothered him with kisses. "O! my dear boy," said she, "it shan't take the nasty oil,—it won't take it, the darling; naughty nurse, to hurt baby! It shall not take the nasty physic!" and then she kissed him again.

Poor Limby, although only two years old, knew what he was at. He was trying to get the mastery of his mamma; he felt he had gained his point, and gave another kick and a squall, and at the same time planted a blow on his mother's eye. "Dear little creature," said she, "he is in a state of high convulsions and fever; he will never recover."

But Limby did recover, and in a few days was running about the house, and the master of it; there was nobody to be considered, nobody to be consulted, nobody to be attended to, but Limby Lumpy.

Limby grew up big and strong; he had every thing his own way. One day, when he was at dinner with his father and mother, perched upon a double chair, with his silver knife and fork, and silver mug to drink from, he amused himself by playing drums on his plate with the mug.

"Don't make that noise, Limby, my dear," said his father.—"Dear little lamb," said his mother, "let him amuse himself. Limby, have some pudding?"—"No; Limby no pudding—drum! drum! drum!"

A piece of pudding was, however, put on Limby's plate; but he kept on drumming as before. At last he drummed the bottom of the mug into the soft pudding, to which it stuck, and by which means it was scattered all over the carpet.

"Limby, my darling!" said his mother; and the servant was called to wipe Limby's mug, and pick the pudding up from the floor. Limby would not have his mug wiped, and floundered about, and upset the cruet-stand and the mustard on the table-cloth.

Limby now sat still, meditating what to do next. He was not hungry, having been stuffed with a large piece of plum-cake about an hour before dinner; but he wanted something to do, and could not sit still.

Presently a saddle of mutton was brought on the table. When Limby saw this, he set up a crow of delight. "Limby ride," said he, "Limby ride," and rose up in his chair, as if to reach the dish.

"Yes, my ducky, it shall have some mutton," said his mamma; and immediately gave him a slice, cut up into small pieces. That was not it. Limby pushed that on to the floor, and cried out, "Limby on meat! Limby ride on meat!"

His mamma could not think what he meant. At last, however, his father recollect ed that he had been in the habit of

giving him a ride occasionally, first on his foot, sometimes on the scroll end of the sofa, at other times on the top of the easy-chair. Once he put him on a dog, and more than once on the horse's saddle; in short, he had been in the habit of perching him on various things; and now, Limby, hearing this was a *saddle* of mutton, wanted to take a ride on it.

"Limby on — Limby ride on bone," said the child, in a whimper. — "Did you *ever hear*?" said the father. — "What an extraordinary child!" said the mother; "how clever, too, to know it was like a saddle — the little dear! No, no, Limby; grease frock, Limby." But Limby cared nothing about a greasy frock; not he — he was used enough to that; and therefore roared out more lustily than ever for a ride on the mutton.

"Did you ever know such a child? What a dear, determined spirit!" — "He is a child of an uncommon mind," said his mother. "Limby, dear, — Limby, dear, — silence! silence!" The truth was, Limby made such a roaring that neither father nor mother could get their dinners, and scarcely knew whether they were eating beef or mutton.

"It is impossible to let him ride on the mutton," said his father; "quite impossible!" — "Well, but you might just put him astride the dish, just to satisfy him; you can take care his legs or clothes do not go into the gravy." — "Any thing for a quiet life," said the father. "What does Limby want? — Limby ride?" — "Limby on bone! — Limby ride on meat!" — "Shall I put him across?" said Mr. Lumpy. — "Just for one moment," said his mamma; "it won't hurt the mutton."

The father rose and took Limby from his chair, and, with the greatest caution, held his son's legs astride, so that they might hang on either side of the dish without touching it, "just to satisfy him," as he said, "that they might dine in quiet," and was about to withdraw him from it immediately. But Limby was not to be cheated

in that way; he wished to feel the saddle *under* him, and accordingly forced himself down upon it; but, feeling it rather warmer than was agreeable, started, and lost his balance, and fell down among the dishes, soused in melted butter, cauliflower, and gravy — floundering, and kicking, and screaming, to the danger of glasses, jugs, dishes, and every thing else on the table.

"My child! my child!" said his mamma; "O! save my child!" She snatched him up, and pressed his greasy garments close to the body of her best silk gown. Neither father nor mother wanted any more dinner after that. As to Limby, he was as frisky afterwards as if nothing had happened; and about half an hour from the time of this disaster *cried for his dinner*.

A GRAMMARIAN'S FANCY. — Dr. Willis who wrote upwards of a hundred years ago, in noticing the significant roots of the English language, gives various examples. Thus, words formed upon *st* always denote strength, analogous to the Latin *sto*: as stand, stay, staff, stop, stout, steady, stake, stamp, stately, &c. Words beginning with *str* intimate violent force and energy: as strive, strength, stripe, strike, stress, struggle, stride, strip, &c. *Thr* implies forcible motion: as throw, throb, threaten, thralldom, &c. *Wr*, obliquity or distortion: as wry, wrack, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, &c. *Sw*, silent agitation, or lateral motion: as sway, swing, swerve, swim, sweep, &c. *Sz*, a gentle fall, or less observable motion: as slide, slip, sly, slit, slow, slack, slink. *Sp*, dissipation or expansion: as spread, sprout, sprinkle, split, spill, spring. Terminations in *ash* indicate something acting nimbly and sharply: as crash, dash, gash, rash, flash, lash, slash. Terminations in *ush* indicate something acting more obtusely and dull: as crush, brush, hush, blush, gush. The most that can be argued from such specimens, we imagine, is this: that the analogies of sound have had some influence in the formation of words.



MONT BLANC FROM THE LAKE OF
GENEVA.

We present a view of Mont Blanc from a point on the Lake of Geneva. "There is one peculiarity," says Mrs. Stowe, "about the outline, as seen from this point, which is quite striking. There is in certain positions the profile of a gigantic head visible, lying with face upturned to the sky. Mrs. F. was the first to point it out to me, calling it a head of Napoleon. Like many of these fanciful profiles, I was some time in learning to see it; and after that it became to me so plain that I wondered I had not seen it before. I called it not Napoleon, however, but, as it gained on my imagination, lying there so motionless, cold, and still, I thought of Prometheus on Mount Cau'casus; it seemed as if, his sorrows ended, he had sunk at last to a dreamless sleep on that snowy summit."

Another writer, in viewing Mont Blanc from a still different point, remarks: "Before us stood Mont Blanc in all its glory. Two vast rocks on the right were pointed out as the red peaks; bare, rugged, precipitous, and inaccessible masses, whose summits no mortal foot has ever reached. On the left were other peaks; and then, towering aloft, the crowning summit of the mountain. As the eye swept along the varied prospect, a rush of elevated emotions passed through the soul; and Cole-

ridge's sublime passage instinctively recurred to memory:

'O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer
I worshiped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the mean while, wast blending with my
thought,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused
Into the mighty vision passing — then
As in her natural form swelled vast to heaven.'

"As I was gazing on the majestic prospect, the vast mountain became, so to speak, transfigured before me. First, an amber hue spread over all its snow-clad summits. This glorious drapery gradually descended lower and lower, while at every moment it changed color, till a bright-red rosy tint spread over the whole scene.

"It was a moment well calculated to live for ever in the memory, and thrillingly recalled the Psalmist's sublime anthem: 'Praise ye the Lord: praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.' All nature seemed to take up the chorus, and call on the spectator to join in it. Like every earthly marvel, however, the spectacle was soon over. The sun sank below the horizon, and in one moment the sharp, clear, white color which had previously met the eye resumed its place in the

landscape. But even when all was dark in the valley and around, there stood Mont Blanc, with its mysterious white light glittering alone."

THE BAG OF GOLD.

MANY years ago there lived near Bologna,* in Italy, a widow lady, called Madonna Lucrezia, who, in a revolution of the state, had known the bitterness of poverty, and had even begged her bread. But fortune had at last relented: a legacy from a distant relation had come to her relief, and she was now the mistress of a small inn at the foot of the Apennines, where she entertained stray travelers as well as she could, and where those stopped who were contented with a little.

The house was still standing when in my youth I passed that way, though the sign of the white cross was no longer to be seen over the door. A mountain stream ran through the garden; and at no great distance, where the road turned on its way to Bologna, stood a little chapel, in which a lamp was burning before a picture of the Virgin,—a picture of great antiquity, the work of some Greek artist.

Here the widow lady was dwelling, respected by all who knew her, when an event took place which threw her into the deepest affliction. It was at noonday, in September, that three travelers of gallant appearance arrived: they seated themselves on a bench under her vine-trellis, and were supplied with a flagon of wine by a lovely girl, her only child. The eldest spoke like a Venetian, and his beard was short and pointed after the fashion of Venice. In his demeanor he affected great courtesy, but his look inspired little confidence; for when he smiled, which he did continually, it was with his lips only, not with his eyes; and they were always turned from yours.

His companions were bluff and frank in their manner, and on their tongues were many soldier's phrases. In their hats they wore feathers and medals, such as in that

age were often distributed in war; and they were evidently officers in one of those free bands which were always ready to serve in any quarrel, if a service it could be called, where a battle was little more than a mockery, and the slain, as on an opera-stage, were up and fighting to-morrow. Overcome with the heat, they threw aside their cloaks, and, with their gloves tucked in their belts, continued for some time in earnest conversation.

At length they rose to go, and the Venetian thus addressed their hostess: "Excellent lady, may we leave under your roof, for a day or two, this bag of gold?"—"You may," she replied, gayly. "But, remember, we fasten only with a latch. Bars and bolts we have none in our village; and if we had, where would be your security?"—"In your word, lady."—"But what if I died to-night?—where would it be then?" said she, laughingly. "The money would go to the church; for none could claim it."—"Perhaps you will favor us with an acknowledgment?"—"If you write it."

An acknowledgment was written accordingly, and she signed it before Master Bartolo, the village physician, who had just called by chance to learn the news of the day. It was stipulated that the gold should be delivered when applied for; but be delivered (these were the words) not to one, nor to two, but to three,—words wisely introduced by those to whom it belonged, knowing what they knew of each other. The gold they had just released from a miser's chest in Perugia, and they were now on a scent that promised more.

They and their shadows were no sooner departed than the Venetian returned, saying, "Give me leave to set my seal on the bag, as the others have done;" and she placed it on a table before him. But in that moment she was called away to receive a cavalier, who had just dismounted from his horse, and when she came back it was gone. The temptation had proved irresistible, and the man and the money had vanished together.

* Pronounced *Bo-lon'ya*.

"Wretched woman that I am!" she cried, as, in an agony of grief, she fell on her daughter's neck; "what will become of us? Are we again to be cast upon the wide world? Unhappy child, would that thou hadst never been born!"

And all day long she lamented; but her tears availed her little. The others were not slow in returning to claim their due, and there were no tidings of the thief. He had fled with his plunder. A process against the widow was instantly begun at Bologna; and what defence could she make?—how could she release herself from the obligation of the bond? Wilfully or in negligence, she had parted with it to one, when she should have kept it for all; and inevitable ruin now seemed to await her.

"Go, Gianetta," said she to her daughter, "take this veil which your mother has worn and wept under so often, and implore the Councilor Calderino to plead for us on the day of trial. He is generous, and will listen to the unfortunate. But, if he will not, go from door to door; Monaldi cannot refuse us. Make haste, my child; but remember the chapel as you pass it. Nothing prospers without a prayer."

Alas! she went but in vain. These advocates were retained against them; those demanded more than they had to give; and all bade them despair. What was to be done? No advocate, and the case to come on to-morrow!

Now, Gianetta had a lover, and he was a student of the law, a young man of great promise, Lorenzo Martelli. He had studied long and diligently under the learned lawyer, Giovanni Andreas, who, though little of stature, was great in renown, and by his contemporaries was called the arch-doctor, the rabbi of doctors, the light of the world. Under him Lorenzo had studied, sitting on the same bench with Petrarch; and also under his daughter, Novella, who would often lecture to the scholars when her father was otherwise engaged, placing herself behind a small curtain, lest her beauty should divert their thoughts—a precaution,

in this instance at least, unnecessary, Lorenzo having lost his heart to another.

To him Gianetta flies in her necessity; but of what assistance can he be? He has just taken his place at the bar, but he has never spoken; and how can he stand up alone, unpracticed and unprepared as he is, against an array that would alarm the most experienced?

"Were I as mighty as I am weak," said he, "my fears for you would make me as nothing. But I will be there, Gianetta; and may the Friend of the friendless give me strength in that hour! Even now my heart fails me; but, come what will, while I have a loaf to share, you and your mother shall never want. I will beg through the world for you."

The day arrives, and the court assembles. The claim is stated, and the evidence given. And now the defense is called for; and Lorenzo rises, and thus addresses the judges:

"Reverend Signors: Young as I am, may I venture to speak before you? I would speak in behalf of one who has none else to help her; and I will not keep you long. Much has been said; much on the sacred nature of the obligation, and we acknowledge it in its force. Let it be fulfilled, and to the last letter. It is what we solicit—what we require. But to whom is the bag of gold to be delivered? What says the bond? Not to one—not to two—but to the three. Let the three stand forth and claim it."

From that day (for who can doubt the issue?) none were sought, none employed, but the subtle, the eloquent Lorenzo. Wealth followed fame; nor need I say how soon he sat at his marriage-feast, or the name of her who sat beside him.

PROVERBS.—Begin and end with God. Beauty is the flower, but virtue is the fruit of life. By entertaining good thoughts, you will keep out evil ones. Between virtue and vice is no middle path. By doing nothing, we learn to do ill.

Original.

AVARICE AND ENVY.

CHARACTERS.—*St. MARTIN, HODGE, THOMAS.*

Enter together.

St. Martin. Well, friends, thus far we have gone on our journey peacefully together. I must now leave you. But before I go I hope to make you profit by this encounter. Have you any idea who I am?

Hodge. In truth, brother pilgrim, you puzzle me there. At first, when you cured my lame foot, I thought you must be a surgeon. Then, when you shot the bird, just as we were starving, I thought you must be a hunter. Finally, when you knelt and prayed, I thought you must be a priest.

St. M. And you, friend Thomas, what were your surmises?

Thomas. I thought you must be a tailor, because you mended the hole in my doublet so that I could n't, for the life of me, tell where it had been. Then I thought you must be a drover, because, somehow, whenever we wanted a fresh horse, you had one at hand.

St. M. Fellow-travelers, you mistake. I am none of the persons you fancy. You have heard of St. Martin?

Hodge. Of course we have. Every child has heard of the good St. Martin.

Thom. Yes, we have heard of St. Martin, but he lived six hundred years ago.

St. M. That's very true.

Hodge. He performed some great miracles in his day.

St. M. True, again.

Thom. But what has St. Martin to do with the question you were asking?

St. M. Simply this: I am St. Martin.

Hodge. You!

Thom. You! (*They kneel.*)

Hodge. Good St. Martin; pardon my familiarity!

Thom. Good St. Martin, have pity on a poor man with a family!

St. M. Rise. (*They rise.*) Hear me. It is my wish to serve you before I go; and this is what I propose. Let one of

you ask me whatever he will: I will grant it on the spot. And, as for the other one, I will reserve to myself the choice of his gift: it shall be just double what the first one gets.

Hodge. Double what the first one gets! O! good St. Martin! Bountiful St. Martin! Come, Thomas, utter your wish, and let it be something handsome, while you are about it.

Thom. “After you” is manners. I am a modest man. I am content to take my turn last.

Hodge. Nonsense, Thomas! Think of it, man: wish that you may be the richest man in the world. What would you have more?

Thom. O, yes! And then find you twice as rich as I am! No, you don't. I know a trick worth two of that. Come, make your choice.

Hodge. How would you like a splendid palace — the handsomest ever built? Think of that, Thomas! Think of that!

Thom. Yes; and see you in one twice as splendid! I should sleep well on that thought, should n't I?

Hodge. How would you like to be the wisest man in the world — wiser than Solomon? Come, Thomas, you have n't much sense of your own, you know, and wisdom is better than wealth.

St. M. Really, friends, I have engagements elsewhere, and you must be quick.

Thom. Ask for the best dinner ever served up.

Hodge. Always thinking of what may please your palate. Fool!

Thom. Civil words, if you please, Master Hodge! Civil words!

Hodge. Don't you see that if you are ten times — a thousand times richer than any man ever was, you will have enough for all reasonable purposes?

Thom. And don't you see it too? Why don't you speak yourself?

Hodge. It takes a fool to be obstinate!

Thom. Fool in your teeth, Master Hodge! I'm as good as you are, any day.

St. M. Come, come, you waste time. I can allow you but a minute longer.

Hodge. Thomas, I will give you such a thrashing as you never had before in your life, if you don't speak.

Thom. I defy you, you pitiful old miser, you old skinflint, you — no matter! On second thoughts, I'll speak first.

Hodge. That's right, Thomas, that's right. I knew you would listen to reason. Now, then! Wish that you may be ten million times richer than any man ever was, or hoped to be.

Thom. O! don't you interfere. Good St. Martin, this is my wish: to be deprived of one eye.

Hodge. Ah! wretch! wretch!

St. M. Be it so. (*He points at THOMAS'S right eye.*)

Thom. O, dear! I didn't think it would be so painful. (*Shutting and covering his right eye.*)

Hodge (kneeling). Please not to — please not to — good St. Martin!

St. M. (pointing both fore-fingers at his face). Too late! You have earned it all.

Hodge (rising, with eyes shut). Blind! blind! Take all I have, good St. Martin, — every farthing, — and give me back my eyes, my precious eyes! I never knew before all their worth.

St. M. Look inwardly. Try to recover first your inward sight, and then you may hope for your outward. Avarice and envy have been fitly punished in you both. If the loss of your eyes shall cure you of those sins, then will your loss be gain. Farewell! [*Exit.*]

Hodge. O, dear! What will become of me? (*Calling angrily.*) Thomas! Thomas! Come here, you rascal! Come here, I say. (*Changing his tone.*) Thomas! Good Thomas! Dear, good Thomas, please speak to me.

Thom. (coming up and startling him by screaming in his ear). What say?

Hodge (taking hold of him). You'll see me safely home now, good Thomas, won't you? Remember, there are wolves

and snakes about; and, then, how shall I get my food? I shall starve in this wilderness, Thomas. How shall I get home, if you don't guide me?

Thom. (jerking himself away). That's your look-out. I'm in a hurry, and must leave you.

Hodge. Leave me to perish? O! you'll not do that, good Thomas!

Thom. Don't call me good Thomas. I'm not good Thomas. I'm as wicked a Thomas as there ever was. Look out for that rattlesnake!

Hodge (starting in fright). Where? where? Lead me out of his way, Thomas.

Thom. (laughing). Excuse me; but it's quite comical to see you. To think that you might have been the second richest man in the country, instead of groping about in that way! Don't step into that ditch. (*HODGE starts, THOMAS laughs.*) Well, well; night is coming on, and I must go. Good-by! [*Exit.*]

Hodge. Don't leave me, Thomas! Don't leave me! Gone? — Thomas! Thomas!

[*Exit, groping his way.*]



ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

THE beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practiced this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror, on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony, after the infliction of it.

The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body, like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die, just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species.

The lioness, robbed of her whelps, causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos.

All this is palpable, even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they shrink and are convulsed, as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors, for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain; the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for, in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can be no relief afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress, as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure, which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate; and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish.

And so, in that bed of torment, whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering, which the poor dumb animal

itself can not tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance — an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, to which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors. — *Rev. Dr. Chalmers.*

“NOT AS THOUGH I HAD ALREADY ATTAINED.”

The following beautiful lines are by Mr. J. K. Lombard, a teacher, of Springfield, Mass. If Mr. L. continues to write in this way, he will make a name in American literature that may stand by the side of the most eminent of the present day. We find these lines in the *Massachusetts Teacher.*

Nor, my soul, what thou hast done,
But what thou art doing ;
Not the course which thou hast run,
But which thou 'rt pursuing ;
Not the prize already won,
But that thou art wooing.

Thy progression, not thy rest, —
Striving, not attaining, —
Is the measure and the test
Of thy hope remaining ;
Not in gain thou 'rt half so blest
As in conscious gaining.

If thou to the Past wilt go,
Of Experience learning,
Faults and follies it can show, —
Wisdom dearly earning ;
But the path once trodden, know,
Hath no more returning.

Let not thy good hope depart,
Sit not down bewailing ;
Rouse thy strength anew, brave heart !
'Neath despair's assailing :
This will give thee fairer start, —
Knowledge of thy failing.

Yet shall every rampant wrong
In the dust be lying, —
Soon thy foes, though proud and strong,
In defeat be flying ;
Then shall a triumphant song
Take the place of sighing.

PROVERBS. — Combat vice in its first attack, and you will come off conqueror. Cunning and treachery often proceed from want of capacity. Cater frugally for the body, if you would feed the mind sumptuously.



THANKSGIVING FOR EXISTENCE.

BLESSED be thy name, O Lord ! my Creator. Blessed be thy name for ever and ever.

Thou didst call me from nothingness, from the deep sleep of the dust, that I might breathe the air of life, and drink the light of thy glorious sun.

When I look around, what multitudes of living things salute mine eyes ! The earth is full of beauty ; the voice of delight and joyousness is heard on every side.

Thou hast given me a *mind* to contemplate thee ; and when I gaze on the bright sky, or the fair earth, or the deep sea, I read the wonders of thy power, thy wisdom, and thy love, and *know* that THOU art God.

Thou hast given me a heart to melt with love, and to rejoice in goodness ; thou hast given me feelings, to spring up like beautiful flowers, and blossom in thy smile ; and hopes, and joys, to live beyond the grave. Blessed be thy glorious name !

When I feel the full burst of joy in the early morning, when my heart is full of gaiety and mirth, when my limbs are fresh with vigor, and rejoice in their own strength, then, O Lord ! my Creator, let me praise and bless thy name ; for all my joy, and health, and strength, are thine.

Thou providest for me daily ; the air I breathe is full of life and sweetness ; my daily bread is joyful to me ; the eye makes

beauty where it looks ; and the ear turns barren sounds to harmony.

Thy hand is ever open to my wants, and thy blessings fall like the sunlight and the rain. Thine ear never faileth to listen to my prayers. Be thou the guide and comfort of my early youth.

Lord, what a gift is MIND ! Surely it is a shadow of thyself ! Great and marvelous is its power, its glory, and its strength ; but all it hath of good is thine !

Thou hast given me *sense*, that I may enjoy ; *understanding*, that I may gather knowledge ; and *reason*, that I may distinguish truth from error, good from evil !

Enlighten my mind, O Lord ! with thy brightness, which is truth itself, that I may cleave to the good and abhor the evil. Teach me to know thee in spirit and in *truth*, so that I may show forth thy glory in all my works and ways.

Let me make an offering to thee, O Lord, of the blossoms of my early youth ! Ere the days come "in which I shall say, I have no pleasure in them," let me praise thee in the freshness of my heart, and think of thee in all my moments of joy.

Like the early dawn of a bright day to come, let my youth be glorious ; so that in the mid-day I may find *rest* and *peace*, and at even time there may be *light*.

Blessed be thy name, O God, my Creator ! Let all things bless thee and magnify thee, for thy goodness ; world without end !

A WALK IN THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

COME with me, my friend, if you have the least spark of love for the country, and the quiet haunts of Nature, and I will show you a scene which will please your sense of delight, rejoice your heart, and elevate your soul. Let us enter this wood. Clamber after me over this stone wall ; — nay, never fear. How delightful it is to jump into this nest of crisp, dry, crackling leaves ! What a rich noise they make as you crush them beneath your feet ! What ! afraid of snakes ? O ! there are no snakes here that can do any harm ; and if we

meet with a little green snake, I shall be very glad of it. Ah! there is one, while I am yet speaking. See how gracefully it glides from under the moss-grown root of that decayed tree! Beautiful creature, are you not afraid to venture forth so late in the season? But he is off, out of sight, in an instant. What a pity they are so timid! — they would make such pretty pets!

Let us take this path which leads to a little brook. It will be rather wet, perhaps; but what of that? The beautiful fringed gentian grows there, in the moist ground; and what will we not risk to get that? How beautifully the bright sunlight streams through the brilliant leaves of these maples, making their gay colors ten-fold more rich and gay! These painted windows of "God's first temples" are far more beautiful to my eye than the richest window of stained glass in the most magnificent cathedral of the Old World. Hark! does not the breeze which sighs in the distant grove seem to you like the solemn bell, which calls us to worship in this temple? The sound comes nearer and nearer; the "rushing of the blast" advances; and now every tree bows itself, and every little leaf murmurs forth its praises to God. Our hearts rise toward thee, O Father, in love and gratitude, for these thy wondrous and beautiful works; and for the soul which thou hast given us, capable of recognizing thy power and goodness in thy creations.

Behold! even now a sermon is preached to us from the Book of Nature. The wind loosens from their slender hold the dry and withered leaves, and they come whirling and fluttering through the air, and at last settle into the little hollows in the ground. Thus is the feeble tie by which our souls are held to this earth severed; thus do our bodies return to the dust from which they sprang. But in the axil of each leaf there is a bud which, when softened by the warm spring sun and gentle rain, will be unfolded, and will expand into a perfect leaf; then comes the flower and the fruit. So,

though our bodies die and are buried in the ground, yet the immortal spirit, which is ourself, will enter a perpetual spring. All holy and blessed influences will break upon it, and it will gradually unfold more and more, and never cease to expand. It will *never* die.

Here we pass an old nut-tree; probably some squirrel's home. How delicious the perfume of the nuts, yet unripe, in their rough green casing! Ah! there sits the little monarch upon his throne of a decayed log. Do not disturb him. Let us see what he will do. See, he has a chestnut in his little paw. Now he pares it with sharp teeth, and throws away the skin; and now see how daintily he nibbles it! Can any thing be prettier than he, as he sits there, his bushy tail curled over his back, and his quick bright eye glancing all around to see that no danger is near? There, he has caught sight of us, and away he has darted into that heap of dry leaves, which, being of his own color, conceal him nicely.

We have reached the brook, at last; and now did you ever see any thing more lovely than this gentian? Such a perfect, heavenly blue, and such a delicate fringe! Gather it tenderly; and then come and get some of these night-shade berries. They grow on this old wall.

But, see! the sun is setting — and what a glorious setting! Look back upon the wood we have just left, and see what a flood of golden light is poured upon the tree-tops! We must go home; but I hope you have had a pleasant walk. — F. S. A.

THE man who did not think it was respectable to bring up his children to work has just heard from his three sons. One of them was a driver on a canal; another had been taken up as a vagrant; and the third had gone to a public institution to learn the shoe business, under a keeper.

GLUTTONY kills more than the sword. Heaven helps him who helps himself.



WRITING AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

THE books of the Greeks and Romans were written on long rolls of parchment, or sheets of papyrus connected by glue. This long roll of paper, or parchment, was fitted at each end to a wooden roller. The reader wound that part of the roll which he had perused on to the left-hand roller, and unrolled the next page from the right-hand roller; proceeding thus until he reached the end of the volume.

The writing was arranged in lines which ran lengthwise along the roll, and were divided into columns or pages of a convenient width. The back of the roll was stained, usually of a saffron color, and the volume provided with a yellow or purple parchment case. The ends of the rollers were often ornamented with carved bosses, and a label bearing the title was affixed to the roll.

The ink for writing was similar to the Indian ink in use among ourselves; and was prepared either from lamp-black or the dye of the cuttle-fish. Red ink was also employed.

The pen was formed from a reed, split and shaped much like our own quills. The booksellers in Rome were, of course, few when compared with the same class in a modern town; but their numbers were great, from the fact that they not only sold books, but also transcribed them. Both nations had their public and private libraries, and the value of some collections

was immense. The books in a library were arranged in cedar-wood presses round the walls.

The ordinary apparatus for writing consisted of thin wooden tablets, overlaid on one side with a coat of wax, on which the letters were traced by indentation with a pointed metal pencil or style. The waxy side of each tablet was furnished with a rim, to prevent the characters from rubbing. Two tablets, commonly, and sometimes three, were bound together so as to form a small book; and when three were united, the center leaf had a layer of wax on both sides.

The frames were pierced with holes, and when the letter, or memorandum, was finished, the adjacent edges of the closed tablets were bound together by a thread passed through the holes, knotted, and secured by a seal of simple wax. The signets used for impression were cut in various devices; and this engraving of gems is an art in which the Greeks and Romans excelled most highly. Some tablets have been discovered in which the writing ran from right to left. The custom of using wax tablets again appears in the middle ages.

In their contrivances for measuring time the ancients were strikingly deficient. The length of their hours depended on that of the day, inasmuch as they divided the space between sunrise and sunset into twelve equal portions. Even their sun-

dials were but imperfect; and the clepsydra, or hour-glasses, in which the flow of water, not of sand, was the measure of time, were very inaccurate, in spite of all improvements effected in them. They were at first constructed of bronze or earthen ware, but afterward of glass. Ctesibius, an Alexandrian mathematician, invented a kind of water-clock, B. C. 135, in which the dropping of water turned various wheels, and raised a small statue which pointed to the hours. But the great element of inaccuracy, the unequal flow of the liquid, was manifestly present in this contrivance. Punctuality among the ancients must have been no more than a coincidence of guesses.

Original.
THE MONARCH'S PLEDGE.

CHARACTERS.—OMAR, AMYNTAS, HARMOSAN,
GUARDS.

Omar. What cheer, Amyntas? Is the rebel taken?

Amyntas. Taken alive, my liege, but not till he had slain some of our men.

Omar. He shall be sent to keep them company, without delay. Bring him before us.

Am. Your guards conduct him this way. He is here. Shall we dispatch him?

Omar. When I give the word.

Am. We shall not be reluctant to avenge our comrades fallen beneath his sword.

Enter HAR'MOSAN, attended by Guards.

Omar. Now, Har'mosan, prepare; and let your preparation be so brief that not a hundred times your heart shall beat before it stops for ever. Short time we grant to rebels.

Harmosan. Rebels! Well. Call me, Caliph, what you will, for you have now the power, and I am helpless.

Omar. I call you rebel—'tis a word too tender to speak your crimes.

Har. What crimes? The crime of standing by my native land—of striking a last blow for Persia's freedom!

Omar. Say, rather, detested infidel, the

crime of fighting against the Moslem faith.

Har. The faith that tells a man to turn a traitor to his own country in her time of need is not the faith for me.

Omar. Har'mosan, I can honor courage, —ay, and reward it,—even in a foe. One chance for you remains—a chance for life—perhaps for something more—promotion, wealth.

Har. Name it not, Caliph; I divine your meaning. If I'll profess a faith my heart rejects, and bow before your prophet, I am free. Is it not so?

Omar. You've said it: I confirm it; and my word who shall gainsay?

Har. Not from the lips of Har'mosan shall come the impure lie! No, Caliph! Life is dear; wife, children, very precious; but dearer and more precious is the thought that no temptation from my soul could wring a coward falsehood, uttered in the fear—the recreant fear—of death.

Omar. Not a swift death, but one of lingering torture! Think of it, Har'mosan!

Har. Think of it? Have I not faced it every day, these twenty years? Are we not grown familiar, death and I, till we can meet as friends, not otherwise? Torture? Thou art a soldier, Caliph. Spare the taunt, that fear of what can hurt this mortal flesh should make me swerve from duty.

Omar. Here let this parleying end. Now take thy last look of the sun. Thou'rt pale—thou'rt faint. Is it with fear?

Har. With fear?—Believe it not! It is with thirst I perish. O, for a draught of water!

Amyntas (showing a dagger). Here is that will quench thy thirst so well thou shalt no more need water.

Omar. Away, Amyntas! Restrain thyself.

Har. (*regards AMYNTAS sternly, then speaks*). O, Caliph, hereabout—beneath a plane-tree—yes, I see it yonder—I see it bubbling, glistening in the shade—there

wells a spring of cool, delicious water, at which in youth I've often quenched my thirst. Give me one draught of that, then let death come !

Omar. Withhold not from thy foe (the prophet says) a drink of water. Bring it, Amyntas. Let him drink, and die.

[*Exit AMYNTAS.*]

Har. Thanks, generous Omar ! Thou shalt not sleep the worse for granting to thy enemy this boon. Sweeter than nectar will it be to me — that water ; for delightful memories of youth and youthful friends, and happy times, dance on its sparkling bubbles. There my young sisters played. There drank the steed my father gave me. There love and joy twined roses for me ! (*Enter AMYNTAS with a cup of water, which he hands to HARMOSAN, who pauses and looks suspiciously at AMYNTAS and the Guards, as if fearing they would stab him while he is drinking.*) May I not quaff it every drop in peace ? May I not have this respite ? 'T is my last.

Omar. What dost thou fear ? That they will pierce thee ere the draught is swallowed ? Such treachery would cost them dear. Drink ! Thou mayst drink securely. Still distrustful ? I promise thee no hand shall be lifted against thy life till thou hast drained the water in that cup to the last drop.

Har. Thou dost ? Thou dost ? What, ho ! A royal pledge ! Attend ! (*Empties the cup on the ground, and hands it to one of the Guard.*) Thou hast promised to protect my life till I have drained that water to the last drop. Now bid thy servants from these sands take up the water that is spilled ; for I must drink it to the last drop, ere thou canst take my life. Stand to thy pledge, O Caliph !

Omar. How, miscreant ? You'd seize advantage of a word — a chance expression — a mere slip of the tongue ? And dost thou hope to trick me out of mercy, in this wise ?

Har. A monarch's word is sacred, says the Koran.

Omar (*after a pause*). A monarch's word is sacred. True ! most true ! Harmosan, thou hast wrought us much annoy, — but I redeem my pledge. I render back thy forfeit life. Proclaim it, all who hear me ! And bring another cup of that same water, and give it to the Persian. (*Exit AMYNTAS.*) Now quench thy thirst, and let the fountain be one of life truly.

Har. And of gratitude, O Caliph !

(*Enter AMYNTAS with a cup, which he hands to HARMOSAN.*)

Omar. Har'mosan, once I said, "Drink, and die !" Now, I say, "Drink, and live !"

Har. (*raising the cup*). To thee, most noble Omar ! Long mayst thou live to do such deeds as this — a deed that binds me ever thy loving friend and vassal ! (*He drains the cup, gives it to Guard, then takes the proffered hand of OMAR, and they go out, followed by the rest.*)

LINES

Written by Mrs. Barbauld, after she was eighty-three years old.

O ! is there not a land
Where the north-wind blows not ?
Where bitter blasts are felt not ?
O ! is there not a land
Between pole and pole,
Where the war-trumpet sounds not
To disturb the deep serene ? —
And can I go there
Without or wheel or sail, —
Without crossing ford or moor,
Without climbing Alpine heights, —
Wafted by a gentle gale ?

There is a land ; —
And, without wind or sail,
Fast, fast thou shalt be wafted,
Which way ever blows the gale.
Do the billows roll between ?
Must I cross the stormy main ? —
Green and quiet is the spot.
Thou need'st not quit the arms
That tenderly enfold thee.

PROVERBS. — He is a wise man who is willing to receive instructions from all men. He is a mighty man who subdueth his evil inclinations. He is a rich man who is delighted with his lot.



THE LARGE BOOK.

Not alone let printed books
 All thy youthful mind engage :
 Read the largest open book,
 Nature's mighty, wondrous page ;
 See the heavens inscribed with light —
 God's handwriting day and night.
 Mark the opal morn appear ;
 Mark the dew on leaf and flower ;
 Mark the storm-cloud's wild career,
 And the rainbow in the shower ;
 List the wind, and list the sea :
 God through these doth speak to thee.
 Snow-clad mountain-realms of frost
 Nature's page of wonder hold ;
 Cragged and stern and earthquake-tossed,
 Clothed by forest stern and old,
 God's creations, there they stand,
 Looking over sea and land.
 See rich plains and winding rills,
 Fertile vales, and fields of corn,
 Flocks upon a thousand hills,
 Little birds that sing at morn,
 And all these will teach thee more
 Than alone the scholar's lore :

God in each, and God in all,
 In the large and in the small —
 Thunder's roar and sparrow's fall !

Mary Howitt.

MIGNONETTE.

It is not yet an age since this sweet-smelling weed of Egypt first perfumed the European gardens, yet it has so far naturalized itself to our climate as to spring from seed of its own scattering, and thus convey its delightful odor from the palace of the prince to the most humble garden of the cottager.

The *Reseda odorata* first found its way to the south of France, where it was welcomed by the name of *Mignonette*, Little Darling, which was found too appropriate for this sweet little flower to be exchanged for any other. By a manuscript note in the library of Sir Joseph Banks, it appears that the seed of the Mignonette was sent, in 1742, by Lord Bateman, from the Royal

Garden at Paris, to Mr. Richard Bateman, at Old Windsor; but we should presume that this seed was not dispersed, and perhaps not cultivated, beyond Mr. Bateman's garden, as we find that Mr. Miller received the seed from Dr. Adrian Van Royen, of Leyden, and cultivated it in the Botanic Garden at Chelsea, in the year 1752. From Chelsea it soon got into the gardens of the London florists, so as to enable them to supply the metropolis with plants to furnish out the balconies; which is noticed by Cowper, who attained the age of twenty-one in the year that this flower first perfumed the English atmosphere by its fragrance. The author of the *Task* soon afterwards celebrates it as a favorite plant in London:—

“The sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed.”

The odor which this little flower exhales is thought by some, whose sense of smell is delicate, to be too powerful for the house; but even those persons, we should think, must be delighted with the fragrance which it throws from the balconies into the streets, giving something like a breath of garden air to the “close-pent man.” The perfume of Mignonette in the streets of our metropolis reminds us oddly enough of the fragrance from the roasting of coffee in many parts of Paris, without which some of the streets of business in that city would scarcely be endurable in the rainy season.

The Sweet Reseda, or Mignonette, is now said to grow naturally in some parts of Barbary, as well as of Egypt. This tribe of plants, of which we have twelve kinds, was named *Reseda* by the ancients, from the word *res-e-da-re*, to assuage, because some of the species were esteemed good for assuaging pains; and we learn from Pliny that the Reseda was considered to possess even the power of charming away many disorders. He tells us that it grew near the city of Ariminum, now Rimini, in Italy; and that when it was used to resolve swellings, or to assuage inflammations, it was the custom to repeat

a form of words thrice, spitting on the ground at each repetition.

The young plant should be placed in a garden-pot, with a stick of about two feet in height by its side, to tie up its branches to, as it advances in height, the leaves and young branches being kept stripped off from the lower part, so as to form a stem to the height required. This stem will become sufficiently hard and woody to endure the winter, by being placed in a greenhouse, or the window of a common sitting-room; and may be preserved for several years, if air is given to it whenever the weather will allow, so that the young branches do not become too delicate. As soon as the seed-vessels begin to form, they should be cut off, which will cause the plant to throw out a fresh supply of blossoms: but these plants should never be suffered to perfect their seed, as it would greatly weaken them, and generally cause their entire decay; for the Sweet Reseda grows yearly in its proper climate, and therefore naturally decays when it has ripened its seed.

We have made the same experiment on other annual plants, which have survived through the winter, and produced blossom on the following year, when their flower-stalks have been cut off before the formation of seed has taken place.

It is frequently observed that the seeds of the Sweet Reseda which scatter themselves in the autumn produce finer plants than those that are sown in the spring; which should teach us to sow a part of our seed at that season of the year, when, if not successful, it may be repeated in the spring; and we have generally found those self-sown plants most productive of seed.

To procure early-flowering plants of Mignonette, the seeds should be sown in pots or boxes in the autumn, and kept in frames through the winter; but when this is omitted, the plants may be forwarded by sowing the seed on a gentle hot-bed in the spring. A small border of Sweet Reseda will produce seed sufficient to scatter

over a large portion of hedgerow-banks ; and if one seed out of ten spring up amongst the bushes, it will be sufficient to fill whole vales with fragrance, " like a stream of rich-distilled perfumes."

THE ALPHABETICAL TEA-PARTY.

A LITTLE STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

THE dining-room fire crackled merrily, and cast strange shadows on the ceiling, as the day faded into twilight. Little Mary sat by the fireside, and in the flickering light was forming her letters on her new slate.

As the shadows deepened, a drowsiness stole over her senses. She forgot, for a moment, her vain attempts to form the mysterious shapes, and presently there was a confused murmur in her ears, a hum of voices in the room, and a swimming of familiar objects before her eyes. The slate seemed to be dancing a jig, and the letters took the form of people entering the open door.

The first seven which entered formed a very musical party. They were exclusive, and had a right to be so, for there could be no music any where without their presence.

Miss H. came next—a very conceited individual, probably from her foreign associations, particularly with her friends in (H)england. They were fickle friends, however; for, though they always introduced her where she ought not to be, they invariably left her out where her presence was most needed. She was not remarkable for her beauty; and as for her figure, it reminded one of a pillow, with a string tied around the middle.

The twin brothers, I and J, were seen together, and the only difference that Mary could discern between them was, that J was steadfastly resolved on turning up his toes, while those of his brother I were remarkably straight. The conversation of the latter was exceedingly egotistical, and in conduct he was sure to keep a sharp look-out for number one.

K and L were awkward school-girls. M and N were evidently members of the

same family, and kept near together. Mrs. O matronized her two daughters, P and Q. The good lady was a perfect apple-dumpling as to form. She always had her mouth wide open with astonishment, and was constantly obliged to mind her P's and Q's. Miss Q resembled her mother in a remarkable degree; but, being a specimen of feminine Young America, she insisted on wearing a very long train. Mrs O expressed her fears that her daughter, P, was not long for this world; and it seemed very probable, for her head was so much too large in proportion to her body that it seemed in danger of tumbling off.

The graceful Miss R, who was greatly admired by the French, and the serpent-like Mr. S, next appeared. The latter gentleman showed his peculiarities of character by hissing every opinion he disapproved.

Lastly, the lean Mr. T brought up the rear, and then they all sat down to supper, forming an uncommonly literary party, for they seemed to have something to do with all the books in the world. Some of their associates, however, who had not yet arrived, came with all due ceremony after tea. U, V, and W, were seen together. Poor W looked rather woebegone; he was quite neglected, and as for his French acquaintances, they cut him entirely. Then came the fashionable Miss X. It was easy to see that this young lady was very cross in her disposition, and her waist was so small that it was really painful to look at. Her attendant, Mr. Y, manifested the same peculiarity.

Old Mr. Z then walked in, quite alone in his glory. He was a very eccentric individual, and amused the company by the queer feats he performed with his long arms. Soon they all rose. The musical party began to sing, the others to dance, and such a noise and confusion followed that Mary, startled, rubbed her eyes and awoke. There was her slate upon her lap, with the letters traced upon it in black and white, as if nothing had happened. Actually, she must have been dreaming.

From the Illinois Teacher.

TO PARENTS.

I WISH to call your attention to one fact: that interfering with the teacher's discipline for preserving punctuality not only does injustice to him, but has a very deleterious influence on the school, and also founders a principle of non-obedience to your own injunctions, and diminishes their estimate of the importance of regular habits. To explain, take the instance of tardiness. You say, "My children will always be punctual, unless necessarily detained, and I do not think it a just requirement." Did it ever occur to you that all children are not as honest as yours? that the dishonest seek extenuation from the liberty given the honest? Your boy goes late, and you give him an excuse which you desire to serve for the term, namely, "He will always be punctual, if possible."

Let the teacher accept this general excuse, and the next time your boy is tardy, he takes his seat, under the observation of the school, without rendering the usual account. Every heedless and dishonest scholar says to himself, "I won't bring an excuse next time." He comes tardy. "Where is your excuse, sir?" — "I have none; you let So-and-so take his seat without one—why not me?" Thus the teacher is pricked with the sharp horn of a dilemma, and must prevaricate to retain his dignity.

How much trouble would have been saved by complying with the teacher's wishes! But why make this ado about punctuality? Because its importance is daily and hourly forced upon our observation. Show me a lad punctual at every roll-call,—starts the moment a recitation is called, with quick but quiet step and brightening eye,—and you show one that is always prepared for every question, and eager to drink in every observation and explanation.

Again, take one who has no regard to discipline. He is indifferent to noble incentives—tardy in the morning, tardy at noon, tardy at recitation; throws down his

books and slate with a clatter; is laughing, or looking another way, when questioned; in fact, is a troublesome character generally. Of these two examples, the latter will probably become an indolent and worthless fellow; the former, an honest, capable, and trustworthy citizen.

Judge you now which course you would prefer for your boy. If you wish him to be a spoiled child, an ungovernable youth, and worthless man, let him go and come when he chooses, reproach the teacher before him for not overlooking his faults, and take him out of school because he will not do it. If, on the contrary, you wish him to be an honor to you, take an interest in his progress—teach him to make his wishes subservient to the regulations of the school, and implant in his mind the importance of obedience, punctuality, and assiduity.

ABOUT A PARROT.

An incident touchingly illustrative of the power of attachment in the lower animals was related, a few years since, in the *Portsmouth (New Hampshire) Journal*. In a small family, in the south part of that city, there was a parrot which had found a home there for years, and had become a pet of the family. A child was taken sick, this spring, and was not seen by the parrot for some days. The bird had been used to repeat her name, and in the child's absence kept repeating the name so incessantly as to annoy the family. The child died; the repetition of the name was kept up, until one of the family took the parrot to the room where the corpse lay. The parrot turned first one side of its head and then the other towards the corpse, apparently eying it, and was then taken back. He never repeated the name again, was at once silent, and the next day died.

This incident is more poetical even than that on which Campbell has founded his graceful little poem of "The Parrot." Of this story, he says: "It is not a fiction. I heard it many years ago in the island of Mull, from the family to whom it be-

longed." We quote a few of the stanzas, containing the substance of the story :

— "A parrot, from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mulla's shore.

"To spicy groves, where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and sky, and sun,
He bade adieu.

"At last, when, old and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laughed, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mulla's shore.

"He hailed the bird in Spanish speech :
In Spanish speech the bird replied ;
Flapped round his cage with joyous screech —
Dropped down, and died."

FLY PHILOSOPHY.

A FLY on the wing is no less curious an object than one on foot; yet when do we trouble our heads about it, except as a thing that troubles us? The most obvious wonder of its flight is its variety of direction,—most usually forward, with its back upward like a bird, but on occasions backward, with its back downward, as when starting from the window and alighting on the ceiling.

Marvelous velocity is another of its characteristics. By fair comparison of sizes, what is the swiftness of a race-horse, clearing his mile a minute, to the speed of the fly, cutting through the third of the same distance in the same time? And what the speed of our steaming giants, the grand puffers of the age, compared with the swiftness of our tiny buzzers; of whom a monster train, scenting their game afar, may even follow partridges and pheasants on the wings of steam in their last flight, as friendly offerings?

But, however, with their game the flies themselves would be most in "keeping" on the atmospheric line,—a principal agent in their flight, as well as in that of other insects, being the air. This enters from the breathing organs of their bodies, in the nerves and muscles of their wings, from which arrangement their velocity de-

pends, not only on muscular power, but also on the state of the atmosphere.

"How does a fly buzz?" is a question more easily asked than answered. "With its wings, to be sure," hastily replies one of our readers.—"With its wings as they vibrate upon air," responds another, with a smile, half of contempt, half of complacency, at his own more than common measurement of natural philosophy. But how, then, let us ask, can the great dragon-fly, and other similar broad-pinioned, rapid-flying insects, cut through the air with silent swiftness, while others go on buzzing when not upon the wing at all? Rennie, who has already put this posing query, ascribes the sound partially to air; but to air as it plays on the "edges of their wings at their origin, as with an *Æolian harp-string*," or to the "friction of some internal organ on the root of the wing-nervures."

Lastly, how does the fly feed? The busy, curious, thirsty fly, that "drinks with me," but does not "drink as I," his sole instrument for eating or drinking being his trunk or sucker; the narrow pipe by means of which, when let down upon his dainties, he is enabled to imbibe as much as suits his capacity. This trunk might seem an instrument convenient enough when inserted into a saucer of syrup, or applied to the broken surface of an over-ripe blackberry; but we often see our sipper of sweets quite as busy on a solid lump of sugar, which we shall find, on close inspection, growing small by degrees under his attack. How, without grinders, does he accomplish the consumption of such crystal condiment? A magnifier will solve the difficulty, and shows how the fly dissolves his rock, by a diluent, a salivary fluid passing down through the same pipe, which returns the sugar melted into syrup.—*Episodes of Insect Life.*

PROVERBS.—Constant occupation prevents temptation. Credit lost is like a broken looking-glass. Charity should begin at home, but not end there. Covetous men are bad sleepers.



WHAT IS SAND?

THE question as to the origin of those vast accumulations of sand, so white and pure, which render our sea-side beaches so beautiful to the eye and pleasant to the feet, has no doubt perplexed the minds of many of those who have recently returned from a sojourn near the coast. To the young, especially, the clear, smooth, cool belt of powdered crystal that fringes the land, and along which the crested waves are ever playing night and day, is an object of unceasing wonder, amusement, and delight. And many, in all probability, are the ingenious speculations that have been hazarded by these little sand-excavators and shell-hunters, if we could but learn them, to account for the origin and perpetuation of these charming sea-walks.

If the reader will examine a handful of sand by the aid of a lens, he will find that it is composed of grains, or minute, irregularly-shaped particles of a hard, shining, often semi-transparent substance. These particles are, if not round, very much rounded, often having on the surface a rubbed appearance, as if they had been worn and ground against each other. As

to river or sea sand, it is obvious that this rubbing must actually have taken place, because, as the moving water must frequently wash the sand about, and roll it onward in its course, the particles must be constantly exposed to friction against each other, or against whatever substance it may be that lies at the bottom of the water. It is clearly possible, therefore, that all river or sea sand may have been produced, or brought into the state of sand, by the action of the running or moving waters tearing away fragments of rock, breaking them up into constantly diminishing particles, and, by perpetual friction and rolling, grinding those particles into small rounded grains. If this mode of formation be true for all sand found now beneath or on the margin of any moving water, it is highly probable that all sand whatever, even that of the wide deserts of Sahara, the sands of Arabia, or those of the center of Australia, have been thus formed.

It is, however, by no means necessary to suppose that the water always detached the sand directly from the rock *as sand*, that is, in small grains. On the contrary, if we examine the action of moving water now,

whether we go to the rapids and cataracts of rivers, or to the breakers of the sea battering against a rocky coast, we shall every where see large blocks of rock lying about, often but newly detached from their original site, with all their angles sharp and the fractures fresh, the yet unhealed scar perhaps plainly visible in the cliff above. We should see also blocks having every gradation of form, from this newly-broken angular fragment to smaller and smoother well-rounded boulders and pebbles, having every projecting angle ground off, and all the surface worn as smooth as a billiard-ball. This has been effected by the frequent moving and rolling of all these blocks one against the other. Thus we come to look upon not only all sand as a water-worn material, but also upon every pebble and every detached stone, of whatever shape and size, whether found in river, lake, or ocean, if it has at all a worn and rounded outline, as having probably acquired that outline by the action of moving water, and as having been probably transported by that action from its parent site to the place where we now find it.

There are two mineral substances which enter more largely into the structure of all rocks than any other: these are silica and alumina. The most common form of silica is quartz, which is almost entirely pure silica. Rock-crystal is a common name for quartz in its crystalline form: in this state it is quite transparent; it, however, is often found in veins in the hard rocks as an opaque milk-white stone, very hard and brittle. When quartz is colored dull white or brown by the slight admixture of other substances, it is called flint. All non-crystallized quartz, and most rocks that are made of it, when broken by the hammer or in any other way, commonly split into squarish or cubical lumps, which, when acted on by moving water, soon get their corners rounded off, so as to be easily rolled or moved, either as large pebbles or as small round grains. It is partly for this reason, and partly on account of their superior hardness and unyieldingness to

chemical or mechanical force, that the great majority of all pebbles and sand consist of quartz. If we re-examine with a lens our handful of sea-sand, we should find all the little glassy-looking or semi-transparent grains, and most of the opaque ones, to be made of quartz, mingled perhaps with grains of a few other substances, and, in the case of sea-sand, with grains of broken shell or coral, or other sea creatures.

On mountain-tops, or in high latitudes even on lower ground, *frost* is another great agent of disintegration. Any one who ascends our mountains for the first time will often be surprised at the multitude of angular fragments and fallen blocks he sees scattered over their summits, or piled at the foot of their precipices. Of these, many, if not most, have been detached by the action of frost, causing the water contained in the joints and crevices to expand and rend them asunder, just as in a cold winter's night the jugs and water-bottles are apt to be burst by the frost in our bed-rooms.

Of all agencies, however, the most efficient in the destruction and degradation of rock, because it is both locally powerful and very widely diffused, is the action of the sea-breakers. In all climes, in all latitudes, along all shores of all seas and oceans, this action is ceaselessly at work; day and night, summer and winter, gently and imperceptibly even in calms, furiously and vigorously in storms, gradually but steadily in moderate weather, wave after wave is launched from the sea against the land, eating and tearing it away.

Let any one traverse our coasts when a wild eastern gale is stirring up the Atlantic from afar off, heaving its waters into huge mountainous ridges, crested with foaming breakers, and bringing them up, rank after rank, to fall madly on the land, dashing the white spray high over cliff and headland, and making even the solid rock on which he stands to shake and quiver with the blows. He will then have no difficulty in understanding the reason of the broken and indented coast, of the jag-

ged cliffs, of the pinnacles of rock jutting out here and there, and of the projecting lines of reef showing often like black knobs far out among the foam of the breakers. He will see that wherever there is a bay or indentation, the rock was originally softer, or the land was lower, than ordinary; wherever there is a promontory, the rock was harder, or was so placed as to be able better to withstand the waves; wherever there is a projecting reef or line of rocky islets stretching out to the sea, there the rock was of the hardest and most unyielding character.

Altered from Tobin.

THE QUACK.

CHARACTERS.—HOST, LAMPEDO, BALTHAZAR.

Enter Host, followed by LAMPEDO.

Host. Nay, nay; another fortnight.

Lampedo. It can't be. The man's as well as I am: have some mercy! He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Host. Well, then, a week.

Lamp. We may detain him a week.

Enter BALTHAZAR behind, in his dressing-gown, with a drawn sword.

You talk now like a reasonable host, that sometimes has a reckoning with his conscience.

Host. He still believes he has an inward bruise.

Lamp. I would to heaven he had! or that he'd slipped his shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two (not that I bear his person any malice), or luxed an arm, or even sprained his ankle!

Host. Ay, broken any thing except his neck.

Lamp. However, for a week I'll manage him:—though he has the constitution of a horse—a farrier should prescribe for him.

Balthazar. A farrier! (*Aside.*)

Lamp. To-morrow we phlebotomize again; next day, my new-invented patent draught; then I have some pills prepared; on Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

Balth. (*coming forward.*) Well, sir,

on Friday—what on Friday? Come, proceed.

Lamp. Discovered!

Host. Meroy, noble sir!

(*They fall on their knees.*)

Lamp. We crave your mercy!

Balth. On your knees? 'Tis well!

Pray, for your time is short.

Host. Nay, do not kill us!

Balth. You have been tried, condemned, and only wait for execution. Which shall I begin with?

Lamp. The elder one, by all means, sir.

Balth. Come, prepare. (*To the Host.*)

Host. Have pity on my weakness!

Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh, tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—if you attempt it—(*to LAMPEDO, who is endeavoring to make off*)—you have cooked up for me.

Host. None, as I hope for mercy!

Balth. Is not thy wine a poison?

Host. No, indeed, sir; 'tis not, I own, of the first quality; but—

Balth. What?

Host. I always give short measure, sir, and ease my conscience that way.

Balth. Ease your conscience! I'll ease your conscience for you!

Host. Mercy, sir!

Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Host. Your commands, sir?

Balth. If in five minutes all things are prepared for my departure, you may yet survive.

Host. It shall be done in less.

Balth. Away, thou lump-fish!

[*Exit Host.*]

Lamp. So! now comes my turn! 'Tis all over with me! There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane, in his looks!

Balth. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man! thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun! thou eel in a consumption, eldest born of Death on Famine! thou anatomy of a starved pilchard!

Lamp. I do confess my leanness. I am spare, and, therefore, spare me.

Balth. Why, wouldst thou have made me a thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through ?

Lamp. Man, you know, must live.

Balth. Yes : he must die, too.

Lamp. For my patients' sake —

Balth. I'll send you to the major part of them. The window, sir, is open. Come, prepare !

Lamp. Pray, consider ; I may hurt some one in the street.

Balth. Why, then, I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box, or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder ; for thou must sup with Pluto ! So, make ready ; whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet, let thy starved spirit out (for blood* thou hast none), and nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look like a dried beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp. Consider my poor wife.

Balth. Thy wife !

Lamp. My wife, sir.

Balth. Hast thou dared think of matrimony, too ? No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife !

Lamp. I have a wife, and three angelic babes, who, by those looks, are well-nigh fatherless.

Balth. Well, well ! your wife and children shall plead for you. Come, come ; the pills ! where are the pills ? Produce them.

Lamp. Here is the box.

Balth. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp. What, all ?

Balth. Ay, all ; and quickly, too. Come, sir, begin ! — That's well ! another.

Lamp. One's a dose.

Balth. Proceed, sir !

Lamp. What will become of me ? Let me go home, and set my shop to rights, and, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

Balth. Away ! and thank thy lucky star I have not brayed thee in thine own mortar, or exposed thee for a large specimen of the lizard genus

Lamp. Would I were one ! for they can feed on air

Balth. Home, sir, and be more honest.

[*Exit.*]

Lamp. If I am not, I'll be more wise, at least.

[*Exit.*]

BALLOONING.

WILD and daring as was the act, it is no less true that men's first attempts at a flight through the air were literally with wings. They conjectured that, by elongating their arms with a broad mechanical covering, they could convert them into wings ; and, forgetting that birds possess air-cells which they can inflate, that their bones are full of air instead of marrow, and also that they possess enormous strength of sinews expressly for this purpose, these desperate half-theorists have launched themselves from towers and other high places, and floundered down, to the demolition of their necks, or limbs, according to the obvious laws and penalties of nature.

The most successful of these instances of the extraordinary but misapplied force of human energies and daring was that of a certain citizen of Bologna, in the thirteenth century, who actually managed, with some kind of wing contrivance, to fly from a mountain of Bologna to the River Reno, without injury. "Wonderful ! admirable !" cried all the citizens of Bologna.

"Stop a little !" said the officers of the Holy Inquisition ; "this must be looked into." They sat in sacred conclave. If the man had been killed, said they, or even mutilated shockingly, our religious scruples would have been satisfied ; but, as he has escaped unhurt, it is clear he must be in league with the Evil One. The poor "successful" man was therefore condemned to be burnt alive ; and the sentence was carried into execution.

So far as we can see, the first real discoverer of the balloon was Dr. Black, who, in 1767, proposed to inflate a large skin with hydrogen gas ; and the first who

brought theory into practice were the brothers Montgolfier. But their theory was that of the "fire-balloon," or the formation of an artificial cloud, of smoke, by means of heat from a lighted brazier placed beneath an enormous bag, or balloon, and fed with fuel while up in the air. The Academy of Sciences immediately gave the invention every encouragement, and two gentlemen volunteered to risk an ascent in this alarming machine.

The first of these was Pilâtre de Rosier, a gentleman of scientific attainments, who was to conduct the machine; and he was accompanied by the Marquis d'Arlandes, an officer of the Guards. They ascended in the presence of the Court of France, and all the scientific men in Paris. They had several narrow escapes of the whole machine taking fire, but eventually returned to the ground in safety. Both these courageous men came to untimely ends subsequently.

But let us ascend into the sky! Taking balloons as they are, "for better, for worse," as Mr. Green would say, let us for once have a flight in the air. The first thing you naturally expect is some extraordinary sensation in springing high up into the air, which takes away your breath for a time. But no such matter occurs. The extraordinary thing is, that you experience no sensation at all, so far as motion is concerned. A very amusing illustration of this is given in a letter published by Mr. Poole, the well-known author, shortly after his ascent. "I do not despise you," says he, "for talking about a balloon going up, for it is an error which you share in common with some millions of our fellow-creatures; and I, in the days of my ignorance, thought with the rest of you. I know better now. The fact is, we do not *go up* at all; but at about five minutes past six, on the evening of Friday, the 14th of September, 1838 — at about that time, Vauxhall Gardens, with all the people in them, *went down!*"

Feeling nothing of the ascending motion, the first impression that takes possession of

you, in "going up" in a balloon, is the quietude — the silence that grows more and more entire. The restless heaving to and fro of the huge inflated sphere above your head (to say nothing of the noise of the crowd), the flapping of ropes, the rustling of silk, and the creaking of the basket-work of the car — all has ceased. There is a total cessation of all atmospheric resistance. You sit in a silence which becomes more perfect every second. After the bustle of many moving objects, you stare before you into blank air. We make no observations on other sensations — to wit, the very natural one of a certain increased pulse, at being so high up, with a chance of coming down so suddenly, if any little matter went wrong.

So much for what you first feel; and now what is the first thing you do? In this case every body is alike. We all do the same thing. We look over the side of the car. We do this very cautiously, — keeping a firm seat, as though we clung to our seat by a certain attraction of cohesion, — and then, holding on by the edge, we carefully protrude the peak of our traveling-cap, and then the tip of the nose, over the edge of the car, upon which we rest our mouth. Everything below is seen in so new a form, so flat, compressed, and simultaneously — so much too-much-at-a-time — that the first look is hardly so satisfactory as could be desired. But soon we thrust the chin fairly over the edge, and take a good stare downward; and this repays us much better. Objects appear under very novel circumstances from this vertical position. They are stunted and foreshortened, and rapidly flattened to a map-like appearance; they get smaller and smaller, and clearer and clearer.

Away goes the earth, with all its objects — sinking lower and lower, and every thing becoming less and less, but getting more and more distinct and defined as they diminish in size. But, beside the retreat towards minuteness, the phantasmagoria flattens as it lessens — men and women are of five inches high, then of four, three, two,

one inch — and now a speck. As for the Father of Rivers, he becomes a dusky-gray, winding streamlet, and his largest ships are no more than flat, pale decks, all the masts and rigging being foreshortened to nothing. We soon come now to the shadowy, the indistinct, and then all is lost in air. Floating clouds fill up all the space beneath.

How do we feel, all this time? "Calm, sir, — calm and resigned." Yes, and more than this. After a little while, when you find nothing happens, and see nothing likely to happen, a delightful serenity takes the place of all other sensations, to which the extraordinary silence, as well as the pale beauty and floating hues that surround you, is chiefly attributable. The silence is perfect — a wonder and a rapture. We hear the ticking of our watches. Tick ! tick ! — or is it the beat of our own hearts ? We are sure of the watch; and now we think we can hear both.

Two other sensations must, by no means, be forgotten. You become very cold, and desperately hungry. Of the increased coldness which you feel on passing from a bright cloud into a dark one, the balloon is quite as sensitive as you can be ; and probably much more so, for it produces an immediate change of altitude. The expansion and contraction which two romantic gentlemen fancied took place in the size of their heads does really take place in the balloon, according as it passes from a cloud of one temperature into that of another.

But here we are, still above the clouds ! We may assume that you would not like to be "let off" in a parachute, even on the improved principle ; we will therefore prepare for descending with the balloon. The valve-line is pulled ! — out rushes the gas from the top of the balloon, you see the flag fly upwards — down through the clouds you sink faster and faster — lower and lower. Now you begin to see dark masses below — there's the old earth again ! — The dark masses now discover themselves

to be little forests, little towns, tree-tops, house-tops. Out goes a shower of sand from the ballast-bags, and our descent becomes slower ; — another shower, and up we mount again, in search of a better spot to alight upon. Our guardian aéronaut gives each of us a bag of ballast, and directs us to throw out its contents when he calls each of us by name, and in such quantities only as he specifies. Moreover, no one is suddenly to leap out of the balloon when it touches the earth ; partly because it may cost him his own life or limbs, and partly because it would cause the balloon to shoot up again with those who remained, and so make them lose the advantage of the good descent already gained, if nothing worse happened. Meantime, the grapnel-iron has been lowered, and is dangling down at the end of a strong rope of a hundred and fifty feet long. It is now trailing over the ground. Three bricklayers' laborers are in chase of it. It catches upon a bank — it tears its way through. Now the three bricklayers are joined by a couple of fellows in smock-frocks, a policeman, five boys, followed by three girls, and, last of all, a woman with a child in her arms, — all running, shouting, screaming, and yelling, as the grapnel-iron and rope go trailing and bobbing over the ground before them. At last the iron catches upon a hedge — grapples with its roots ; the balloon is arrested, but struggles hard ; three or four men seize the rope, and down we are hauled.

A singular balloon incident occurred on Friday, the 17th of September, 1858, in Illinois. A man named Wilson made an ascension from the Fair Grounds, at Centralia, Ill., in a balloon belonging to Mr. Brooks, the aéronaut. Wilson descended about eighteen miles distant, at the farm of a Mr. Harvey. After the grapnel-iron had been made fast, Harvey, to amuse his children, — one a boy aged about four years, and the other a girl of eight years, — placed them in the basket-car, and permitted them to ascend several times as high as the rope would allow. Unexpectedly

the grapnel-iron slipped from the father's hand, and the balloon, with its precious freight, was wafted out of sight.

The distress of the parent knew no bounds. The peril of his children he considered imminent; for what assurance had he that they would not be borne into some dense forest, where they would be overtaken with hunger before they could be found, or perhaps descend into some lake or stream and be drowned? As soon as it was possible, the news was spread, and the whole neighboring country placed on the alert to watch for the balloon and children.

Saturday morning, at day-break, a farmer near New Carthage, forty-three miles distant from Mr. Harvey's place, discovered the balloon suspended in the air, attached by the grappling-rope to a tree in his yard. He immediately hauled the balloon down, and found the younger child asleep in the bottom of the basket, and the elder carefully watching over her little brother. They had been wafted about by different currents of air throughout the night, and had come to a halt but a little while before they were relieved.

The story the girl told was, that, as the balloon ascended, she cried piteously to her father to pull it down. She said she passed over a town where she saw a great many people, to whom she likewise appealed, at the top of her voice. This place was Centralia. The balloon was seen to pass over there, but the people little imagined it carried two persons in such danger. Her little brother cried with cold, and the heroic girl took off her apron, covered him, and got him to sleep. In handling the ropes, she happened to pull one which had the effect of bringing the balloon down; and, although not understanding the philosophy of the movement, she was quite content to keep the valve open, so long as by so doing she found she approached the earth.

The youthful aerial voyagers were in the balloon about thirteen hours and a quarter. It may easily be imagined that among the

neighbors where they landed they were the objects of much curiosity and interest. The girl's presence of mind and loving consideration for her brother may well entitle her to remembrance, while the incident itself was of such a remarkable character that it will not soon be forgotten. The boy and girl were conveyed home as soon as practicable, and, it is needless to say, were received with outstretched arms.

The St. Louis *Democrat* says: "It was about three o'clock, on Saturday morning, that Mr. Ignatio Atchison, living on Moore's prairie, eight miles from Mount Vernon, got up, as he says, and went out upon his porch 'to see the blazing star,' — the comet. An immense specter, rising from a tree about twenty yards distant, rather appalled him, and he reentered the house and waked his family. On his coming out again, a weak and piteous voice called to him from the specter, 'Come here and let us down; we are almost frozen!' Mr. Atchison speedily perceived the astonishing nature of the case, mustered help, cut away several limbs of the tree, and drew the car in safety to the ground.

"The little boy was first lifted out, and when placed upon his feet instantly ran for several yards, then turned, and for a moment contemplated the balloon with apparently intense curiosity. The little girl told their sorrows and adventures, with an almost broken heart, to these people, who, strangely indeed, had not heard of the disaster.

"The happy result was received in Centralia, and announced on Sunday morning in the churches amid ecstasies of joy. The children were brought there on Monday, and welcomed with the firing of cannon and a general jubilee. Photographic portraits of them were taken, and a variety of presents were made to them. The girl is named Martha Ann, and her little brother David Isam. She says that he soon cried himself to sleep, and that she cried till she slept a little, and then awakened in the tree."



THE OLIVE-TREE.

THE olive-tree has been celebrated from the earliest ages, and is the second tree, with which we are acquainted, which is mentioned in the sacred writings. It must have been known before the Flood, as the dove returned to Noah in the ark with a leaf of it in her mouth. There can be little doubt of this incident having been the origin of the olive's being considered the emblem of peace. This tree must have been very extensively cultivated in Judea, to have furnished the vast quantities of oil which were used in the sacrifices and service of the Temple, besides its general consumption as an article of food.

The Mount of Olives, near Jerusalem, was a favorite place with our blessed Lord while on earth. Repeated mention is made of his frequenting it; and it was probably one of those retired and peaceful spots, which have ever been favorable to meditation. It is a curious fact, that after the lapse of upward of eighteen hundred years, and all the changes of destiny that have been experienced by the Holy Land, olive-trees should still be found growing wild on the same spot.

The olive being propagated by means of shoots which arise from the roots, it is not improbable that those now in existence may be the offsets of the very plants that covered the same spot in the time of our Saviour.

Olive-trees sometimes attain a great age. There is an olive-tree in the environs

of Villa Franca, near Nice, the lowest extremity of the trunk of which, next the surface, measures about thirty-eight feet, and, three feet and a half above the surface, nineteen feet in circumference. One of its main branches is six feet and a half in circumference, and the trunk itself eight feet and a half in height. This is both the oldest and largest olive-tree in that part of the country, and, though fast decaying, still retains much of its stately appearance. The celebrated olive-tree at Pescio, which has hitherto been considered the most ancient in Italy, and is stated by Maschettini to be seven hundred years old, is much younger than this wonder of Nice. There are records now extant which show that, as far back as the year 1516, the latter was accounted the oldest in those parts. In 1818 it bore upwards of two hundred weight of oil, and in earlier days, in good years, more than three hundred and fifty.

To prepare the olive-oil, the fruit is gathered when it is at its utmost maturity, in November, as it begins to redden. Being put under the mill as soon as gathered, care is taken that the mill-stones are set at such a distance that they may not crush the nut of the olive. The fleshy pulp covering the nut or stone, and containing the oil in its cells, is then put into bags made of rushes, and moderately pressed; and thus is obtained a considerable quantity of a greenish-colored oil, which, from its superior excellence, is called virgin oil.

The mass remaining after the first pressure is broken to pieces, moistened with water, and returned to the press; it then gives out a quantity of oil, mixed with water, which, being left undisturbed, soon separates; and, although inferior to the first, is still fit for the table. The process is again repeated, and an inferior kind is extracted, which is valuable to the soap-boiler and other manufacturers.

He keeps his road well who gets rid of bad company. He is an ill boy that goes, like a top, no longer than he is whipped. He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.



Sir John Franklin.

THE STORY OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

WHATEVER the light in which we view the histories of perils and adventures, it is certain that the endeavor to discover what is called the North-West Passage has been fraught with the most stirring and romantic incidents that ever befell the navigators of any country. The sad story of Franklin, the Arctic navigator, is now closed, and we may tell of its principal events as of a chapter in the history of Popular Delusions. From the time of Columbus and Raleigh to the present day, the dream of a passage round the northern end of the continent of America has engaged the attention of maritime nations; but, without stopping to speak of previous attempts at Arctic discovery, let me tell you of the last melancholy expedition that was fitted out for this purpose.

On the 19th of May, 1845, with good spirits and in robust health, the Arctic expedition sailed from England; her majesty's government having deemed it expedient that a further attempt should be made for the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea from the Atlantic to the Pacific. For this purpose the ships "Erebus," 370 tons, and the "Terror," 340 tons, were fitted out and placed under

the command of Sir John Franklin. I have already told you something of the previous history of the "Terror;" see page 73 of this book. Franklin was directed by the instructions of the British Admiralty to proceed with all dispatch to Lancaster Sound, and, passing through it, to push on to the westward, in the latitude of $74\frac{1}{2}$ deg., without loss of time or stopping to examine any opening to the northward, until he reached the longitude of Cape Walker, which is situated in about 98 deg. west. He was to use every effort to penetrate to the northward and westward of that point, and to pursue as direct a course for Behring's Strait as circumstances might permit. He was cautioned not to attempt to pass by the western extremity of Melville's Island until he had ascertained that a permanent barrier of ice or other obstacle closed the prescribed route. In the event of his not being able to penetrate to the westward, he was to enter Wellington Sound in his second summer. By looking at the map which we subjoin, you may form some idea of his prescribed route. He was further directed to transmit accounts of his proceedings to the admiralty by means of the natives and the Hudson's Bay Company, and, after

passing the 65th meridian, to throw overboard daily a copper cylinder, containing a paper stating the ship's position. It was

also understood that he would cause piles of stones or signal-posts to be erected on conspicuous headlands at convenient times.



In the July following, letters were written by Sir John Franklin and his companions, all bearing evidence of their buoyant and hopeful spirits. On the 26th of the same month the "Erebus" and "Terror" were seen in latitude 74 deg. 48 min. north, longitude 66 deg. 18 min. west, moored to an iceberg, waiting for a favorable opportunity of crossing to Lancaster Sound. Look to the map for this precise spot. Since then a painful mystery has attached to the proceedings of Franklin and his crew, and to many the question yet arises, Have they suddenly been buried in the deep, or do they yet live on some frozen shore? We are unable to give any definite reply. The expeditions for their rescue have been singularly barren of results. With one or two exceptions, to which we shall presently refer, not a trace of their remains has been found.

At the close of the autumn of 1847, the admiralty determined to send out three

several searching expeditions—one to Lancaster Sound, another down the Mackenzie River, and the third to Behring's Strait. The object of the first and most important expedition was to follow up the route supposed to have been pursued by Sir John Franklin, and by searching for signal-posts to trace him out, and carry the required relief to his exhausted crews. Of this expedition, consisting of the "Enterprise" and the "Investigator," Sir James Clark Ross was the commander. The Behring's Strait expedition was composed of the "Herald," Captain Kellett, and the "Plover," Commander Moore. The main object of the searching party under the command of Sir John Richardson was to trace the coast between the Mackenzie and the Coppermine Rivers, and the shores of Victoria and Wollaston Sands, lying opposite to Cape Krusenstern. The latter expedition was altogether useless; nor were the others much more successful. Sir James Ross

reached the three islands of Baffin on the 26th of July, and, in a month after, Pos-

session Bay, where he landed and found a memorandum left by Sir Edward Parry in



1819. On the 1st of September the ships arrived off Cape York, where a conspicuous landmark was erected. Sir James next examined Maxwell Bay and the north coast of Barrow's Strait; but as the ice prevented his running for the west, the ships were put into winter quarters at Port Leopold. In the mean time the whole of Prince Regent's Inlet and the Gulf of Bothnia had been examined, and on the 1st of September, 1849, Sir James reluctantly

gave the signal to set sail for England. At the same time that Sir James Ross was engaged in the ice on the west side of Baffin's Bay, Mr. James Saunders, in the "North Star," was working his way up the east side, with imminent danger to his ship.

In 1849 the admiralty resolved, on the return of Sir James Ross, that a more vigorous search should be made. Accordingly, again the "Enterprise" and "Investigator"



Dangerous Situation of the "Advance."

were dispatched to Behring's Strait; the Collinson, C. B., and the latter of Com-
troller under the command of Captain mander M'Clure. At the same time prepar-

ations for the search on the side of Lancaster Sound were made on a large scale. The "Resolute" was commissioned by Captain Austen, and the "Assistance,"

party under the command of Lieut. M'Clin-tock, in the spring of 1851. On their return the ice began to thaw, so that their sufferings were most trying. At each step

they sank in the melting ice, and at times dark, slushy pools would open before them, whose bottom might be in the fathomless sea. Among the animals the party encountered were the polar bear and the musk-ox. The polar bear lives in the Arctic regions, where it feeds on seals, fish, and even the walrus; but it dares not attack the latter animal openly. It is a formidable antagonist either by land or water, as it dives with great ease, and is able to chase the seal amid the waves. These bears are often drifted on fields of ice from Greenland to Iceland. As they are constantly running over

icy surfaces, the soles of their feet are thickly covered with long hair that they may have a firm footing, on the same principle that induces elderly gentlemen to tie list round their shoes in the winter months, when they have reason to dread the slides that idle boys make on the sidewalks.



The Polar Bear.

Captain Erasmus Ommanney, was put under his orders, together with the "Intrepid" and "Pioneer," steam-vessels in which to carry provisions and apparatus. Captain William Penny, an experienced whale-fisher, was also engaged for the search, and placed in command of the ships "Lady Franklin" and "Sophia."

In addition to these expeditions fitted out by the admiralty, others, furnished from private sources, showed the interest felt in the subject by the public at large. Captain Sir John Ross, notwithstanding his advanced years, sailed in the "Felix" schooner; and by the munificence of Mr. Henry Grinnell, a New York merchant, the United States sent forth the "Advance" and the "Rescue," under the command of Lieutenant De Haven, of the United States navy, and Mr. J. P. Griffin. Lady Franklin also dispatched the "Prince Albert," under the command of Commander Forsyth, of the royal navy.

By well-planned and thoroughly organized traveling parties, the whole coast north and south of Barrow's Strait, and round the south-west end of Melville Island, was traced, but without any practical result. The longest journey was performed by a



The Musk-Ox.

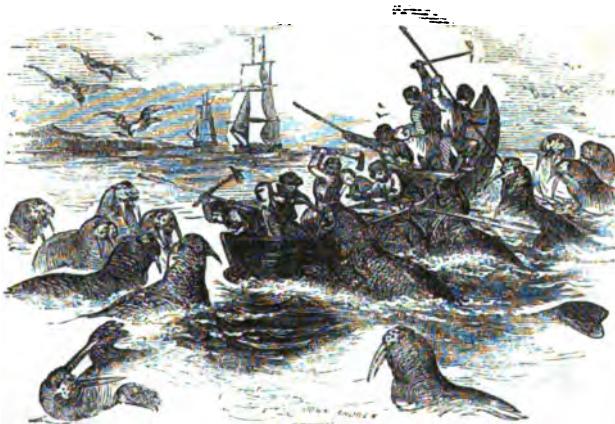
The musk-ox is covered with very long hair, which reaches almost to the ground. Its flesh is tolerably good when fat, but at other times it smells strongly of musk. The horns of this animal are united at their base, forming a kind of shield or helmet covering the forehead. When the hunters wish to shoot the musk-ox they conceal

themselves, and fire without permitting the enemy to see them. The poor animals seem to fancy that the report of the guns is thunder, and crowd together in a mass, so that they afford a good mark. If, however, they catch sight of one of their assailants, they instantly charge at him, and then are very dangerous enemies.

But the men's courage never flagged, and after nearly four months absence they were welcomed back by their companions in the month of July.

Captain M'Clure, in the search for Franklin, was fortunate enough to achieve the discovery of the long-sought "North-West

Passage." It appears that M'Clure coasted eastward from Behring's Strait, passed the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and soon after reaching Cape Bathurst open water was observed to the northward. He therefore took leave of the American shore, and proceeded in that direction, discovering an unknown coast after having made the distance of about sixty miles, which was named Baring Island. This lies to the south of Melville Island, where Parry wintered, and thus the furthest longitude attained from the east by that commander in 1820 was reached from the west by M'Clure in 1850. The season suddenly changing,



Attack on a Boat's Crew by Walruses.

the ship was beset with ice in motion. It soon became compact, and the vessel was firmly frozen up, October the 8th, remaining so for the space of nine months. During this interval the commander started at the head of a traveling party over the ice. He discovered the western entrance into Barrow's Strait, which leads through Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay, and thus established beyond all doubt the existence of a north-west passage.

The ice broke up July the 14th, 1851, and the vessel was again fairly afloat. But the season proved unpropitious to progress, the sea remaining open little more than two months, and all the time much encumbered. North-east winds drifted large masses of ice into Barrow's Strait, and effectually barred the passage. After gaining a little higher

northern latitude, and approaching nearer to Melville Island, winter quarters were selected in a well-sheltered spot, to which the name of the Bay of Mercy was given. Here, on the night of September the 24th, the "Investigator" was once more firmly frozen in.

It is strange to reflect how near Parry was, in the year 1820, to discovering the north-west passage. When off the southwest point of Melville Island and looking westward, he saw the land which is named in the charts Banks's Land. M'Clure, in 1850-1, was at the eastern end of the land, and from this point, looking eastward, he saw Melville Island. He thus discovered the north-west passage. Parry got to his position from the North Sea or Atlantic Ocean; M'Clure got to his position from

the South Sea or Pacific Ocean; the one by sailing 2,500 miles, and the other by sailing 1,800 miles. Parry, in 1820, looked wistfully across the ice-bound strait, and thought, "Yonder are America and China!" M'Clure, in 1851, looked hopefully over the same ice-covered channel, and said, "Yonder are Davis's Strait and Scotland and England;" but neither could take his ship through, though within seventy miles of the same spot.

But, if the passage could not be made by sea, the ice could be traversed in sledges. This was done. M'Clure and a traveling

party crossed the strait in April, 1852, reached Winter Harbor, deposited a dispatch there, and returned to their ship. This dispatch was discovered by Captain Kellett, of the "Resolute," which had entered the Arctic circle by the way of Baffin's Bay. Kellett sent one of his officers, Lieut. Pim, to look after M'Clure; and the consequence was one of the most extraordinary meetings in the world's history. M'Clure and one of his officers were walking out, one day, on the ice, when they encountered an object which they first took to be a bear, but which turned out to be a



The First Grinnell Expedition.

countryman and a friend, who rose upon them like one from the grave. And thus parties met each other on the frozen polar sea, who had entered it at opposite points — from the west and the east — the one from Behring's Strait, the other from Baffin's Bay!

What has been the result of all these costly expeditions? We regret to say, almost nothing. On the south side of Beechey Island, and on Cape Riley, traces were discovered, showing that Franklin's ships had wintered in 1845–6 in the inside of the above-named island. Three graves were found of men belonging to the party; and the latest death bears the date of April 3d, 1846. Seven hundred empty meat-tins

were also discovered, a small portion of the twenty-four hundred canisters with which the ships were supplied. It is probable that the expedition remained there till the end of August, 1846. The absence of all memoranda at the winter station is remarkable, and perfectly unaccountable. Had such memoranda existed, Franklin's career might have been traced, and by this time, possibly, he might have been saved.

But the search was not yet over, — the Arctic mystery was not yet solved. Further expeditions, under the command of Dr. Rae, and of the intrepid young American, Dr. Kane,* were undertaken; and these have in some measure accounted for the

* See Life of Kane, p. 81 of this volume.

long and dreadful silence that broods over the fate of Sir John Franklin and his gallant crew. There is indeed little doubt that the whole of the crew were lost with their commander; and, from the evidence afforded by various relics recovered by Dr. Rae from the natives of those cold and inhospitable coasts, the conviction of the death of Franklin and his whole company can not reasonably be doubted. There are yet sanguine minds who believe that certain information of the missing expedition may yet be obtained.

The following tribute to Sir John Franklin is as just as it is beautiful. He was as tender-hearted as he was brave, as humane and amiable as he was patient and daring; and, above all, he had a firm reliance on that overruling Providence who "doeth all things well."

"Where is he?—where? Silence and darkness dwell
About him, as a soul cut off from men.
Shall we behold him yet, a citizen
Of mortal life? Will he return to tell
(Prisoner from Winter's very citadel
Broken forth) what he before has told, again,
How to the hearts and hands of resolute men,
God aiding, nothing is impossible?
Alas! the enclosure of the icy wave
Is strong, and dark the depths of polar night:
Yet One there is omnipotent to save!
And this we know, if comfort still we crave,—
Into that dark he took with him a light—
The lamp that can illuminate the grave!"

THE FOUR WORDS.

"FOUR little words did me more good, when I was a boy, than almost anything else," said a gentleman, the other day. "I can not reckon up all the good they have done; they were the first words that my mother taught me."—"Indeed? what were the four little words?" said I. He answered me by relating the following story:

"My father grafted a pear-tree; it was a very choice graft, and he watched it with great care. The second year it blossomed, but it bore but one pear. It was said to be a very nice kind of pear, and my father was anxious to see if the fruit came up to

the promises of the man who gave him the graft. This single pear, then, was an object of some concern to my father. He



wanted it to become fully ripe; the high winds he hoped would not blow off the pear; and he gave express directions to all the children on no account to touch it. The graft was low, and easily reached by us. It grew finely. 'I think that graft will meet my expectations,' said my father many times to my mother. 'I hope, now, there is some prospect of our having good pears.'

"Everybody who came into the garden he took to the graft, and everybody said, 'It will prove to be a most excellent pear.' It began to look very beautiful; it was full and round; a rich glow was gradually dyeing its cheeks, and its grain was clear and healthy. 'Is it not almost ripe? I long for a bite,' I cried, as I followed father, one day, down the alley to the pear-tree.

"'Wait patiently, my child; it will not be fully ripe for a week,' said my father.—I thought I loved pears better than any thing else; I used often to stop and look longingly up to this. O, how good it looks, I used often to think, smacking my lips—I wish it was all mine. The early apples did not taste as good, the currants were not as relishing, and the damsons I thought nothing of in comparison with this pear. The longer I stopped alone under the pear-tree, the greater grew my longing for it. O, I wish I had it! was the selfish thought that gradually got uppermost in my mind.

"One night, after we were in bed, my brothers fell asleep long before I did; I tossed about, and could not get to sleep. It was a warm, still, summer night; there was no moon—no noise except the hum of numberless insects. My father and my

mother were gone away. I put my head out of the window and peeped into the garden. I snuffed pleasant smells. I traced the dark outlines of the trees. I glanced in the direction of the pear-tree; — the tree, then the pear. My mouth was parched; I was thirsty. I thought how good would a juicy pear taste. I was tempted.

"A few moments found me creeping down the back stairs, with neither shoes, stockings, nor trowsers on. The slightest creaking frightened me. I stopped on every stair to listen. Nancy was busy somewhere else, and John had gone to bed. At last I fairly felt my way to the garden door. It was fastened. It seemed to take me ages to unlock it, so fearful was I of making a noise, and the bolt grated. I got it open, went out, and latched it after me. It was good to get out in the cool air. I ran down to the walk. The padding of my feet made no noise on the moist earth. I stopped a moment and looked all around, then turned in the direction of the pear-tree. Presently I was beneath its branches.

"Father will think the wind has knocked it off; but there was not a breath of air stirring. Father will think somebody has stolen it, — that some boys came in the night and robbed the garden; he'll never know. I trembled at the thought of what I was about to do. O, it will taste so good, and father will never know it. He never would think I took it. On tiptoe, with my hand uplifted and my head turned upward, I beheld a star looking down upon me through the leaves.

"**'Thou, God, seest me!'** Such was the thought which the star seemed to shoot into my mind; and I could not help saying it over and over again. God seemed on every side. He was looking me through and through. I was afraid to look, and I hid my face. It seemed as if father and mother, and all the boys, and everybody in town, would take me for a thief. It appeared as though all my conduct had been seen as by the light of day. It was some

time before I dared to move, so vivid was the impression made upon my mind by the awful truth in those four words, '**'Thou, God, seest me.'**' I knew he saw me.

"I hastened from the pear-tree; nothing on earth would at that moment have tempted me to touch the pear. With very different feelings did I creep back to bed again. I lay down beside Asa, feeling more like a criminal than any thing else. No one in the house had seen me; but, O! it seemed as if everybody knew it, and I should never dare to meet my father's face again. It was a great while before I went to sleep. I heard my parents come home, and I involuntarily hid my face under the sheet. But I could not hide myself from the sense of God's presence. His eyes seemed everywhere, diving into the very depths of my heart. It started a train of influences which, God be praised, I never got over. If I was ever tempted to any secret sin, '**'Thou, God, seest me.'**' stared me in the face, and I stood back, restrained and awed."

The gentleman finished. His story interested me greatly. I think it will interest many children. I hope it will more than interest them; I hope it will do them much good.

"Thou, God, seest me!" These four little words are from the Bible. Hagar uttered them. She fled in anger from her mistress, Sarah, into the wilderness. An angel met her by a fountain of water. The angel bade her return to her mistress, and told her some things in her life which Hagar thought nobody knew but herself. "**'Thou, God, seest me,'**" she exclaimed. Then she knew it was the angel of God, for nobody but He could look into the most secret things.

Children, learn these four small words. Impress them upon your heart. Think of them when you lie down, when you get up, and when you go by the way. When alone, or when with your companions, both at home and abroad, remember, "**'Thou, God, seest me.'**"



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

At the western extremity of the Admiralty Building in St. Petersburg stands a colossal equestrian statue, erected by the Empress Catharine the Second to the memory of the founder of the city. In the mind of the Russian it awakens proud associations, for under Peter the Great the country emerged from barbarism, and his reign forms the great landmark in Russian history. Nor can the stranger pass the statue without being struck by its artistic merit, and by the grandeur of the original conception. The pedestal forms an inclined plane, up which the horse is prancing. His imperial rider surveys with a serene countenance his capital rising out of the waters, and extends over it the hand of protection, while the horse rears with his fore feet in the air, and seems impatient of restraint.

The bold manner in which the group is made to rest on the hind legs of the horse is not more surprising than the skill with which advantage has been taken of the allegorical serpent in upholding the gigantic mass. The attitude has afforded a fine opportunity for the display of anatomical knowledge on the part of the sculptor, Falconet. The figure of the czar is full of fire and animation. He is clad in a simple

tunic and mantle, and is seated on a bear's skin, emblematical of the country he regenerated.

It is said that as soon as Falconet had conceived the design, he communicated his ideas to the empress, at the same time declaring the impossibility of realizing them without a living model. Upon this, an officer, who had the reputation of a bold horseman, offered to ride his charger daily to the summit of a steep artificial mound. In the presence of a crowd of spectators he repeatedly performed this dangerous feat, accustoming his horse to gallop up the ascent, and halt suddenly, pawing the air with his feet over the brink. The sculptor was thus enabled to sketch the various attitudes of the animal before commencing the statue.

The group was cast at a single jet. The figure of the emperor is eleven feet in height, that of the horse seventeen. The bronze is in some places but a quarter of an inch, and nowhere more than inch, in thickness, yet the total weight is between sixteen and seventeen tons. The pedestal is not less remarkable than the statue. It consists of a huge block of granite, brought from a marsh four miles distant from St. Petersburg. A grooved tramway was fastened to the under surface, and a similar tramway laid on the ground; cannon-balls were placed in the grooves, and, as the rock was moved onward by ropes, pulleys, and windlasses, the balls over which it had passed were brought to the front, a drummer being stationed on the top to give the necessary signals to the workmen.

On one side of the pedestal is fixed, in bronze characters, the simple legend, PETRO PRIMO CATHARINA SECUNDA MDCCCLXXXII; and on the opposite side appears the same inscription in the Russian language.

An amusing incident occurred a few years since. Some American sailors sallied forth on a frolicsome cruise, and one of them, climbing over the palisades, mounted the rock and seated himself behind the bronze emperor. He was speedily arrested, and, after a night's incarceration, brought

before the police authorities. His case was summarily disposed of, and so heavy a fine inflicted that he naturally remonstrated. "No, no," said the officer, "we can make no abatement. If you will ride with great people, you must pay great people's prices."

REMARKABLE BOYS.

BLAISE PASCAL

BLAISE PASCAL was born in France on the 19th of June, 1625. His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of considerable acquirement and mathematical talent, and, Blaise being an only son, his education was conducted entirely under the superintendence of his father, who indeed was his only instructor. The boy from his earliest years displayed marks of extraordinary ability. His infantile questions upon the nature of things and their causes surprised all who heard them. Nor was he satisfied with common reasons, but, if not thoroughly convinced of their justice, he searched earnestly for himself until he recognized the true. Having remarked that a glass, when struck by a knife or other instrument, gives out a sound which ceases on the application of the hand, the child directed his thoughts toward discovering the cause, and at eleven years of age he composed a treatise on sound, wonderful for its clear and logical reasoning.

The elder Pascal, as we have before observed, was learned in the mathematics. He wished his son to be proficient in the languages; and, knowing the absorbing nature of mathematical inquiry, he resolved, if possible, to keep Blaise ignorant of geometry until such period as he had mastered the Latin, Greek, and other languages. He therefore removed all books on the subject from the reach of the boy, and refrained in his presence from conversing on it with his friends. Even these precautions were useless. The child's curiosity was excited, and he often entreated his father to permit him to learn mathematics; but the latter always refused, promising at the same time that he would teach him in due course, as a re-

ward for his advancement in Greek and Latin.

One day, Blaise asked his father what was the meaning of geometry. He was answered, that it is the science which treats of the extent of bodies, their length, breadth, and depth, and the way to make figures in a precise, just manner, together with the method of finding out their relations one with another. Having given this explanation, the father forbade his son to mention the subject again.

Blaise, however, if he might not speak about geometry, could not help thinking and dreaming about it. His hours of recreation were completely absorbed with these reflections, and he amused himself by drawing with a piece of charcoal all kinds of geometrical figures on the floor of his playroom. One day, while so occupied, his father chanced to open the door of his apartment without being seen, and, to his surprise, found his son on his hands and knees in the midst of his favorite employment. But much greater was the father's astonishment when he discovered that the boy, by his own unsaid efforts, and without knowing the name of one geometrical figure, had arrived as far as the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid, and demonstrated that the three angles of every triangle taken together are equal to two right angles.

Being asked what made him think of such a thing, he answered that he had previously demonstrated such and such a truth, which had led him on to further inquiry; and so he explained the course of his researches from perfect demonstrations back to his first principles, axioms, and definitions.

The happy father, struck by the grandeur and force of his son's genius, left him in silence, and hastened to the house of a friend, who recommended that this ardent thirst for mathematical truth should no longer be repressed; and Euclid's "Elements of Geometry" were accordingly placed in the hands of Blaise Pascal for his recreative reading. He went through

this book without requiring any explanations. At sixteen years of age he composed his "Treatise on Conic Sections," a work of such acuteness that the celebrated Descartes would never believe that it was the unassisted production of a mere boy.

During this period he continued his studies in Latin and Greek, also in logic and other departments of philosophy, in all of which he made great progress. His application was so constant and excessive that his health began to suffer at the age of eighteen. About this time he constructed an arithmetical machine, by which, without any knowledge of arithmetic, all kinds of computations may be performed with ease.

Father Mersenne having proposed to the world a very difficult problem, which defied the efforts of the most famous men of the day to solve, Pascal, then on a bed of sickness, and not twenty years old, gave the right solution, having first offered a reward of four hundred francs to any one who could fully resolve it.

Torricelli, an Italian mathematician, performed some interesting experiments with reference to the air, which led Pascal to turn his attention towards the subject, and he confirmed the truth established by the Italian's researches. This occasioned the publication of his "Treatise on the Weight and Density of the Air," which was shortly followed by another on the "Equilibrium of Fluids."

His sister informs us that immediately after this, when he was but twenty-four years of age, the providence of God induced him to read some religious books. He became by these means thoroughly convinced that Christianity obliges us to live alone for God and his glory; and this truth appeared to him so evident, so necessary, and so useful, that he terminated without regret all his scientific researches, and resolved from that time forth to devote himself entirely to the service of religion. We need hardly observe, however, that even scientific studies might have been pursued by him in a religious spirit.

Pascal had a great desire to write a

comprehensive and profound work on the Evidences of Christianity. It was, however, never completed; but, after his death, many fragments of it were found written on detached pieces of paper, and these are now published in a volume under the title of Pascal's "Thoughts." Besides these "Thoughts," Pascal has left another work, the "Provincial Letters," written against the Jesuits.

Pascal had a profound reverence for the holy Scriptures; it is even said that he knew them by heart. His charity towards the poor was unbounded; and when he was reproached one day for his profusion in alms-giving, as sure eventually to bring him to poverty, he simply replied: "I have frequently remarked that, however poor a man may be, when dying he seldom fails to leave something behind him."

For many years previous to his death Pascal was a great sufferer, and throughout his resignation was most exemplary. He died at the age of thirty-nine.

His character is one we love to contemplate. It presents to our view the spectacle of a combination of the most lofty intellectual endowments, profound thought, extensive scientific acquirements, and a clear and logical understanding, with true and self-denying devotion to the service of God.

SIMPLE QUESTIONS SCIENTIFICALLY ANSWERED.

WHY is rain-water soft? — Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.

Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? — Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it, instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.

Why do wood-ashes make hard water soft? — 1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood-ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; and, 2dly, Wood-ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment; by which the water remains more pure.

Why has rain-water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain-water tub, or tank? — Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.

Why does water melt salt? — Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.

How does blowing hot foods make them cool? — It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? — That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their faces by the action of the fan: and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

Does a fan cool the air? — No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face: but it cools our face, by transferring its heat to the air.

Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door? — Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole, into the room, and causes a draught.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side? — Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? — Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.

If you open the lower sash of a window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. — If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a great draught inwards: but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the

room will rush out; and of course there will be less draught inwards.

By which means is a room better ventilated — by opening the upper or the lower sash? — A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.

By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled — by opening the upper or the lower sash? — A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash; because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.

Why does wind dry damp linen? — Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen as fast as they are formed.

Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? — The gallery.

Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? — Because the heated air of the building ascends; and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor till it has become heated.

Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? — Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust, or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there, which it had formerly eaten.

What is a barometer? — A weather-glass, or instrument to measure the variations in the weight of the air; by means of which variations we may judge what weather may be expected.

How can a barometer, which measures the weight of air, be of service as a weather-glass? — When air is moist or filled with vapor, it is lighter than usual, and the column of mercury stands low. When air is dry and free from vapor, it is heavier than usual, and the mercury stands high. Thus the barometer, by showing the variations in the weight of the air, indicates the changes of the weather also.

Why can you tell, by looking at a barometer, what kind of weather it will be? — Because the mercury in the tube rises and

falls, as the air becomes heavier or lighter : and we can generally tell, by the weight of the air, what kind of weather to expect.

Does the weight of the air vary much ?— Yes ; the atmosphere in this country varies as much as one-tenth part, more or less.

Why is the barometer highest of all during a long frost ?— Because a long frost condenses the air very greatly ; and the more condensed air is, the greater is its pressure on the mercury of a barometer.

Why does the barometer generally rise with north-east winds ?— Because north-east winds make the air both cold and dry : and being both condensed and without vapor, it is much heavier.

Why does the barometer fall lowest of all at the breaking up of a long frost ?— 1st, Because the air, which had been much dried by the frost, absorbs the moisture of the fresh warm current of wind from the south or south-west ; and, 2ndly, The air, which had been much condensed by the frost, is suddenly expanded by the warm wind which is introduced.

Why does the barometer fall very low with south and west winds ?— Because south and west winds come heavily laden with vapor ; and vaporized air is lighter than dry air.



THE BOBOLINK.

THERE is no singing-bird in New England that enjoys the notoriety of the Bobolink. He is like a rare wit in our social or political circles ; everybody is talking about him and quoting his remarks, and all are delighted with his company. He is not with-

out great merits as a songster ; but he is well known and admired, because he is showy, noisy, and flippant, and sings only in the open field, and frequently while poised on the wing, so that everybody who hears him can see him, and know who is the author of the strains that afford him so much delight. He sings also at broad noon-day, when everybody is out, and is seldom heard before sunrise, while other birds are pouring forth their souls in a united concert of praise. He waits until the sun is up, and when most of the early performers have become silent, as if determined to secure a good audience before exhibiting his powers.

The Bobolink, or Conquedle, has unquestionably great talents as a musician. In the grand concert of Nature it is he who performs the *recitative* parts, which he delivers with the utmost fluency and rapidity ; and one must be a careful listener not to lose many of his words. He is plainly the merriest of all the feathered creation ; almost continually in motion, and singing upon the wing, apparently in the greatest ecstasy of joy.

There is not a plaintive strain in his whole performance ; every sound is as merry as the laugh of a young child ; and one cannot listen to him without fancying that he is indulging in some jocose raillery

of his companions. If we suppose him to be making love, we can not look upon him as very deeply enamored, but rather as highly delighted with his spouse, and overflowing with rapturous admiration. The object of his love is a neatly-formed bird, with a mild expression of countenance, a modest and amiable deportment, and arrayed in the plainest apparel. It is evident that she does not pride herself upon the splendor of her costume, but rather on its neatness, and on her own feminine graces. She must be entirely without vanity, unless we suppose that it is gratified by observing the pomp and display which are made by her partner, and by listening to his delightful eloquence of song : for if we regard him as an orator, it must be allowed that he is

unsurpassed in fluency and rapidity of utterance; and if we regard him only as a musician, he is unrivaled in brilliancy of execution.

Vain are all attempts, on the part of other birds, to imitate his truly original style. The Mocking-bird gives up the attempt in despair, and refuses to sing at all when confined near one in a cage. I can not look upon him as ever in a very serious humor. He seems to be a lively, jocular little fellow, who is always jesting and bantering; and when half a dozen different individuals are sporting about in the same orchard, I often imagine that they might represent the persons dramatized in some comic opera. These birds never remain stationary upon the bough of a tree, singing apparently for their own solitary amusement; but they are ever in company, and passing to and fro, often commencing their song upon the extreme end of the bough of an apple-tree, then suddenly taking flight, and singing the principal part while balancing themselves on the wing. The merriest part of the day with these birds is the later afternoon, during the hour preceding dew-fall, and before the Robins and Thrushes commence their evening hymn. Then, assembled in company, it would seem as if they were practicing a cotillon upon the wing, each one singing to his own movements, as he sallies forth and returns,—and nothing can exceed their apparent merriment.

The Bobolink usually commences his warbling just after sunrise, when the Robin, having sung from the earliest dawn, brings his performance to a close. Nature seems to have provided that the serious parts of her musical entertainment in the morning shall first be heard, and that the lively and comic strains shall follow them. In the evening this order is reversed; and after the comedy is concluded, Nature lulls us to meditation and repose by the mellow notes of the little Vesper-bird, and the pensive and still more melodious strains of the solitary Thrushes.

In pleasant, sunshiny weather, the Bob-

olink seldom flies without singing, often hovering on the wing over the place where his mate is sitting upon her ground-built nest, and pouring forth his notes with great loudness and fluency. The Bobolink is one of our social birds,—one of those species that follow in the footsteps of man, and multiply with the progress of agriculture. He is not a frequenter of the woods; he seems to have no taste for solitude. He loves the orchard and the mowing-field; and many are the nests which are exposed by the scythe of the haymaker, if the mowing be done early in the season. Previously to the settlement of America, these birds must have been comparatively rare in the New England States, and were probably confined to the open prairies and savannas in the north-western territory.

The scientific name of the Bobolink is *Icterus agripennis*. Whence he got his more familiar name, which some say is the nickname of Robert o' Lincoln, we do not know.

For the foregoing account of the Bobolink we are indebted to the *Atlantic Monthly*. The wood-cut prefixed to the account is illustrative of the following

FABLE.

A Bobolink, whose lucky lot
It was to dodge a sportsman's shot,
Perched on a hemlock-bough, began
To taunt the disappointed man :—

“ Click ! bang ! Put in more powder, Mister !
Tall shooting that ! Call in your sister !
Shoot with a shovel, you 'd do better !
Ha ! Rip-si-dá-dy ! I 'm your debtor !
Chick-a-dee-dee ! Don't pine in sorrow !
You could n't do it. Call to-morrow !
You 'll always find me in. Tip-wheel !
You 're a great fool ! Hip ! Zip ! Bang ! Skeet !
Lick-a-tee-split ! No, no ! You can't !
My best remembrance to your aunt !
Chick-a-dee-dee ! Tip-wheel ! I never
Felt better ! Bobolinks forever !
You thought you had me fast asleep.
Excuse my laughing : you look cheap.
Come, try again ; don't quit your gaming :
I feel so safe when you are aiming ! ”
The sportsman angry grew : another
Drew near, and thus addressed his brother :
“ When your attempts to injure fail,
Complain not if your victim rail.”

THE CRIPPLED BOY OF THE TYROL.

FOUNDED ON HISTORIC FACTS.

ABOUT sixty years ago, a soldier's widow came with an only child to reside in a small hut near to one of the romantic villages of the Tyrol. It was the period when the ambition of Napoleon deluged Europe with blood. This widow's husband had fallen fighting against him in the fearful battle of Austerlitz.

Hans, the widow's son, was deformed. His figure was drawn considerably to one side, and he had very little power in using his arms. This was a sore trial to the poor woman. Often would she look at her boy and sigh; for she thought in her age she should be left without aid or support; she could no longer work for him, and he could neither work for himself nor her.

The arbitrary will of the conqueror, then in the zenith of his glory, had decreed that Tyrol should belong to Bavaria, and not to Austria, and a French and Bavarian army was already garrisoned in the country. Austria, unable to compete with Napoleon, withdrew the forces stationed in Tyrol, and left its people to defend themselves. Their resistance to the powerful invader was one of the most celebrated and most successful that history records.

The Pass of Finstermünz still presents its terrible records to the eye of the traveler, who, amidst the wonderful sublimity of the spectacle, recalls to memory the awful scene enacted there in the time to which our story refers. This pass lies between the towns of Landeck and Meran. A splendid road has since been formed there by engineering skill, but even still, amid modern improvements, the passage between the rocks is so narrow in places as to appear a mere cleft formed by the violence of the torrent, which is heard roaring in the deep gulf below.

It was here that, in the year 1809, upwards of ten thousand French and Bavarian troops were destroyed by an unseen foe. An immense avalanche of felled trees and broken rocks had been prepared, and was held suspended along the heights. As

the advancing army marched in undisturbed order along this romantic pass, the foremost heard the startling words, "Ist es zeit?" — "Is it time?" — repeated above them. The officer halted, and sent back to ask directions. He was ordered to go forward. They went on. That word was repeated, and a louder voice, in a tone of solemn command, announced *it was time!* and desired the avalanche to be let go. It was loosened; it thundered down; and of all the living host who a few minutes before had trod that pass, few, if any, escaped from it alive.

It was this determination to resist and expel the foreign forces, then stationed in their country, that had begun to animate the Tyrolese at the time when our poor Hans, having reached his fifteenth year, might be expected by the youth of the village to partake in their enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was general; a secret understanding prevailed among all the people of Tyrol; arrangements were made with noiseless resolution; intelligence of the advance of the Bavarian troops was to be conveyed from post to post, from village to village, by means of signal-fires, materials for which were laid ready on the rocky heights.

The village of which I have spoken lay directly in the line of route which that army would take; and with the animation and bustle it displayed, a great degree of fear and anxiety mingled.

"Ah, Hans," said the widow, abruptly, as she gazed upon her son, one evening, "it is well for us now that thou canst be of little use; they would take thee from me to serve thy country, my boy, wert thou fit to be a soldier." The widow did not know how very tender was the chord she touched in her son's mind.

Hans had long been secretly suffering much pain from the rude discovery of the very fact she thus alluded to. Now a large tear rolled down the pale cheek, and told her that the feelings of the youth had been compressed within his own bosom. That tear seemed to fall upon the mother's heart; she felt its cause.

"My son, what aileth thee?" — "Mother, I am useless!" cried the youth, with a burst of now irrepressible grief. — "Useless!" the widow repeated: but the tone in which she uttered the word might seem to denote some little surprise at the discovery her son had only then made. — "Yes, useless," Hans continued. "Look round our village, — all are busy, all preparing, all ready to strive for homes and fatherland, — I am useless!"

"My boy, my kind, dear son, thou art not useless to me." — "Even to thee; — I can not work for thee; can not in thy age support thee. Ah! I know all now. Why was I made, mother?" — "Hush, Hans," said his mother; "these repining thoughts become you not. You will live to find the truth of our old proverb —

'God has his plan
For every man.'

Little did Hans think that ere a few weeks had passed, this truth was to be verified in a most remarkable manner.

Easter Monday came — the most festive season in the Tyrol; and the non-arrival of the expected invaders had, in some degree, relaxed the vigilance of the inhabitants. The holiday resembles somewhat old Christmas in England: families meet, presents are exchanged; the toys, gloves, the ornaments of deer's horn, and other articles of Tyrolese industry, are all in request then.

Hans leaned against the porch of his mother's house. He stood alone; the hut was a little beyond the village, on the ascent of the mountain; he could see all that passed below, but he had no presents to offer, for he had no money to buy them, and no hands to make them — no hands, at least, capable of such work. No one thought of him. If he had been a beggar, they would have remembered him, and given him their charity willingly; but, as it was, he was forgotten. Those who feel no want themselves too seldom think of the wants of others, unless they are reminded of them. Hans looked down on the busy village, and thought of his mother. The Tyrolese proverb which she had quoted,

"God has his plan
For every man,"

had made a passing impression on his mind; but he sighed, as amid his own loneliness in the general bustle there seemed so little prospect of its fulfillment.

The evening of the bustling holiday at last arrived. Hans strolled about in the gloom; all the village houses were lighted up; fear seemed to be forgotten, and watchfulness too. Hans was glad not to be disturbed by the careless remarks of the patrolling youths, who, on other evenings, performed their usual exercises on the green, but now all were within doors; families and friends had met, and children were merry and happy. Hans came to the dwelling of a comfortable proprietor, one who in our land would be termed a rich farmer. The supper-table was prepared; in its center a small fir-tree was planted in a bucket filled with earth; little tapers were fastened in its branches, and a variety of glittering objects suspended around it were intended for presents to the younger ones of the family. Some of the little children, who had already secured theirs, were playing at a small table placed in the open window.

One of the boys had got a number of tin soldiers, and an elder brother, a lad about the age of our poor Hans, was amusing himself, apparently, by directing their movements, and arranging them in military order. Like all the youths of the Tyrol, he aspired to be thought expert in such matters. Seeing that Hans, standing near the window, must become one of his auditors, he affected the tone of command, as if to impress the helpless boy with a higher opinion of his military knowledge. Almost immediately, however, the children, disputing for one of the tin soldiers, broke it in two. The young general was in the midst of a plan for the defense of their village in case of an attack. Displeased at the loss of one of his corps, he angrily seized the broken soldier and threw it out of the window.

"Why throw it away?" said the chil-

dren.—“Because it is as useless now as Hans himself would be if the enemy came,” was his answer. Hans heard the words, whether it was intended he should do so or not. He turned away, and went home to his mother.

The widow had shared her son’s sentiments that day; she was quite sensible that on this day of general festivity they were overlooked and forgotten. The mother and son knew they had sympathy one with the other, but neither expressed it. The widow felt for her son. The son felt for his mother. But Hans resolved not to grieve her with the recital of the fresh annoyance he had met with. The widow, not sorry to end a day which made their forlorn position more evident to themselves, proposed that they should avoid the expense of light by going early to rest. Hans felt little inclined to sleep, but, knowing his mother would sit up if he did so, he complied with her request.

How long his slumbers lasted he never knew; he only related afterwards, that he had awoke as if from a dream, but still under a strong impression that the French and Bavarian army was approaching him. He could not persuade himself but that the soldiers were close to him. He thought he saw their distinct uniform, the gleam of their arms, and even felt as if their bayonets were presented at him. He awoke in fear, but even when awake could scarcely persuade himself it was a dream. He rose, and, hastily dressing himself, went to the door and looked forth. The night was calm, and even warm; the moon was beginning faintly to rise; and thinking that illness had perhaps caused his troubled dream, Hans walked out, believing the night air would relieve the headache from which he had been suffering.

He strolled up the mountain-path on the side of which their cottage stood. Excitement and agitation had indeed heated his blood, and the cool air did him good. That sense of relief made him continue his walk, and as he went up the mountain-path, he recollects that it led to the signal-pile,

which had been laid ready for igniting when the advance of the Bavarian garrisons from their winter posts should commence; a movement which the combined Tyrolese had determined to resist.

An impulse he felt little inclination even to question seemed still to lead him on, and prompt him to mount the rugged path that conducted to that important spot. Perhaps it was some feeling that a surprise on this night was not impossible—some scarcely understood impression left by his dream—that, unconsciously to himself, led Hans thus upward and upward on his solitary way, until he came within view of the dark mass of firewood piled up on the cliff. Whatever was the feeling that influenced him, however (and the result, the reader will remember, is a matter of history, not mere fiction), the boy found himself, as we have said, at the signal-post.

Hans walked round the pile, as it lay there quiet and lonely. But the watchers, where were they? Forgetful, perhaps, of their duty, they had, amid the festivities of Easter, omitted their important office on this occasion; at all events, they were nowhere to be seen. The village, far beneath, was in as great security as if no dreadful war-signal was likely to be needed, and all in the neighborhood was calm. A dark old pine-tree stood near it; in its hollow stem the tinder was laid ready, with the other means for raising a speedy conflagration.

Hans paused by the hollow tree, and seemed to listen to the silence. A singular sound, that seemed to be reverberated along the ground, caught his eager attention. It was slow and quiet, but so measured and equal as to be distinct. He listened with painful intensity for about a minute. It stopped. Hans was just about to leave the spot, when another sound was heard; it was the click of muskets; then a distinct but stealthy tread; then a pale ray of moonshine glanced on the fixed bayonets of two soldiers, who cautiously crept along the edge of the cliff at the opposite side of the pile. They mounted the eminence; looked round, and seeing no one there,—for poor

Hans was hidden by the old tree,—gave the signal apparently to some comrades in the distance. Then the measured tread of marching men was heard again, but Hans did not wait to listen to it.

Like a flash of inspiration, the whole circumstance was visible to his mind. The secret had been discovered by, or treacherously revealed to, the enemy; a party had been sent forward from the enemy's troops to destroy it; the body from which they were detached was then marching up the pass that led to his village; the fears he had heard the old and timid express would be realized; and the plans of the others, which he had heard so much talked of, would be of no avail.

It is singular that though naturally, as most infirm persons are, of a timid disposition, no thought of his own perilous situation occurred to Hans. All that has here taken some time to state on paper flashed on his mind with the rapidity of a vision, and perhaps it was followed by one equally rapid self-recollection.

“God has his plan
For every man,”

might the youth have mentally said, as quick as thought he seized the tinder, struck the light, and flung the flaring turpentine-brand into the pile.

The two scouts who had advanced first had then their backs turned to it, waiting the arrival of some comrades, whose arms just glittered above the edge of the cliff at the moment when the sudden blaze towered up and flashed upon them. A cry of astonishment, we might say of fear, burst from the foremost; but in the light of that mounting blaze they soon perceived no ambushed foes were there; a single youth was seen hastily retreating down the mountain-path.

They fired—cruelly fired. A shriek of agony told them one bullet, at least, though fired at random, had found its mark. The light was too indistinct for an aim, but a bullet had lodged in the boy's shoulder. Yet the signal-fire was blazing high, and the whole country would be shortly aroused.

Already, before their surprise was over, or their retreat effected, the signal was answered from a second mountain-top, and another and another began to repeat it. The advancing party, seeing their plan for a surprise thus rendered abortive, effected a hasty escape.

Hans, meantime, was not killed. Faint and bleeding, he contrived to reach the village, where already the greatest consternation prevailed. Trembling old people stood at the door demanding intelligence, and the peasantry, with their arms, were mustering thick and fast. At the door of the proprietor's house, where Hans had stood to witness the Easter party on the previous evening, an anxious group was gathered; among them was the lad who had made so good and brave a general of the tin soldiers, and who had so unfeelingly, we would hope thoughtlessly, declared the broken one to be as useless as Hans in the defense he was planning of the village. He was now aroused from sleep with the cry that the enemy was come. Pale, confused, uncertain what to do, he was anxiously joining in the inquiry, which no one could answer — “Who lighted the pile?”

“It was I!” said, at last, a faint, almost expiring voice. They turned, and saw the crippled Hans tottering towards them. “Thou?” exclaimed many voices; but the proprietor's son gazed in stupefied silence. “The enemy—the French—were there,” Hans faltered, and sank upon the ground. “Take me to my mother. At last I have not been useless.” They stooped to lift him; but drew back, for their hands were full of blood. “What is this?” they cried. “He has been shot! It is true! Hans, the cripple, has saved us.”

They carried Hans to his mother's house. Some ran before him, and told her the alarming news; of the danger that had approached them, and who had been, for that time at least, their preserver. Then they carried the wounded youth in, and laid him before her. As the mother bowed in anguish over his pale face, Hans opened his eyes—for he had fainted from loss of

blood and pain—and looking at her, he made an effort to speak. "It is not now, dear mother, you should weep for me; I am happy now. Yes, mother, it is true—

"God has his plan
For every man."

You see He had it for me, though we did not know what it was."

Hans did not recover of his wound; but he was permitted to live long enough to know he had been of use; he lived to hear of the result of his timely warning, not to his village only, but to the country around; he lived to see grateful mothers embrace his mother; to hear that she should find a son in every brave youth in the village, a home for her age in every house; that she should be considered a sacred and honored bequest to the community which her son had preserved at the cost of his own life.

Our little story is told. It is not from scenes of battle and strife that we would willingly draw illustrations of great truths and principles; and great emergencies, like those which met Hans, it would be unreasonable to expect as usual occurrences. To all, however, the motto speaks—

"God has his plan
For every man."

None need stand useless in the great social system. There is work for every one to do, if he will but watch for it and do it.

THE ARAB'S GIFT.

A poor Arab was traveling in the desert, when he met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to the brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and, filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a considerable distance before he reached the presence of his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and,

thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward.

The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch even a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence, with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained the motives of his conduct:

"During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and, therefore, I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

All that sinners can present to their King is like the water brought by the Arab, though, like him, we may fancy it worthy the acceptance of our Lord. But he will not reject—he will not despise the little offering of love and faith; for he hath promised that even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple shall in no wise lose its reward.

THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, has in all ages been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of philosopher, or lover of wisdom, is given to him who leads such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show that there is a positive

gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it be a pleasure to gratify curiosity, to know what we are ignorant of, to have our feelings of wonder called forth, how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses. Chemistry is not behind in its wonders; and yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination.

Then, if we raise our view to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate, but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape, and in its path wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself; and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, produces certain as well as pure gratification.

We are raised by science to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill every where conspicuous is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures, and especially of ourselves, that we feel no hesitation in concluding, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, how-

ever, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.—LORD BROUHAM.



THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious;

Mild, majestic, foaming, free—

Over time itself victorious,

Image of eternity!

Sun, and moon, and stars, shine o'er thee,

See thy surface ebb and flow;

Yet attempt not to explore thee

In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendors steep thee

With the rainbow's glowing grace,

Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee,

'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth — her valleys and her mountains —

Mortal man's behests obey;

The unfathomable fountains

Scorn his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou, stupendous ocean!

But, if overwhelmed by thee,

Can we think, without emotion,

What must thy Creator be?

BERNARD BARTON.

THE ROBE OF INNOCENCE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LACHAMBAUDIE.

As Innocence went forth, one day,

She lost her white robe by the way.

She called on Fortune, Fame, and Pleasure,

Seeking of each the missing treasure;

And, seeking it of each in vain,

Repentance brought it back again.



THE CAMEL IN AMERICA.

RECENTLY camels have been imported by the United States government for use in Texas. During the years 1856, 7, and 8, some two hundred camels were brought to this country. At Camp Verde, above San Antonio, in Texas, they have thrived well, and many of them have foaled. The young ones bid fair to grow up as healthy, large, and strong, as those imported; thus proving, beyond controversy, that the camel can be bred on this continent quite as well as in Asiatic countries. The Secretary of the Navy (in 1858) was thoroughly satisfied of the great usefulness of these animals, and of their superiority for army service in the wilds of the interior over the horse and mule. This opinion is confirmed by the experiments already made, especially those by Lieut. Beale, who has used them in crossing the plains of New Mexico, and in traveling over the mountains, and found them entirely capable of enduring the climate, and of being employed to great advantage.

The Bactrian camel is distinguished by having two humps on its back; the Arabian camel, by having only one. The latter is sometimes, but erroneously, called the dromedary. The camel forms the principal wealth of the Arab; without it he could never attempt to penetrate the vast deserts where it lives, as its remarkable power of drinking at one draught sufficient water to serve it for several days, enables it to march from station to station without requiring to drink by the way. The peculiar structure of its stomach gives it this most useful power. In its stomach are a great number of deep cells, into which the water passes, and is then prevented from escaping by a muscle which closes the mouth of the cells. When the camel is thirsty, it has the power

of casting some of the water contained in these cells into its mouth.

The Bactrian camel is the kind now in use in the United States. This animal inhabits the middle and northern regions of Asia. According to Hue, the traveler in Thibet and Tartary, it can remain a fortnight, or even a month, without eating or drinking. Its hardy and robust temperament adapts itself to the most sterile regions. However wretched the land may be on which it is put to feed, it can always find wherewith to satisfy its hunger, especially if the soil be impregnated with salt or niter. Things that no other animal will touch, to it are welcome: briars and thorns, dry wood itself, supply it with efficient food.

Though it costs so little to keep, the camel is of a utility inconceivable to those who are not acquainted with the countries in which Providence has placed it. Its ordinary load is from seven hundred to eight hundred pounds, and it can carry this load ten leagues a day. Those indeed which are employed to carry dispatches are expected to travel eighty leagues a day, but then they only carry the dispatch bearer. In several countries of Tartary the carriages of the kings and princes are drawn by camels; but this can only be done in the level country: the fleshy nature of their feet does not permit them to climb mountains when they have a carriage or litter of any sort to drag after them.

The training of the young camel is a business requiring great care and attention. For the first week of its life, it can neither stand nor suck without some helping hand. Its long neck is then of such excessive flexibility and fragility that it runs the risk of dislocating it, unless some one is at hand to sustain the head while it takes its food.

The camel, born to servitude, seems impressed from its birth with a sense of the yoke it is destined to bear through life. You never see the young camel playing and frolicking about, as you see kids, colts, and other young animals. It is always

grave, melancholy, and slow in its movements, which it never hastens, unless under compulsion. In the night, and often in the day also, it sends forth a mournful cry, like that of an infant in pain.

Until its third year it can not carry a single rider; and it is not in full vigor until it is eight years old. Its trainers then begin to try it with loads, gradually heavier and heavier. If it can rise with its burden, this is a proof that it can carry it throughout the journey. The camel's capacity for labor endures for a long time. Provided that at certain periods of the year it is allowed a short holiday for pasturing at leisure, it will continue its service for fully fifty years.

Nature has provided the camel with no means of defense against other animals, unless you may so consider its piercing, prolonged cry, and its huge, shapeless, ugly frame. It seldom kicks, and when it does, it almost as seldom inflicts any injury. Its soft, fleshy foot can not wound, or even bruise you; neither can the camel bite an antagonist. In fact, its only practicable means of defense against man or beast is a sort of vehement sneeze, wherewith it discharges from nose and mouth a quantity of filth against the object which it seeks to intimidate or annoy.

The awkward aspect of the camel, its heavy, ungraceful movements, its projecting bare-lips, the callosities which disfigure various parts of its body, all contribute to render its appearance repulsive; yet its extreme gentleness and docility, and its services to man, render it of preëminent utility, and make us forget its deformity.

Notwithstanding the apparent softness of its feet, the camel can walk upon the most rugged ground, upon sharp flints, or thorns, or roots of trees, without wounding itself. Yet, if too long a journey is continuously imposed, if after a certain march you do not give it a few days' rest, the outer skin wears off, the flesh is bared, and the blood flows. Under such distressing circumstances, the Tartars make sheep-skin shoes for it; but this assistance is

unavailing without rest; for if you attempt to compel the camel to proceed, it lies down, and you are compelled either to remain with or to abandon it.

There is nothing which the camel so dreads as wet, marshy ground. The instant it places its feet upon any thing like mud, it slips and slides, and generally, after staggering about like a drunken man, falls heavily on its side. When about to repose, it kneels down, folds its fore-legs symmetrically under its body, and stretches out its long neck before it on the ground. In this position it looks just like a monstrous snail.

Every year, toward the close of spring, the camel sheds its hair, every individual bristle of which disappears before a single sprout of the new stock comes up. For twenty days the animal remains completely bare, as though it had been closely shaved all over. At this juncture it is exceedingly sensitive to cold or wet; and you see it, at the slightest chilliness in the air, or the least drop of rain, shivering and shaking in every limb, like a man without clothes exposed on the snow.

By degrees the new hair shows itself, in the form of fine, soft, curling wool, which gradually becomes a long, thick fur, capable of resisting the extremest inclemency of the weather. The greatest delight of the animal is now to walk in the teeth of the north wind, or to stand motionless on the summit of a hill, beaten by the storm and inhaling the icy wind. Some naturalists say that the camel can not exist in cold countries; these writers must have wholly forgotten the Tartarian camels, which, on the contrary, can not endure the least heat, and which certainly could not exist in Arabia.

The hair of an ordinary camel weighs about ten pounds. It is sometimes finer than silk, and always longer than sheep's wool. The milk of the camel is excellent, and supplies large quantities of butter and cheese. The flesh is hard, unsavory, and not much esteemed by the Tartars.

WHICH IS THE HEIR?

A JEWELER who carried on an extensive trade, and supplied the deficiencies of one country by the superfluities of another, leaving his home with a valuable assortment of diamonds, for a distant region, took with him his son and a young slave, whom he had purchased in his infancy, and had brought up more like an adopted child than a servant. They performed their intended journey, and the merchant disposed of his commodities with great advantage; but while preparing to return he was seized by a pestilential distemper, and died suddenly in the metropolis of a foreign country.

This accident inspired the slave with a wish to possess his master's treasures; and relying on the total ignorance of strangers, and the kindness every where shown him by the jeweler, he declared himself the son of the deceased, and took charge of the property. The true heir, of course, denied his pretensions, and solemnly declared himself to be the only son of the defunct, who had long before purchased his opponent as a slave. The contest produced various opinions.

It happened that the slave was a young man of comely person and of polished manners; while the jeweler's son was ill-favored by nature, and still more injured in his education by the indulgence of his parents. This superiority operated in the minds of many to support the claims of the former; but since no certain evidence could be produced on either side, it became necessary to refer the dispute to a court of law. There, however, from a total want of proofs, nothing could be done. The magistrate declared his inability to decide on unsupported assertions, in which each party was equally positive. This caused a report of the case to be made to the prince, who, having heard the particulars, was also confounded, and at a loss how to decide the question.

At length a happy thought occurred to the chief of the judges, and he engaged to ascertain the real heir. The two claimants being summoned before him, he ordered

them to stand behind a curtain prepared for the occasion, and to project their heads through two openings, when, after hearing their several arguments, he would cut off the head of him who should prove to be the slave. This they readily assented to; the one from a reliance on his honesty, the other from a confidence of the impossibility of detection.

Accordingly, each taking his place as ordered, thrust his head through a hole in the curtain. An officer stood in front with a drawn cimeter in his hand, and the judge proceeded to the examination. After a short debate, the judge cried out, "Enough! enough! Strike off the villain's head!" and the officer, who watched the moment, leaped towards the two youths. The impostor, startled at the brandished weapon, hastily drew back his head; while the jeweler's son, animated by conscious security, stood unmoved. The judge immediately decided for the latter, and ordered the slave to be taken into custody, to receive the punishment due to his infamous ingratitude.

THE WIDOW'S LAMP.—Some years ago there dwelt a widow in a lonely cottage on the sea-shore. All round her the coast was rugged and dangerous; and many a time was her heart melted by the sight of wrecked fishing-boats and coasting-vessels, and the piteous cries of perishing human beings. One stormy night, when the howling wind was making her loneliness more lonely, and her mind was conjuring up what the next morning's light might disclose, a happy thought occurred to her. Her cottage stood on an elevated spot, and her window looked out upon the sea: might she not place her lamp by that window, that it might be a beacon-light to warn some poor mariner off the coast? She did so. All her life after, during the winter nights, her lamp burned at the window; and many a poor fisherman had cause to bless God for the widow's lamp — many a crew were saved from perishing.

“JUDGE NOT.”

MANY years since, two pupils of the University of Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. “Do you know that man?” asked one student of the other.—“I do not; but, judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker.”—“Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic.”—“Staszic!” exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. “How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?”—“Yet so it is,” replied his companion. “Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious scholars of Europe.”

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius. Of low extraction, he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Gottingen; continued his studies in the College of France; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterwards, the Government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by cal-

umny. And so Staszic found it; for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him, “His heart,” said a priest, “is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold. A poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms.”—“He has worn the same coat for the last ten years,” remarked another.—“He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs,” chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest and said: “A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?”—“And pray what use does he make of it?”

“The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic?”—“O, yes; because he is as greedy of praise as of gold.”—“Poland esteems as her chief glory the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?”

“It was Staszic,” replied the priest, “and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noonday sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes, groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred miserable serfs. Go, some morning, to his house; there you will find a

poor woman beseeching, with tears, a cold, proud man, who repulses her. That man is Staszic; that woman, his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging. Next morning, he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother. This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts; he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him: "Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments, order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."—"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."—"You are, then, become rich?"—"I am as poor as ever."—"And your college?"—"I must leave it."—"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils. It must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it. "You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family." The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said: "Dear boy, always take heed

to this counsel — 'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma which I can not now solve; it is the secret of my life." Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added: "Keep an account of the money I give you; consider it as a loan; and when, some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice. On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant — his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades.

A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small, yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil. After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her yearly during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

TREATMENT OF SCHOLARS.



HILDREN under eight years of age should not usually be confined to the school-room more than one hour at a time, nor more than four hours in a day. These hours should afford considerable diversity of employments, so as to enable the child to change his posture frequently, and to be more or less upon his feet, and also to change the subject of thought so that the mind shall not be occupied by one subject too long or too intensely.

Intensity should be carefully avoided; it leads directly to disease of the brain, which often, probably, arises from this cause. Precocity is generally the result of disease of this organ, either functional or organic. The former may be cured by timely attention; the latter exhibits itself in epilepsy or an imbecility of mind, or proves fatal by the occurrence of inflammation or convulsion. Watchfulness can not begin too early to guard against evils fraught with misery to the future.

If a child exhibits any symptoms of precocity, it should be immediately taken from books and permitted to ramble and play in the open air, or engage in manual labor, and such amusements as will give rest to the mind, and health and vigor to the body.

The recess of school, for the children of eight years and under, should be long, the play active, and even noisy,—for the lungs acquire strength by exercise, as well as the muscles,—and every child should be required to unite in the sports of play-time. Fifteen minutes is a short time for recess; half an hour is better, particularly in summer.

During recess, the school-room ought to

be thrown open in warm weather, and the windows dropped a little way in the cold weather, so as thoroughly to ventilate the apartments. We have hardly learned yet that pure air is as important to health and life as good nourishment and pure water.

In school regulations, regard is usually paid to mental and moral improvement only. We forget that we have bodies, the preservation and training of which are not less necessary to the young than the acquisition of knowledge. Without health, we can have little enjoyment; with it, we can learn all that is necessary with ease, if we are not in too great haste. No limit is given to the age in which the vigorous and healthy can acquire useful knowledge.

It is of little use to make great acquirements, if, in doing so, we sow the seeds of disease, which will destroy the happiness and usefulness of life.—S. B. WOODWARD.

WRITING COMPOSITION.



AURA came to her instructor, and wished to be excused from writing a composition which had been required of her. The instructor inquired: Why do you wish me to excuse you, Laura?

Laura. I don't know what to write; I can not write any thing fit to be seen.

Instructor. Well, Laura, we will converse about it. Do you wish to be excused from spelling, reading, or writing?

Laura. No, sir.

Inst. Why not from these, as well as from writing a composition?

Laura. They are easy; and, besides, we could not do without a knowledge of them.

Inst. Could you always read, Laura?

Laura. No, sir.

Inst. How is it that you can read now?

Laura. I have learned to read.

Inst. How long were you in trying to learn, before you could read with ease?

Laura. I do not know; it was a long time.

Inst. Did you tell the teacher that you wished to be excused, and that you never could learn, and that you could not read in a way fit to be heard?

Laura. No, I did not.

Inst. I saw you knitting and sewing, the other day; could you always knit and sew?

Laura. I could not.

Inst. How, then, can you do so now?

Laura. Because I have learned how to do both.

Inst. How did you learn?

Laura. By trying.

Inst. Did you ever tell your mother she must excuse you from knitting and sewing, because you did not know how, and could not sew or knit fit to be seen?

Laura. I did not.

Inst. Why did you not?

Laura. I knew, if I did not keep trying, I never could learn, and so I kept on.

Inst. Do you think it is necessary to know how to write letters, and to express ourselves properly when writing?

Laura. O, yes, sir!

Inst. You expect to have occasion to write letters, do you not?

Laura. I presume I shall, for I have written to my brother and cousin already.

Inst. Then you think, if I should aid you in learning to write a letter or other piece of composition *properly*, that I should do you a great benefit.

Laura. I suppose, sir, you would.

Inst. Is it right for me to benefit you and the school as much as I can?

Laura. I suppose, sir, you ought to aid us all you can.

Inst. Should I do right, if I neglect the means which will benefit you?

Laura. No, sir.

Inst. Now I will answer you. You asked if I would excuse you from writing. I will do so, if you think I could be justified in neglecting to benefit you as much as I can. If you can say, sincerely, that you believe it is my duty to do wrong to the school, by indulging them in neglecting what they ought to learn, then I will comply with your request.

Laura frankly acknowledged that the teacher ought not to excuse her from this exercise.—S. R. HALL.

OLD CHRISTMAS.

Now, he who knows old Christmas,

He knows a carle of worth;

For he is as good a fellow

As any upon the earth!

He comes warm cloaked and coated,

And buttoned up to the chin;

And soon as he comes a-nigh the door,

'T will open and let him in

We know that he will not fail us,

So we sweep the hearth up clean;

We set him in the old arm-chair,

And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy

We make the house look gay;

Just out of an old regard to him,—

For it was his ancient way.

He comes with a cordial voice,

That does one good to hear;

He shakes one heartily by the hand,

As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children

He asks in a cheerful tone,

Jack, Kate, and little Annie,—

He remembers them every one!

What a fine old fellow he is!

With his faculties all as clear,

And his heart as warm and light,

As a man in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow, in troth! —

Not one of your griping elves,

Who, with plenty of money to spare,

Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,

And holiday begs for all;

And comes with his pockets full of gifts,

For the great ones and the small!

And he tells us witty old stories,

And singeth with might and main;

And we talk of the old man's visit

Till the day that he comes again!

MARY HOWITT.

So should we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower —
A self-reviving thing of power!

That every thought and every deed

May hold within itself the seed

Of future good and future need. MILWAUKEE.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER'S STORY.

MANY years ago, when I taught a district school, I adopted it as a principle to give as few rules to scholars as possible. I had, however, one standing rule, which was, "Strive under all circumstances to do right;" and the text of right, under all circumstances, was the Golden Rule, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them." If an offense was committed, it was my invariable practice to ask, "Was it right? was it as you would be done by?"

All my experience and observation have convinced me that no act of a pupil ought to be regarded as an offense, unless it be such when measured by the standard of the Golden Rule. During the last year of my teaching, the only tests I ever applied to an act of which it was necessary to judge were those of the above questions. By this course I gained many important advantages.

In the first place, the plea "You have not made any rule against it," which for a long time was a terrible burden to me, lost all its power. In the second place, by keeping constantly before the scholar, as a standard of action, the single text of right and wrong, as one which he was to apply for himself, I was enabled to cultivate in him a deep feeling of personal responsibility. In the third place, I got a stronger hold on his feelings, and acquired a new power of cultivating and directing them. In the fourth place, I had the satisfaction of seeing him become more truthful, honest, trustworthy, and manly, in his intercourse with me, with his friends, and with his schoolfellows.

Once, however, I was sadly puzzled by an application of the principle by one of my scholars, George Jones, a large boy, who, partly through a false feeling of honor, and partly through a feeling of stubbornness, refused to give me some information. The circumstances were these :

A scholar had played some trick which interrupted the exercises. As was my custom, I called on the one who had done the mischief to come forward. As no one started, I repeated the request, but with no success. Finding that the culprit would not confess his guilt, I asked George if he knew who committed the offense. "I did not do it," was the reply.—"But do you know who did?"—"Yes, sir."—"Who was it?"—"I do not wish to tell."—"But you must tell. It is my duty to ask, and yours to answer me."—"I can not do it," said George, firmly.—"Then you must stop with me after school."

He stopped, as requested; but nothing which I could urge would induce him to reveal any thing. At last, out of patience with what I believed to be the obstinacy of the boy, I said, "Well, George, I have borne with you as long as I can, and you must either tell me or be punished."

With a triumphant look, as though conscious that he had cornered me by an application of my favorite rule, he replied, "I can't tell you, because it would not be right. The boy would not like to have me tell of him, and I'll do as I'd be done by."

A few years earlier, I should have deemed a reply thus given an insult, and should have resented it accordingly; but experience and reflection had taught me the folly of this, and that one of the most important applications of my oft-quoted rule was, to judge of the nature of others as I would have them judge of mine. Yet, for the moment, I was staggered. His plea was plausible; he might be honest in making it. I did not see in what respect it was fallacious. I felt that it would not do to retreat from my position, and suffer the offender to escape; and yet, that I should do a great injustice by compelling a boy to do a thing if he really believed it to be wrong.

After a little pause, I said, "Well, George, I do not wish to do any thing which is wrong, or which conflicts with your golden rule. We will leave this for to-night, and perhaps you will alter your mind before to-morrow."

I saw him privately before school, and found him more firm in his refusal than ever. After the devotional exercises of the morning, I began to question the scholars, as was my wont, on various points of duty; and gradually led the conversation to the Golden Rule.

"Who," I asked, "are the persons to whom, as the members of this school, you ought to do as you would be done by? Your parents, who support and send you here? your schoolmates, who are engaged in the same work with yourselves? the citizens of the town, who by taxing themselves raise money to pay the expenses of this school? the school-committee, who take so great an interest in your welfare? your teacher? or the scholar who carelessly or wilfully commits some offense against good order?" A hearty "yes" was responded to every question except the last, at which they were silent.

Then addressing George, I said: "Yesterday I asked you who had committed a certain offense. You refused to tell me, because you thought it would not be doing as you would be done by. I now wish you to reconsider the subject. On one side are your parents, your schoolmates, the citizens of this town, the school-committee, and your teacher, all deeply interested in every thing affecting the prosperity of this school; on the other side is the boy who, by this act, has shown himself ready to injure all these. To which party will you do as you would be done by?"

After a moment's pause, he said: "To the first. It was William Brown who did it." My triumph, or rather the triumph of principle, was complete; and the lesson was as deeply felt by the other members of the school as by him for whom it was specially designed.—PROF. ROBERT ALLYN.

PROVERBS.—Less of your courtesy, and more of your coin. Lying rides on debt's back. Much coin, much care; much meat, much malady. Men may be pleased with a jester, but they never esteem him. Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.



AN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF INSECTS *

At a meeting of the most influential of the insect tribes, it was proposed to open a grand exhibition for the works of all classes. This proposition was seconded by Mr. Spinner, the spider; and Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, and Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket, having each in an eloquent speech supported the motion, it was agreed to unanimously, every insect present promising to furnish its portion in aid of the great design.

The next point to be discussed was the place most suitable for the exhibition. This gave rise to much agitation. Mr. Sweet, the honey-bee, wanted to erect an edifice of wax, with a distinct cell for each exhibitor; but he was opposed by Mr. Snooze, the drone, on the grounds that it would take a lifetime to accomplish the undertaking, besides requiring too much labor to please the class to which he belonged. Mr. Busy, the ant, suggested the formation of a subterraneous excavation, which he said would be a plan attended with much advantage, as by it the parties could be protected from the heat of the sun and the influence of the atmosphere. This idea was received with great satisfaction by Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket; and he obligingly offered his services in constructing galleries and apartments of superior size, remarking that Mr. Busy could assist in the formation of the small passages, and in the removal of the rubbish.

Mr. Bustle Buzz, the blue-bottle, strenuously opposed this scheme, wisely observing that, although his friends Messrs. Burrow and Busy might feel quite at home under ground, yet he, and the class he represented, would be decidedly out of their

* We trust this lively article will lead many of our young readers to make themselves acquainted with the wonders of Insect Life.

element. If he might be allowed to make a proposition, he would say, occupy a portion of the superb Azure Palace, already in existence, and which was erected before any of the assembled party were called into being. This speech was greatly applauded, and Sir Harry Highflier, the emperor butterfly, saying he was well acquainted with a situation every way fit for the purpose, the proposal was agreed to without any more discussion.

As soon as the arrangements for occupying the area selected by Sir Harry Highflier were completed, each exhibitor was requested to forward his contributions to the care of Messrs. Sweet and Busy, who undertook to classify the articles, apportioning to each its allotted space.

In the locomotive department were some curious stilts, sent by the firm of Stride and Stumble, of the crane flies; also some apparatus for facilitating the game of leap-frog, by Messrs. Hop and Go-forward, of the grasshoppers. Mr. Airy, the gossamer spider, contributed a novel kind of jaunting car, formed of minute threads rolled together, and extremely buoyant, on which the luxurious possessor could float in the atmosphere, and glide joyously over the meadows and fields in the bright sunshine.

In the next compartment were the various contrivances used for habitations and shelter among the insect tribes. Mr. Sweet, the honey-bee, sent a magnificent palace of wax, separated into many divisions, with royal cells fit for a queen; others, of smaller dimensions, suited to the wants of royal consorts; and some, still less, for the accommodation of the majority of her majesty's loyal subjects; also a proper number of apartments in which the supplies of bread and honey could be retained till required for use.

Cosy and Snug, the leaf-rolling caterpillars, exhibited many tents of different shapes and various sizes, capable of withstanding the inclemency of the weather, and formed of the leaves of the hazel, oak, lilac, and nettle. Mr. Spoiler, the clothes-moth, forwarded a fine specimen of his

handiwork, made from the best coat of a miser. Mr. Spinner, the spider, contributed a nest, beautifully soft and conveniently large, which, by being placed in the corner of a high cornice, had for three weeks escaped the vigilance of the house-maid. Sir Harry Highflier, the emperor butterfly, sent the flask-shaped dormitory occupied by himself whilst in a state of quiescence.

Messrs. Testy and Sting, of the wasp family, forwarded a domicile of large dimensions, in which were several stories, varying in size, supported one on another by pillars, and suspended to the roof by one of unusual strength; these were inclosed in a globular covering, displaying great skill and ingenuity in the execution. They also furnished some of the raw material, consisting of the stump of an old apple-tree, and a specimen of the powerful pincers used to cut it up and by mastication prepare it for use.

Mr. Soft, the Silkworm, contributed a habitation formed of bright yellow silk, beautifully smooth, impervious to draught, and in which he proposed to doze away no inconsiderable portion of his existence. Mr. Twine, the caddis-fly, exhibited a very picturesque aquatic grotto, made of small stones and tiny shells, fastened together by silken cords.

The compartment in which the greatest ingenuity and skill were developed, and which excited the keenest emulation among the exhibitors, was that devoted to the abodes of the rising generation. This also attracted the attention of all the matronly frequenters of the exhibition. Amongst the most noticeable of these structures was the section of a subterraneous cave-like nest, with part of the entrance-passage, forwarded by the help-mate of Mr. Burrow, the mole-cricket. Mrs. Tidy, the upholsterer bee, exhibited a model nursery; in shape it resembled a Florence flask, and the interior being made perfectly smooth, was lined with a brilliant scarlet drapery procured from the flowers of the field poppy. In this luxurious abode was room for a suf-

ficient quantity of honey and pollen to nourish Mr. Tidy's young heir.

Mrs. Hum, the gnat, sent a cluster of eggs formed with great care and skill, in the shape of a boat, and equally buoyant, each egg being placed with the aperture downwards, to enable its occupant to quit it with ease, and enter at once into the liquid element it was to inhabit during the two first stages of its existence. Mrs. Hum also exhibited some ingenious apparatus for securing the amount of atmospheric air required to sustain life whilst under water. These contrivances varied much in detail, being at one period attached to the tail of the insect, at another to the head.

Mr. Bright, the lantern-fly, contributed a beautiful specimen of natural light in the form of a lantern, which was exhibited with almost magical effect. Mrs. Spangle, the glow-worm, forwarded a lamp, which being placed, of a calm summer's evening, on a mossy bank, would prove an object of great attraction to any idler in the vicinity.

Messrs. Sparkle and Sprack, the fireflies, exhibited a design for an illumination taken from the tropical forests, and composed of a number of fireflies sporting in and out between the luxuriant foliage of their native woods.

Messrs. Chirrup and Hop, of the cricket family, contributed some musical instruments of curious construction, and capable of emitting a sound peculiar to the genus of which it is a distinguishing mark. Her majesty, the reigning queen of the bee tribe, exhibited the silvery pipe which conferred on her the power of quelling the most uproarious proceedings of her generally quiet and orderly subjects.

Mr. Cheatum, the ant-lion, forwarded a pitfall, constructed with great labor and skill, in the form of a circular cone, and in which, by adopting the principle of the sliding scale, he proposed securing enough prey to satisfy his appetite.

Catchum & Co., of the geometric spiders, contributed a beautiful net, composed of threads radiating from the center, and crossed at regular intervals by circular lines

of the same materials. In this elaborately worked trap the wily possessor would entangle the unwary insect, which, being deceived by its brilliancy on a dewy morning, and wishing to take advantage of the reflective properties of the numerous gems with which it was radiant to aid him in bedecking himself, would advance too near its treacherous precincts, and become irrecoverably entangled in its meshes.

Many other contributions were well worthy of notice, but the limit of the present paper prevents our particularizing them.



HARVEST HOME.

HARK ! from woodlands far away,
Sounds the merry roundelay ;
Now across the russet plain
Slowly moves the loaded wain.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home !

Never fear the wintry blast,
Summer suns will shine at last ;
See the golden grain appear—
See the produce of the year.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home !

Children, join the jocund ring ;
Young and old, come forth and sing ;
Stripling blithe and maiden gay,
Hail the rural holiday.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home !

Peace and plenty be our lot,
All the pangs of war forgot ;
Strength to toil, and ample store,
Bless our country evermore.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home !

PROVERBS. — Learning is wealth to the poor, and an ornament to the rich. Let pleasures be ever so innocent, the excess is criminal. Light griefs are loquacious. Let not the tongue forerun the thought.

RACES ON THE ICE.

At the commencement of winter, says Ancelot, a French writer, they trace on the ice the road that leads from St. Petersburg to Cronstadt, and which is indicated by landmarks raised on either side. From league to league, one finds well-warmed sentry-boxes, where sentinels are placed, who, in foggy weather, keep up fires at certain intervals, and ring bells, the prolonged sound of which animates and guides the traveler. About the middle of the route a *restaurateur* is established.

The immense multitude of persons, of all ages and both sexes, enveloped in their large fur pelisses, and gliding with indifference over the fragile surface that separates them from the deep, offers a strange spectacle to the inhabitants of more southern countries, and occasions in their minds a dread unknown to the people of the north.

But it is when the races with the "boners," a kind of sledge made with boats, have commenced, that more especially the Cronstadt road presents a most animated spectacle. These "boners" are constructed of boats fixed on two iron plates resembling those of skates; a third piece of iron is fitted under the rudder; benches for the travelers are arranged around this craft, which carries one or two and sometimes three masts. These vessels, equipped with various rigging and ornamented with flags of different colors, being propelled by the wind, which at this season blows with violence, and under the direction of skillful guides, fly along with incredible rapidity. The pale-looking sun pours down upon them his rays, which convey no warmth. The sails expand, the wind rises, and the vessels dash on; while the sailors by varied maneuvers strive to outstrip one another; and thus, in less than an hour, a distance of ten leagues is accomplished.

Peter the Great was very fond of these races on the ice, and his great foresight knew how to turn them to good account: pursuing without intermission the design which his genius had formed, namely, of training seamen, and fearing that in the inac-

tion of a long winter the men whom he had initiated in the secrets of maneuvering vessels should lose the advantage of his instructions, he exercised them in this manner; and on a solid ocean, so to speak, furnished them with that experience which they afterwards displayed on the stormy seas.



FIELD FLOWERS.

Flowers of the field, how meet ye seem

Man's frailty to portray;

Blooming so fair in morning's beam,

Passing at eve away!

Teach this, and, O ! though brief your reign,
Sweet flowers, ye shall not live in vain.

Go, form a mortuary wreath

For youth's unthinking brow ;

Go, and to busy manhood breathe

What most he shrinks from now ;

Go, strew the path where age doth tread,
And tell him of the silent dead.

But whilst to thoughtless ones and gay

Ye breathe these truths severe,

To those who droop in pale decay

Have ye no word of cheer ?

O, yes ! ye weave a double spell,
And death and life betoken well.

Go, then, where, wrapt in fear and gloom,

Fond hearts and true are sighing,

And deck with emblematic bloom

The pillow of the dying ;

And softly speak, nor speak in vain,
Of your long sleep and broken chain ;

And say that He who from the dust

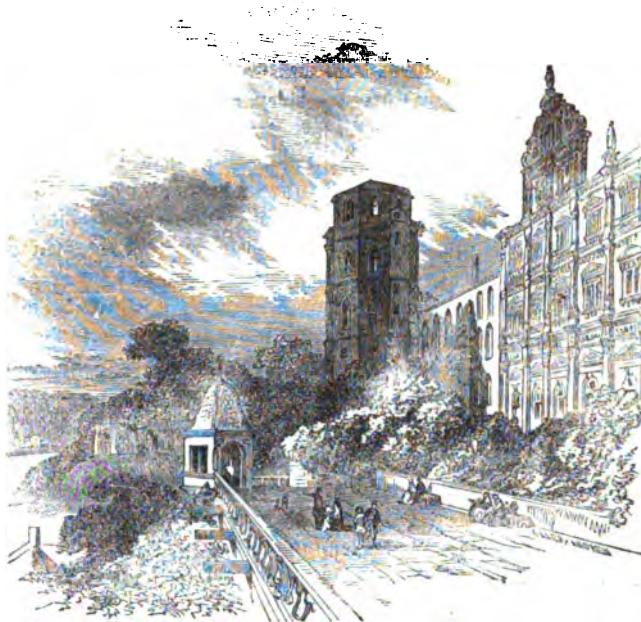
Recalls the slumbering flower,

Will surely fail not those who trust

His mercy and his power ;

Will save from the corrupting worm,
For higher life, the immortal germ !

WHICH travels at the greatest speed,
heat or cold? Heat; because you can
easily catch cold.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

THE city of Heidelberg, containing about thirteen thousand inhabitants, lies in one of the most beautiful parts of Germany, on the left bank of the River Neckar. It is situated between the river and the mountains, which here form the eastern boundary of the valley of the Rhine. From one of these mountains, two thousand feet high, and called Königstuhl, on the summit of which a lofty tower has been erected, there is a magnificent view of the most beautiful scenery in Germany. The castle, of which we give a picture, stands on the lower part of this mountain, and has remained a ruin, but a magnificent one, since 1764, when it was struck by lightning and rendered wholly uninhabitable. In the cellar under it is the celebrated Heidelberg tun, which, though smaller than several of the London porter-vats, is the largest wine-cask in the world, being thirty-six feet in length, twenty-six feet in diameter, and capable of holding eight hundred hogsheads.

Heidelberg is rich in public walks. The gardens around the castle are well laid out, and at every turn present the finest views of the Neckar, and the fertile and richly-

wooded valley through which it winds to join the Rhine. The town is chiefly celebrated for its university, which was founded in 1386. The university buildings, no way remarkable, stand in a small square in the center of the town. In a separate building is the university library, which contains one hundred and fifty thousand volumes and several manuscripts. The streets of the town are gloomy and narrow. Its chief trade is in raw tobacco, oil, refined wax, leather, paper, and surgical and musical instruments; it also has breweries and tobacco factories.

NIGHT REVEALS WHAT DAY CONCEALS.

Mysterious Night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And, lo ! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O sun ! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orts thou mad'st us blind ?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife ?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

BLANCO WHITE.

DISCOURTESY PUNISHED.

CHARACTERS.—EDWIN ROOKE, CHARLES DESMOND,
MR. HAWKINS.

Enter EDWIN and CHARLES, at opposite sides.

Edwin. Well, schoolfellow, I start for Philadelphia this afternoon.

Charles. You're in luck, Edwin.

Edwin. That remains to be seen. I carry the best of letters to Mr. Hawkins, the head of the great house of Hawkins & Co.

Charles. One of our merchant princes, I suppose.

Edwin. Rather an odd one, I am told; eccentric, impulsive, and all that. I don't like eccentric people. But I have never seen old Hawkins yet; so I'll not prejudge him.

Charles. He has an enviable reputation for integrity. His word is as good as his bond.

Edwin. So they say. My old man tried to make him commit himself in my favor, but he would n't do it. He says he'll take me, if he likes me—not without.

Charles. Whom do you mean by your old man?

Edwin. The governor, to be sure—my father. Don't you call yours *the old man*?

Charles. Never. I would not speak of him by any name less dear or respectful than that of father.

Edwin. Good boy! You always were a prig, Desmond. At school we used to call you Miss Nancy.

Charles. Did I resent it?

Edwin. No; but you knocked down Long Parkins, who first gave you the nickname.

Charles. Not for the nickname, however, but because there was no other way of defending an old apple-stall woman, whose little stock in trade he was trying to upset.

Edwin. Long Parkins never called you Miss Nancy after that.

Charles. I dare say not; I certainly did n't mind it, if he did.

Edwin. You're a queer fellow, Desmond. Why don't you go into a store?

Charles. To be frank, I can't afford to

go into one of these large establishments, like that of Hawkins & Co., where for several years you get nothing in the way of salary, and are expected to find yourself.

Edwin. But they say, if old Hawkins takes a liking to a fellow, he will do anything for him. I mean to get the blind side of him,—humor him, you know,—and then my promotion will be rapid and sure.

Charles. I fancy that the best way to win his regard will be to show him that you are faithful and true—above all meanness and disguise; that you —

Edwin. Now, don't begin lecturing, old fellow! Reserve those remarks for your virgin discourse before the Mercantile Library Association. I know just what you are going to say. Look you, Desmond, when I get to be a member of the house of Hawkins & Co., and drive my span of horses down Chestnut-street, perhaps I will —

Enter MR. HAWKINS, with a whip in his hand.

Hawkins. Excuse me for interrupting you, young gentlemen, but shall you be standing here five minutes?

Edwin. Shall I be standing here? Pray, what's that to you?

Hawk. I thought, if you would be kind enough to keep an eye on my horse yonder, I would do as much for you, if I ever had a chance.

Edwin. You would do as much for me! Do you imagine, old fellow, that I am likely ever to call upon *you* to do any thing for *me*?

Hawk. There's no knowing. A mouse once served a lion, you remember. But, if you are not going to be here, I will get some one else to attend to my horse.

Edwin. As I am waiting for an omnibus, I am likely to be here five, six, ten minutes; but I am no hostler, friend, and am not accustomed to holding horses.

Hawk. Bless you, he needs no holding. I merely want you to see that nobody steps in to the chaise and drives off.

Edwin. Leave us, leave us, my good man.

Charles. Sir, I will look after your horse with pleasure. Do not hurry yourself. I can wait ten minutes, if you wish it.

Hawk. Much obliged, young gentleman. I shall not be long absent. [Exit.]

Edwin. Why do you encourage such cattle?

Charles. The man made a civil request; why should n't I oblige him?

Edwin. Could n't you see, by the cut of his jib, that he was no gentleman?

Charles. I looked at his features, not at his clothes. Besides, had he been a hod-carrier, it would have been all the same; a pleasure to me to do him a kindness.

Edwin. Ah, Desmond, with such plebeian notions, you 'll never get on in the world; you 'll never rise to be a member of the firm of Hawkins & Co.

Re-enter HAWKINS.

Hawkins. Hullo! What 's that about Hawkins & Co.?

Edwin. Really, my friend, I don't know what business it is of yours.

Hawk. Don't be too sure of that. I live in Philadelphia, and see old Hawkins every day.

Edwin. Perhaps you are his barber or his handcartman. There, go, friend! your horse is getting impatient; and we have had quite enough of your polished society.

Charles. Speak for yourself, Mr. Rook. I have found no fault with the gentleman's society.

Edwin. The gentleman, indeed!

Hawk. (to CHARLES). What was he saying about Hawkins & Co.?

Charles. Well, sir, you must know that Mr. Rook, now present, is about visiting Philadelphia, with letters which will no doubt secure him a place in the counting-room of Hawkins & Co.

Hawk. Indeed! Well, now, let me tell him that Hawkins is a queer, capricious old fellow, and very uncertain — very. But go on.

Charles. Because I consented to look after your horse, my friend Rook remarked that with such plebeian propensities I could

never rise to be a member of the firm of Hawkins & Co.

Hawk. I 'm not so sure of that. What 's to prevent it?

Edwin. Ha, ha, ha! I think our new friend must be president of a bank, at least.

Charles (to HAWKINS). I fear you are disposed to amuse yourself with me, sir.

Hawk. Not a bit of it! What 's to prevent your being a candidate for a place in the rich man's counting-room?

Charles. Ah! None of my keys will fit that opening. In the first place, stranger, I want influence; in the next place, I want means.

Hawk. You shall want neither — neither, I say! I like your looks. You 've had a good education, eh? — can write, cipher, and keep books?

Edwin. He can do all that, and a good deal more, old fellow; but what does it amount to, if he can't carry such letters as that — and that — and that? (*Showing letters.*)

Hawk. Hawkins has bushels of just such every day. A word from me would outweigh them all.

Edwin. That 's a likely story! Why, Desmond, you really look as if you believed him. But a drowning man will catch at razors. Don't you see he is quizzing us? Who are you, old fellow?

Hawk. Allow me to look once more at those letters.

Edwin (handing letters). Here! look at them.

Hawk. (opening one). By your leave.

Edwin. Hullo! That letter was sealed. Don't you know better than that — to break open a private letter?

Hawk. It is a liberty I am in the habit of taking with all the letters addressed to John Hawkins. (*Reads the letter.*)

Edwin. What do you mean by that?

Charles (taking him aside). Be quiet, Edwin. If I am not greatly mistaken, this is Mr. Hawkins himself.

Edwin. Impossible! Who would ever

have dreamed of it? But it would be just like my luck.

Hawk. (*putting letters into his pocket.*) Well, Mr. Edwin Rook, I can spare you the trouble and expense of making a journey to Philadelphia. If the house of Hawkins & Co. should ever need your services, you shall hear from me.

Edwin. What, sir, are *you* Mr. Hawkins?

Hawk. So my friends tell me, and so I believe.

Edwin. Really, sir, if I had imagined such a thing, I would have held your horse with pleasure. I hope you will pardon, sir, any little want of civility I may have shown. Had I known who you were —

Hawk. Enough, Mr. Rook. Courtesy, politeness, readiness to oblige — extended not merely to the rich and well-dressed, but to the poor and unfriended — these are essentials in the house of Hawkins & Co. Your insolence to myself I readily overlook; but I can not, in justice to my partners, take into my counting-room a young man who has betrayed his character to me in advance in so unfortunate a manner. It was not your *refusal* to oblige me, but the *manner* of your refusal, that revealed what I did not like.

Edwin. My father, sir, has been depending on your giving me a place.

Hawk. I am sorry to disappoint him. Tell him I will duly answer his letter. (*To CHARLES.*) As for you, young man, — Desmond, I think he called you, — will you oblige me by stepping into my chaise, and driving with me to my hotel?

Charles. I am at your orders, sir. But I hope you will forgive my friend. He is an excellent accountant, and you can easily cure him of his wrong notions.

Hawk. I fear not. Come, Mr. Desmond. Courtesy springs from a deeper root than a mere wrong notion — from a bad heart. Good-morning, Mr. Rook. [*Exit.*]

Charles. Cheer up, Edwin. I will plead your cause with him. Cheer up.

[*Exit after HAWKINS.*]

Edwin. Was there ever such luck!

How shall I explain matters to the governor? Is n't it a kind of false pretense when a man worth a million goes dressed like a journeyman bricklayer? [*Exit.*]

A MAGPIE STORY.

THAT man should be attracted by glittering or gaudy articles, scarcely surprises us. The savage must have his ornaments; so must the magnate of a mighty empire. To the one and to the other these toys are alike valuable, be they in the one case a string of shells, or in the other a tiara of diamonds. And, could we dive into the feelings which alike inspire the savage and the civilized, we should doubtless find them based upon a deep-rooted, perhaps an innate principle, which has ever operated, and will ever operate, in the human mind, namely, a love of ornament — a taste, unhappily, often abused.

Seeing, then, the gratification which man experiences from the sight or contemplation of objects *intrinsically* valueless, but pleasing to the eye, — such as gold and silver, gems and pearls, — may we not here pause to inquire whether traces of this inwrought love of glittering or beautiful things are not manifested by some of the animals belonging to the lower orders of creation? In short, do any animals exhibit a predilection for objects which, from various causes, gratify our sense of sight?

We think we can assume the affirmative, although we candidly confess that no theory suggests itself to us, on which to explain this feeling. For example, the bower-birds of Australia pave their summer-houses and bowers with snow-white bones and glossy shells, and hang upon the twigs, of which these bowers are most artfully constructed, the gaudiest feathers of paroquets, and of other species remarkable for the richness of their plumage.

To the fondness of many other birds for shining articles we need scarcely allude. The raven, the jackdaw, the magpie, and the jay, are notorious examples in point; not only do they exhibit a pilfering dispo-

sition, but a strong tendency to hide and hoard up the articles which they have purloined, and which can be of no manner of use to them. They are, in fact, cunning, adroit thieves—"the snappers up of unconsidered trifles," not unfrequently of valuables. Many, in fact, are the thimbles, beads, scissors, etc., of which pet magpies have deprived their owners; and these they hide in some nook or corner, not from any benefit to be derived therefrom, but apparently for the pleasure of occasionally looking at them, and again concealing them.

Many stories have been told of the knavery of the magpie—not, perhaps, altogether without embellishments and additions, according to the taste of the narrator. It so happens that we have also a story to tell, and that, too, about a magpie. We pledge ourselves to its veracity, without the least exaggeration. It is extraordinary, but only from a strange coincidence. It is as follows:

Some years since, a pet magpie was kept in a state of liberty in the garden and about the premises of a reverend gentleman (within a few miles from London), whose family it greatly amused by its sly tricks, cunning, and audacity. One day, the gentleman missed his silver pencil-case, and, though strict search was made, nowhere could the lost article be found. Every individual in the house was above suspicion; but the magpie, though it hopped into every room, if the door chanced to be open, was not taken into the account.

About two months passed over. At length, one afternoon, while the gentleman and his family were taking tea in a parlor overlooking the garden, a person said, "How singular it is that your pencil-case should have disappeared so suddenly! what can have become of it?" He answered, in a jesting strain, "Perhaps the magpie can tell." The magpie was hopping about the room, in attendance as usual, and on the look-out for some bit of mischief. No sooner, however, were the words said, than, having turned up his eye with a cunning look, he hopped away into the garden with

great celerity, traversed a path, and was then observed to mount the thick old thatch of an out-house, in an adjacent market-garden, abutting upon the gentleman's garden-wall. Having arrived at a certain spot, he began to peg away with his beak in a most energetic manner, the party all the time watching his proceedings. In a short time he drew something forth, with which he descended, carrying it in his beak. He then regained the path, hurried along it, and soon dropped the pencil-case before the feet of the astonished observers.

Do not let it be supposed that we deem the bird to have been bewitched, or to have understood a word that was uttered. We regard the circumstance as one of those accidental coincidences which are sometimes more startling and unexpected than many which are feigned by the romantic novelist. Why the bird should have stolen the pencil-case (to him a useless article), and why he should have hidden it, remembering the precise place of its concealment, we can not tell. Be this as it may; he dug it up in the way described, and hopped along with it, displaying an air of exultation, as if he had performed a capital joke.

It may be added that, on the discovery of this magpie's place of concealment, a search was made, and a hoard of purloined trifles, some of which had been long missed, were recovered; among them were beads, thimbles, small scissors, broken tobacco-pipes, bits of rag, etc. Like most pets, this favorite came to an untimely end; he was drowned in a water-butt.

It is said that fire was entirely unknown to many of the nations of antiquity, and even at the present day it is unknown in some parts of Africa. The inhabitants of the Marion Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire, and expressed the greatest astonishment on first beholding it, believing it to be some living animal, which fed on wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant upon the same subject.



LAMENT.

AND art thou cold and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade !
For thee shall none a requiem say,—
For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line ?—
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honored pine !

What groans shall yonder valley fill !
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill !
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun !

There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.—
O, woe for Alpine's honored pine !

Sad was thy lot on mortal stage !—
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The imprisoned eagle dies for rage.
Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain !
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her woe and tears with mine
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored pine.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Original.

DAMON AND PHINTIAS.*

CHARACTERS.—DIONYSIUS I. of SYRACUSE, DAMON,
PHINTIAS.

Enter DAMON and DIONYSIUS, meeting.

Dionysius. Is Damon, the philosopher, ready to redeem his pledge? The hour is nigh. No Phintias appears. Thy friend has betrayed thee. Why dost thou shake thy head? How infatuated the credulity that could lead thee to suppose he would

* The name of Damon's friend is often erroneously written *Pythias*.

return to render up the life for which thou standest surely! Fool! Hast thou not lived long enough to know that such heroisms belong to the dreams of poets, and not to the sober realities of life? But think not to escape the penalty thou hast incurred. Freely hast thou become his substitute; and if thy friend, this convicted conspirator against my throne,—if Phintias,—returns not in five minutes, thou must die in his stead.

Damon. I ask no respite.

Di. Dost thou believe he will return?

Da. Yes.

Di. The watchmen on the towers have scanned with care each avenue that leads to Syracuse, and yet no horseman, eager in his haste, appears upon the road. Thou 'rt fooled. My dear philosopher, didst thou suppose that Phintias, once at home, out of my jurisdiction, his wife and children round him, would come back to lay his head upon the block and die—die, because Damon, like a simpleton, had pledged his own life for his friend's return?

Da. He will return in season. Never fear.

Di. He must ride faster, then, than ever horseman rode into Syracuse. But, should he *not* return?

Da. Why, even then, King Dionysius, I would not believe—not for one moment, would I—that my friend intended to betray me. Accidents may happen to the best of us. A horse may stumble; a man may be waylaid—prevented.

Di. When a friend's life is in the scale, there should be such precautions as would bar out accident. He should have been content with naught but certainty.

Da. No life is certain. What if, in his haste, he should have overtired himself, and fallen helpless?

Di. What if the dread of death should have so weakened his knees that he could not run?

Da. Unkingly sneer! O! couple not the thought of cowardice with Phintias. He would abhor a life purchased by treachery. Should he not come—

Di. Should he not come? He has not come! One moment, and the signal for thy death sounds in the court-yard.

Da. Let it sound! Now do I hope in truth he will not come; for now I know that some mischance detains him. He has a wife and children; I have neither. How many hearts would be made desolate should he be stricken from the living list! Me few would miss, save Phintias.

Di. And thou canst trust him still! Infatuation! Hark! Now summon thy philosophy. The signal sounds, and where is Phintias?

Enter PHINTIAS.

Phintias. Here!

Da. Returned! My friend! (*They embrace*).

Di. (aside). And is it he, in truth?

Da. Dear Phintias, I began to hope some happy chance would keep you back. You can not speak. Your breath comes painfully.

Phin. (breathless). A moment — and I'll tell thee.

Di. (aside). And have I been a skeptic all my life in friendship, now to find that it exists, a bright reality, in these two hearts?

Phin. O, Damon! Didst thou mistrust me? Didst thou think that I would play thee false?

Da. Not for one moment, Phintias! I would have laid my head upon the block as certain of thy truth as I am now.

Phin. I knew it. Thus it happened. My freedman, Hermion, hoping to save my life, hamstrung my horse to stop me in my journey. Poor fellow! 'T was in fondness that he did it, but in my hopeless rage I seized the varlet, and would have sent him straight to Tartarus from a high cliff, whereon we, struggling, stood, had I not at the moment spied a traveler on a fresh steed, whom forcing to dismount, I took his place, and, riding at a gallop till the horse dropped lifeless, I rushed on, the rest of the way on foot, and here I am — and thou, my friend, art safe!

Di. (aside). Now do I feel as if *he* were the king, and I the vassal.

Da. O, that my life might purchase thine, my friend!

Phin. Damon, thou 'lt be the guardian of my children; for they are young and helpless. In that thought lies the sting! But come, my friend, rouse up, and do not droop. Remember thine own lessons. Hast thou not taught me death is but a step to higher life?

Da. 'T is *I* should strengthen *thee*; yet thou, the victim, wouldst give the consolation.

Phin. And why not? 'T is *I* that am the gainer.

Di. Twice has the signal sounded. Are you ready?

Phin. (after shaking hands with DAMON). Farewell, my friend! Now, Dionysius, let your officers come forth, for I am ready.

Di. So am not *I*.

Da. What mean you, King?

Di. Phintias, thou hast wronged me, but I believe a man so true in friendship as thou hast proved will keep his faith with kings. Wilt thou no longer plot against my throne, should I now spare thy life, and give thee back to home and freedom?

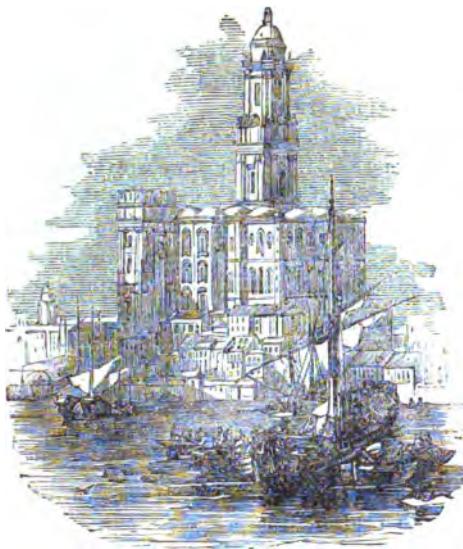
Phin. That I can promptly promise, Dionysius. There shall be no more plots. All that I do shall be done openly.

Di. Enough! Admit me to your friendship, Damon, Phintias; for royalty beside it seems to pale its ineffectual splendor.

Da. This clemency — so sudden — so unlooked-for! — Count us henceforth the humblest of your servants.

Di. No! Rather say, the nearest of my friends! [Exeunt.

"WHAT would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth, for one day, to ask her pardon upon my knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain!" Remember this, children, and always be kind to your mothers.



Cathedral and Port of Malaga.

MALAGA.

MALAGA, a seaport city of Spain, capital of a province of its own name, lies on a bay of the Mediterranean, sixty-five miles E. N. E. of Gibraltar. It has a population of about seventy thousand. It is built in the form of an amphitheater, near the base of a mountainous range, and is commanded by a fine old Moorish castle, perched on a pointed rock, and called the Gibralfaro. The streets are very narrow, ill-paved, and dirty, with high houses built around courts. It has a fine promenade, on which are some of the best houses in the town.

The chief public buildings are a splendid cathedral, with a spire three hundred and two feet high; the bishop's palace, four parish churches, five hospitals, the opera-house, and custom-house. Malaga is the see of a bishop, the residence of a civil and military governor, and the seat of several important courts and public offices. The principal manufactures are linen and woolen fabrics, sail-cloth, rope, paper, hats, leather, and soap; here also are a royal cigar factory, and two extensive iron foundries.

The harbor, formed by a mole seven hundred feet in length, on which is a lighthouse, is capable of holding about four hundred and fifty merchant ships, and may be entered during any wind. Malaga has

a large trade in wine; the other exports are olive-oil, figs, almonds, raisins, grapes, orange-peel, and lemons, sent to Great Britain and the United States, with lead and iron from neighboring mines. The imports comprise salt fish, iron hoops, bar-iron, nails, woolen, silk and cotton fabrics, and colonial produce.

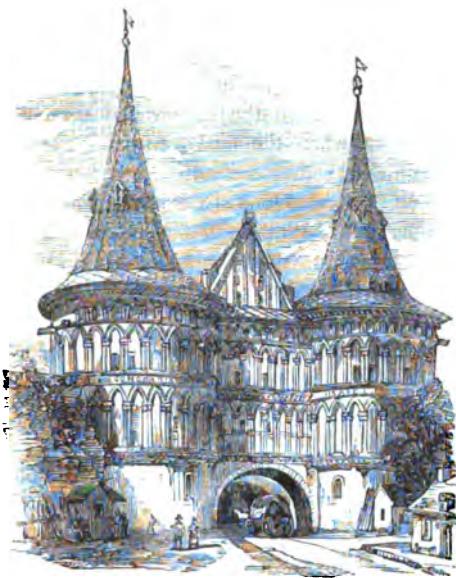
Malaga is supposed to have been founded by the Carthaginians. From them it passed to the Romans, under whom it became a great and flourishing city. It was taken by Ferdinand the Catholic in 1487. It has suffered severely, at different epochs, from plague and yellow fever.



THE SNOW-STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems no where to alight: the whitened air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come, see the north wind's masonry!
Out of an unseen quarry, evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door:
Speeding, the myriad handed, his wild work,
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel, he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
A tapering turret overtops the work:
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art,
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

R. W. EMERSON.



THE HOLSTEIN GATE, LUBECK.

THIS picturesque entrance, named the Holstein Gate, may be seen in Lübeck, one of the four free towns of Germany, lying thirty-eight miles north-east of Hamburg, and twelve miles from the Gulf of Lübeck, a bay in the Baltic. The city was formerly surrounded by walls and bastions, which have been leveled and converted into pleasant walks; but it is still entered by four gates of ancient feudal structure, of which the Holstein gate is remarkably beautiful.

Lübeck is a very clean and cheerful city, and has a population of about twenty-six thousand. The interior is intersected by several broad and straight streets. The houses are built of stone. A great number of them are in the old-fashioned style, with the gable ends toward the street but the more modern are in better taste.

The commerce of the city is of considerable importance. Lübeck has eighty ships of its own, and the arrivals are about eight hundred annually. The principal export and import trade is with Russia, Sweden, and Denmark. Vessels of nine feet draught can come up to Lübeck, where they enter a spacious basin lined with quays; larger ships discharge their cargoes by lighters at Travemünde, which is situated at the en-

trance of the River Trave into the Baltic, and has a fine secure harbor. Travemünde is a pretty little town, much resorted to in the bathing season, and has a resident population of twelve hundred. Steamers ply from Travemünde to St. Petersburg, Copenhagen, Hamburg, Amsterdam, and Stockholm. Small steamers convey passengers up the river to Lübeck.

THE FIRST SAW-MILL.

THE old practice in making boards was to split up the logs with wedges; and inconvenient as the practice was, it was no easy thing to persuade the world that it could be done in a better way. Saw-mills were first used in Europe in the fifteenth century; but, so late as 1555, an English ambassador, having seen a saw-mill in France, thought it a novelty which deserved a particular description. It is amusing to see how the aversion to labor-saving machinery has always agitated England. The first saw-mill was established by a Dutchman, in 1663; but the public outcry against the new-fangled machine was so violent, that the proprietor was forced to decamp with more expedition than ever a Dutchman did before. The evil was thus kept out of England for several years, or rather generations: but, in 1768, an unlucky timber merchant, hoping that after so long a time the public would be less watchful of its own interest, made a rash attempt to construct another mill. The guardians of the public welfare, however, were on the alert, and a conscientious mob at once collected and pulled the mill to pieces. Such patriotic spirit could not always last; and now, though we have no where seen the fact distinctly stated, there is reason to believe that saw-mills are used in England.

ANECDOTE OF A STARLING.

As a talker, the parrot has numerous rivals among birds native to Britain. The magpie, the jay, even the jackdaw, may be taught to utter intelligible sentences; but all these, and even the parrot

himself, must succumb to the starling, whose imitative powers are equal to those of any other bird, save perhaps the American mocking-bird, and who, to the faculty of speech, adds the charm of a wild but melodious song.

Anecdotes of the starling are not uncommon; everybody knows the story of Sterne's imprisoned bird, who complained unceasingly, "I can't get out—I can't get out;" and perhaps most of our readers could match that story with another as good. But we once fell in with a starling whose genius soared far above that of the bird of Sterne; and we will give you an account of that memorable interview, in which we shall be careful to set down nothing more than the simple fact. Thus it was.

On a day, now many years ago, when we happened to require the services of a tonsor, we stepped into a barber's shop, in a rather retired street of the town where we then dwelt. It was verging toward sunset, and, the shop-window being darkened with wigs, busts, bottled hair-brushes, fronts, perfumes, sponges, etc., the contents of the apartment were not clearly visible in the comparative gloom. On our opening the door, a voice called out:

"Gentleman wants to be shaved—gentleman wants to be shaved!"—"No," said I, "I want my hair cut."—"Gentleman wants to be shaved!" rang the voice again.

The barber came forward from an inner room, saying, "You're wrong this time, Jacob;" and, drawing up a small blind to let in more light, revealed a starling in a cage, who, I then saw, had been the sole shopkeeper when I entered.

While I sat under the scissors, the operator commenced a conversation with the bird. "Come, Jacob, give us a song, now, come, Jacob!"—"Come and kiss me, then," said the bird, in accents almost as plain as those of a child of six or seven years; "come and kiss me—come and kiss me—come and kiss me!"

The barber put his lips to the wires of the cage, and the bird thrust his bill be-

tween them, and a succession of loud kisses ensued, in which it was not possible to distinguish those of the human from the feathered biped, until the barber had resumed his task, when the bird continued kissing the air for some minutes.

"Come, that's kissing enough, Jacob; now give us a song. Come, 'Home, sweet home!'" With that, the barber began whistling the air; the starling took it up, and continued it alone to the concluding bar of the second strain, whistling it with perfect accuracy up to that point, and then breaking into its own wild natural song.

"Ah! Jacob, Jacob! why don't you finish your music?—That's the way it is, sir; you can't get 'em to sing a whole tune; they always go off into their own wild notes before they get to the end."

Jacob now began again to insist that I wanted shaving, and would only be convinced to the contrary by more kissing. When he was quieted, I asked his owner how he had succeeded in teaching him so effectually.

"I had him young, sir," he said, "and he had nothing to unlearn when I got him. Ever since, he has been my only companion, except when customers come in, from morning to night. I sit by him nearly all day, perhaps weaving a wig, or doing some other quiet job; and I talk to him, and he talks to me. Of course I don't teach him one thing before he has learned another; and if I was to try to teach him too much, perhaps he wouldn't learn any thing. He can talk a great deal more than you have yet heard, and he'll speak again presently."

Of this I had some doubts, as the bird was then busy feeding; but no sooner was the cloth removed from my neck, and I rose from my seat, than up started Jacob to his perch, and began shouting, with the whole force of his little lungs:

"Gentleman, pay your money—gentleman, pay your money—gentleman, pay your money!" and he continued to vociferate this delicate reminder long after the money was paid—as long, indeed, as I continued within hearing.



NATURE'S WORDS TO HER PUPIL.

By a river I sat in the sunset.

What murmured the river to me?

"Let thy life's young tide in the light of love
glide
To the sea of eternity."

A tree o'er my head was waving.

And what said the old oak-tree?

"Learn, learn of my shade the weary to aid
With comfort and sympathy."

A bird on a bough was singing.

What caroled the merry bird?

"O ! teach me to sing hymns of praise to my
King,
With infancy's earliest word!"

A bee came around me buzzing.

And what said the busy bee?

"O ! let not youth's day pass in idling away,
Or age will be sad to thee."

A rose at my side was blooming.

What whispered the gentle rose?

"With the heart's fresh bloom smile away all the
gloom
That care o'er the hearthstone throws."

A star came out in the twilight.

What word had the twinkling star?

"May peace on thee shine from the glory divine,
Where God and the angels are!"

Original.

THE CONQUEROR AND THE OLD MAN.*

Enter OLD MAN, followed by the CONQUEROR.

Conqueror. What, ho ! old man. Are you deaf?

Old Man. Did any one speak ?

Conq. I have lost my way. In the excitement of the chase I became separated

from my people. Conduct me out of this forest, and I will reward you.

Old Man. Give me the reward when I ask it, and not till then. Lend me your arm ; for I have had a long tramp, and am tired. (*Leans on his staff.*)

Conq. Am I unknown to you ?

Old Man. I can't say I remember ever to have seen you before. But, then, my eyesight is none of the best.

Conq. If my features are not familiar to you, my history must be.

Old Man. Your history ? Well, what of your history ? Who may you be, and where do you belong ?

Conq. For twenty years the world has been filled with my glory.

Old Man. You don't say so ! Glory is a fine thing.

Conq. I am the great conqueror who has subdued so many nations, and whose name, as celebrated in peace as in war, makes the universe tremble.

Old Man. Who'd have thought it ? And I not to have heard of you ! All the world of a tremble, and I going about my work as if nothing had happened ! Come, now, this will be news for my old woman. The fact is, friend Conqueror, I have had so much to do rooting up these old stumps, and getting my potato-patch and my vine-yard into bearing, that I have n't had time to think much about politics. So I've missed the trembling.

Conq. What ! You do not know me — have never heard of me !

Old Man. Never heard of you till now. No offense, I hope.

Conq. It is more than a year since, conquering this country of yours, I expelled your king, and reversed his throne.

Old Man. The old king and his boys have been driven out, have they ? Well, this is the first I've heard tell of it. Did n't know that the land had changed masters.

Conq. Your ignorance amazes me. I could not have believed that any sane man in the kingdom was unapprized of these things. What have you been about, all your life ?

* See a French poem by Beranger for a hint of this dialogue.

Old Man. Subduing the soil — making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before. I, too, have been a conqueror; and a hard fight I've had of it, what with the rocks and the stumps! I was born in this forest, and have lived here, boy and man, these eighty years.

Cong. Have you any family?

Old Man. A wife and a son and daughter, six goats and a pig. What more do I want?

Cong. And are you contented?

Old Man. Why not? We thank heaven every day that we are no worse off. We have our health and strength, shelter and food.

Cong. Fortunate old man!

Old Man. Now, Mr. Conqueror, if you'll let me lean my arm on your shoulder, I'll show you your path.

Cong. (giving his arm). Lead on. Wealth and Power! come read this lesson, and learn your true value. Lead on, old man!

[*Exeunt.*]

JOHN ADAMS AND HIS LATIN.

JOHN ADAMS, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote:

"When I was a boy, I used to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college; and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer, and, going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will: my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin, and try that.'

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I had ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labor; and right glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison

between Latin and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner; but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and, though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father that, if he chose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy; and those are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as to an intolerable task. Youth may also learn from this anecdote how much better their parents are qualified to judge of these things than themselves. If John Adams had continued his ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his parent, he rose to the highest honors which the country can bestow.

VERSES FOR THE YOUNG.—"It is no trifling good," says Southey, "to win the ear of children with verses, which foster in them the seeds of humanity, tenderness, and piety; awaken their fancy, and exercise pleasurable and wholesomely their imaginative and meditative powers. It is no trifling benefit to provide a ready mirror for the young, in which they may see their own best feelings reflected, and wherein 'whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' are presented to them in the most attractive form. It is no trifling benefit to send abroad strains which may assist in preparing the heart for its trials, and supporting it under them."



THE KING AND THE PEASANT-GIRL.

GUSTAVUS III., King of Sweden, passing one morning on horseback through a village in the neighborhood of his capital, observed a young peasant-girl, of interesting appearance, drawing water at a fountain by the wayside. He went up to her and asked her for a draught. Without delay, she lifted up her pitcher, and with artless simplicity put it to the lips of the monarch. Having satisfied his thirst, and courteously thanked his benefactress, he said : " My girl, if you would accompany me to Stockholm, I would endeavor to fix you in a more agreeable situation."

" Ah, sir," replied the girl, " I can not accept your proposal. I am not anxious to rise above the state of life in which the providence of God has placed me; but, even if I were, I could not for an instant hesitate."

" And why? " rejoined the king, somewhat surprised.

" Because," answered the girl, coloring, " my mother is poor and sickly, and has no one but me to assist and comfort her under her many afflictions; and no earthly bribe could induce me to leave her, or to neglect the duties which affection requires me to do."

" Where is your mother? " asked the king.

" In that little cabin," replied the girl, pointing to a wretched hovel beside her. The king, whose feelings were interested in favor of his companion, went in, and beheld, stretched on a bedstead whose only cover-

ing was a little straw, an aged female, weighed down with years, and sinking under infirmities. Moved at the sight, the monarch thus addressed her :

" I am sorry, my poor woman, to find you in so destitute and afflicted a condition."

" Alas! sir," answered the venerable sufferer, " I should be indeed to be pitied had I not that kind and attentive girl, who labors to support me, and omits nothing she thinks can afford me relief. May a gracious God remember it to her for good!" she added, wiping away a tear.

Never, perhaps, was Gustavus more sensible than at that moment of the pleasure of occupying an exalted station. The gratification arising from the consciousness of having it in his power to assist a suffering fellow-creature almost overpowered him; and, putting a purse into the hands of the young villager, he could only say, " Continue to take care of your mother; I shall soon enable you to do so more effectually. Good-by, my amiable girl! you may depend upon the promise of your king."

On his return to Stockholm, Gustavus settled a pension for life upon the mother, with the reversion to her daughter at her death.

THE CHAMELEON.

THE following interesting facts respecting the habits of this animal are published by an officer in Africa :

One morning, on my return from parade, I saw very close to my own tent a large chameleon hanging on a bush. I immediately secured him, and provided a box for him to repose in. In the course of a few days he became quite familiar, and having seen them before, I knew how to gain his affections; which, in the first place, was done by feeding him well, and in the next place by scratching him on the back with a feather!

I used to put him on my table at breakfast, and in the course of a very few minutes I have seen him devour at least five flies, catching them in the most dexterous

manner, with his long and slimy tongue ; nor does he ever move from his position ; but so sure as an unfortunate fly comes within its reach, so sure he is caught, and with the rapidity of thought. In the forenoon I always gave him a large slice of watermelon, the whole of which he devoured ; and he generally supped on as many flies as he could manage to entrap, setting at defiance the "noble Hamlet's" theory of the chameleon's dish. Promises would not have suited him at all.

It is not true that this animal will change his color according to what he is put on ; but he will change shade according as he is pleased or displeased. His general hue is green, with small gold spots over his body ; he remains at this shade when he is highly pleased, by being in the sun, or being fed, or scratched, which he delights in.

When angry — and he is very easily made so — his hue changes to a dusky green, almost black, and the gold spots are not to be seen. But I never could perceive any other color on his body but green, in a variety of shades. The spots enlarge very much when he is in a good humor ; so much so, indeed, as to give a yellow tinge to the upper part of the animal ; but in general they are merely little yellow spots here and there, on the back and sides.

For Declamation.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock !
Hands of iron, hearts of oak, —
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led !
Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee ;
Follow thou in word and deeds
Where the God within thee leads !

Honesty, with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts, —
These shall be thy only arts.
Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle-plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed !

Where the dews of night distill
Upon Vernon's holy hill, —

Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding-star, —
Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high !
Thither, with devotion meet,
Often turn thy pilgrim feet !

Let thy noble motto be,
God — thy Country — Liberty !
Planted on religion's rock,
Thou shalt stand in every shock ;
Laugh at danger, far or near,
Spurn at baseness, spurn at fear ;
Still, with persevering might,
Speak for truth and do the right !

So shall peace, a charming guest,
Dove-like in thy bosom rest ;
So shall Honor's steady blaze
Beam upon thy closing days ;
Happy if celestial favor
Smile upon thy high endeavor ;
Happy, if it be thy call,
In the holy cause to fall !

ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield !
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy : —
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

Say, with richer crimson glows
The kingly mantle than the rose ?
Say, have kings more wholesome fare
Than we poor citizens of air ?
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ! —
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

One there lives whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny :
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall :
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and snares,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow :
God provideth for the morrow !

BISHOP HEBER.

A GENTLEMAN, having asked how many dog-days there were in a year, received for answer that it was impossible to number them, as "every dog has his day."

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A STORY is told of two travelers in Lapland, which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of precepts and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped up in furs from head to foot; even their faces were mostly covered; and you could see hardly any thing but their eyebrows, and these were white and glistening with frost. At last they saw a poor man, who had sunk down, benumbed and frozen, in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travelers.

"Stop and help him!" replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible."—"But I can not leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveler; "I must go to his relief," and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come, help me rouse him."

"Not I," replied the other; "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere any more than is necessary. I will sit here, and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back." So saying, he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to the relief of the perishing man whom they had providentially discovered.

The ordinary means of restoring consciousness and activity were tried with complete success. But the kind-hearted traveler was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature that he had forgotten his exposure; and what was the consequence? Why, the very effort which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself! And thus he had two-fold reward. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions he had made. And how was it with his companion, who had been so afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding all the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm!

The lesson derived from this little incident is very obvious. We are all travelers to a distant country: at every step of our journey we find other travelers who need our friendly aid. Nay, God has brought them around our path in great numbers; and, as far as the eye can reach, we see their dense and gloomy ranks. Now, there are two ways of meeting these objects of Christian sympathy and brotherly regard. We can go forward with the stern purposes of a selfish and unloving spirit, saying, in reply to every appeal which is addressed to our feelings, "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled;" or we can say, with the warm-hearted traveler, "I can not see this man perish; I must hasten to his relief."

And the rule which we adopt for our guidance in such cases will determine the question whether we are to be happy. The man who lives only for himself can not be happy. God does not smile on him, and his conscience will give him no peace. But he who forgets himself, in his desire to do good, not only becomes a blessing to others, but opens a perpetual fountain of joy in his own bosom.

"A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

—The horse of a pious man in Massachusetts happening to stray into the road, a neighbor of the man who owned the horse put him in the pound. Meeting the owner soon after, he told him what he had done, and added, "If I ever catch him in the road hereafter, I'll do just so again."

"Neighbor," replied the other, "not long since I looked out of my window in the night and saw your cattle in my mowing-ground, and I drove them out and shut them in your yard: *I'll do it again!*" Struck with the reply, the man liberated the horse from the pound, and paid the charges himself.

"I NEVER knew," said Lord Erskine, "a man remarkable for heroic bravery, whose very aspect was not lighted up by gentleness and humanity."



Ivy, growing on Kenilworth Castle.

THE IVY GREEN.

O, a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the mouldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend, the huge Oak-tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
And he joyously hugs and crawleth around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past :
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on, where time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Original.

THE SPECULATORS.

CHARACTERS. — MR. GREEN, MR. FOX, MR. FLIGHTY, MR. MILDMAN, several Speculators, and a Policeman.

Enter Green, with a newspaper.

Green. Here is the newspaper, wet from the press. Now let me see if my advertisement is in. Ah ! here it is ! (*Reads.*) "A gentleman who has twenty thousand dollars lying idle would like to receive propositions for the profitable investment of that sum. Apply at his office, number nine Kite-street, between the hours of ten and twelve, A. M. Signed, Pea Green." All right. I think that will bring me some answers. (*Looks at his watch.*) Nine o'clock. I may not expect any applicants for an hour yet; so I may as well take a stroll. (*Going.*)

Enter Mr. Fox, with a map, rolled up, under his arm.

Fox. Have I the honor of addressing Mr. Pea Green ?

Green. That's my name.

Fox. Seeing your advertisement in this morning's *Journal*, I have taken the liberty of calling, although I believe I anticipate the hour fixed. My numerous engagements must be my apology.

Green. No matter, sir. Am happy to see you.

Fox. My name, sir, is Fox, and I am proprietor of the new city of Foxopolis, of which you have probably heard.

Green. I regret to say that, till this moment, I never knew of such a place. Where does it lie?

Fox (aside). Lie? lie? Does he mean that as a sneer? I guess not. He looks too innocent. (*Speaking rapidly.*) Foxopolis, sir, so named after the Hon. Crafty Fox, late member of Congress from Bubble county, is situated on the left bank of the Washmuddy River, at its junction with the Little Corkscrew, a charming stream, navigable (after a freshet) for small steam-boats and rafts, and easily crossed, at all seasons, by wading. Foxopolis is beautifully laid out, with wide streets, radiating from a central circle, around which the principal public buildings, including the bank, the court-house, the theater, and the jail, are grouped. An opera-house is projected, though at present the music of the frogs in the adjoining swamp renders this superfluous. No more promising place for investment in house-lots can be found in all the wide West. The water advantages are very great. The best of water can be had by digging only a few inches below the surface of the soil. The site is remarkably healthy. The only diseases known are fever and ague and typhus, and no one ever suffers long with them. In short, to the emigrant, to the capitalist, to the mechanic, we say, *Go to Foxopolis;* and there is no danger of your ever quitting the place.—Such, sir, is the account to be published in the new Gazetteer forthcoming from the press of Messrs. Blowhard and Bragg, New York city.

Green. What is the population?

Fox. The population at present, sir, is only two thousand—(*aside*) ahem! including rattle-snakes and wolves. (*Aloud.*) But, then, sir, you must recollect that the city is not yet a year old. (*Unrolling the map.*) Here, sir, is a plan. There is the great central square, where we shall either

have a fountain or a monument. Here are the principal business streets. Here is a street which we thought of calling after the great Webster; but, sir, if you will buy three or four lots, we will call it Green-street. Here is a splendid lot, a hundred feet front by ninety deep.

Green. What is the price of that lot? (*Pointing.*)

Fox. That lot, sir, I refused five thousand dollars for, a month ago; but, as I am anxious to have it to say that a gentleman of your rank and position has an interest in the city, I will let you have it for four thousand, cash—providing, that is, that the price is kept a secret between ourselves; for I would n't have it known that I was selling so low.

Green. It all looks well on paper.

Fox. Looks well on paper! You should see it as it is—the bustle, the enterprise, the movement—(*Aside.*) Ahem! Of people going away. (*Aloud.*) To give you some idea, sir, of the business of the place (*giving him a newspaper*), here is a copy of the *Foxopolis Ledger*—(*aside*) published semi-occasionally—ahem!

Green. Thank you. I will look it over at my leisure.

Enter MR. FLIGHTY, with a box of models, &c.

Flighty (to GREEN). Are you the gentleman whose advertisement—

Green. The same. Green is my name.

Fox (rolling up his map). Confound the fellow! Here is a competitor.

Fli. I think I have something to offer in the way of an investment for your twenty thousand dollars. I can admit you to an interest in certain patent rights, the profits on which promise to be enormous.

Fox. Humbug!

Fli. (to GREEN). Who is that individual?

Green. He is a stranger to me. Proceed with your business.

Fli. In the first place, I have discovered a process for extracting the best of gas for lighting purposes from water.

Green. From water?

Fli. From pure water, sir! Consider the saving. I am at no expense for coal,

tar, or resin. From water I get not only my gas, but the fuel necessary for producing it. Water is composed of hydrogen and oxygen ; our common gas, for lighting, is composed of hydrogen and carbon. Find a cheap substitute for the carbon, and you have the secret of my gas.

Fox. Gas !

Fli. (to Fox). I wish you would keep your observations to yourself, sir.—(To GREEN.) I have formed a company for carrying out my plans, and I can accommodate you with a hundred shares at par.

Fox. Pah ! Pooh !

Green. I am much obliged.

Fli. If you should n't wish to put your eggs all in one basket, I have here a new patent horseshoe.

Fox. Shoe ! Pshaw !

Fli. (to Fox). Will you stop your impertinence ? — (To GREEN.) Here is a model of my tubular underground dispatch. You exhaust the air from this pipe, and then send a letter from here to New York by atmospheric pressure. This is bound to supersede all other modes of telegraphing, if I am any judge.

Fox. Judge ? Fudge !

Fli. (to Fox). Allow me to say, sir, that I consider you no gentleman.

Fox (handing him a card). There is my card, sir, if you have any objections to make.

Fli. (reading the card). Fox, of Foxopolis ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! Mr. Green, I can tell you something of Foxopolis. Allured by the advertisements of this gentleman, I went in search of Foxopolis, expecting to get a contract for lighting the city. Well, sir, when I got there, Foxopolis was not to be seen. I felt for it with a ten-foot pole, but Foxopolis was not to be reached. They told me if I would come during some dry spell, in the autumn, I might find the tops of the stakes that marked the house-lots of Foxopolis. Ha, ha, ha !

Fox (in a rage). It's a fabrication — a gross fabrication, Mr. Green ! This man is an impostor.

Fli. Impostor in your teeth, Mr. Fox !

Fox (shaking his fists). I'll have you arrested, sir, for slander. You're a charlatan.

Fli. And you, sir, are a swindler.

Green. Nay, gentlemen, gentlemen ! (He holds back Fox, who pretends to struggle to get at FLIGHTY.)

Fox. Only let me get at him !

Fli. I defy you, sir !

Fox. I shall do him a mischief, if you don't hold me !

Enter PROFESSOR MILDMAN.

Mildman. Friends, friends, what is all this ? Quarreling ? Angry ? What is anger but a brief insanity ? *Ira furor brevis est.* Let me exhort you to peace and forgiveness. What so lovely as peace ? What so beautiful as forgiveness ? Why should we be wrathful with our brother ? Gentleness is stronger than wrath. Peace is better than war. If my brother offends me, I shall win him to justice by meekness rather than by fury. Peace is precious. Peace is profitable. But anger is beneath the dignity of a rational being.

Fox. I think I heard you make those same remarks at the reform convention, last May.

Mild. Very likely, friend ; for they are the sentiments that I always hope to utter with my tongue, and act out in my life.

Green. Who may you be, sir ?

Mild. I am Professor Mildman, projector of the non-resistant college. Seeing your advertisement, I have come in the hope of interesting you in the enterprise ; for, sir, it is not only to your philanthropy, but to your acquisitiveness, that it will commend itself. I can show you that it is one of the safest possible investments ; that it will pay you twenty per cent., and give you ample security for your principal.

Green. Are you a non-com'batant ?

Mild. Something more than that, sir. I am a non-resistant — professor of non-resistance, and lecturer on the same. I utterly deny and repudiate the principle of force, not only in social commerce, but in legislation. To meet hostility by hostility is heathen, savage, unphilosophical. In

the new college, sir, we shall bring up all our young men to a practical recognition of the great principle of non-resistance. We shall have them regularly knocked down, in order that they may learn to keep their temper under provocation.

Green. But where is the twenty per cent. to come from?

Mild. Nothing more simple. In the United States we have at least half a million non-resistants. Of this number, we will suppose that a thousand youths every year are admitted into the college.

Fox. Humbug!

Mild. Who spoke?

Fox. I took that liberty.

Mild. Very well, friend; you are entitled to your opinion, of course. (To *GREEN.*) As I was saying, of these thousand pupils we will suppose that eight hundred pay three hundred dollars, and that two hundred —

Fox. Impracticable, sir! Impracticable!

Mild. But, sir, hear me out.

Enter MR. NOBBS.

Green (to *MILDMAN*). Excuse me one minute, while I attend to this gentleman.

(*MILDMAN* and *Fox* fall back, and converse in dumb show, in a very heated manner. *FLIGHTY* rubs his hands at seeing them.)

Nobbs. I'm in the horse business. I've seen your advertisement, and I can tell you how to double your twenty thousand. I've a horse that will lick Ethan Allen, Hiram Drew, and Flora Temple. I can arrange a bet so that we can be sure of winning. Just put yourself in my —

Enter HOBBS, GRIGGS, SAUNDERS, and TIBBETS, with papers, handbills, &c.

Green. Not ten o'clock, and how they come!

Hobbs. Copper stocks are the thing.

Griggs. Plan of a new saw-mill, sir.

Saunders. Gold-mine in North Carolina.

Tibbets. Coal is the steady article.

Hobbs. Copper is rising.

Griggs. Lumber is always wanted.

Saunders. What can be surer than gold?

Tibbets. How can you get along without fires?

(*MILDMAN* and *Fox* here come to blows.)

Fox. Stand off, sir!

Mild. Never in my life was I so insulted!

Fox. Hands off!

Mild. (seizing him by the collar, and shaking him). I'll teach you, sir, to call me a fool!

Fox. He'll choke me, gentlemen!

Green. Sir, sir! Gentlemen, gentlemen! Mr. Professor!

Tibbets (rolling up his sleeves). Is this a free fight? If so, I'll put in.

Nobbs. Keep the peace, young man.

Tibbets. Yes, we'll conquer a peace, as old Taylor said. Take that! (*Strikes Nobbs.* — *A general fight ensues.*)

Green. Gentlemen! Mr. Non-resistant! Professor! I beg you! Mr. Non-resistant! (*Runs to side of stage, and shouts.*) Police! Police!

Mild. (to *Fox*). Rascal! beg my pardon!

Fox. I won't!

Mild. I'll break every bone in your body!

Flighty (having mounted on a chair). Disperse, or you'll be arrested. The police are coming.

[*Exeunt FLIGHTY, HOBBS, GRIGGS, and SAUNDERS.*

Enter a POLICEMAN.

Policeman. What's the row? (*Seizes MILDMAN and TIBBETS.*) I think these be the stuffy ones. Come, my hearties!

Mild. (struggling). Let me go.

Policeman. Be easy, or I'll put on the bracelets. Come along! I summon the rest of you to come and testify.

Green. That one is a non-resistant — a professor in the non-resistant college.

Policeman. Can't help that. Come along, gentlemen. We'll have this little affair attended to at once. The Professor is *game*, if he is a professor. [*Exeunt.*

A WACKER is a fool's argument. A stumble may prevent a fall. A lie begets a lie, till they come to generations.

THE SLIDE OF ALPNACH.*

For many centuries, the rugged flanks and the deep gorges of Mount Pilatus were covered with impenetrable forests. Lofty precipices encircled them on all sides. Even the daring hunters were scarcely able to reach them, and the inhabitants of the valley had never conceived the idea of disturbing them with the ax. These immense forests were therefore permitted to grow and to perish, without being of the least utility to man, till a foreigner, conducted into their wild recesses in the pursuit of the chamois, was struck with wonder at the sight, and directed the attention of several Swiss gentlemen to the extent and superiority of the timber.

The most intelligent and skillful individuals, however, considered it quite impracticable to avail themselves of such inaccessible stores. It was not till November, 1816, that Mr. Rupp and three Swiss gentlemen, entertaining more sanguine hopes, drew up a plan of a slide, founded on trigonometrical measurements. Having purchased a certain extent of the forests from the commune of Alpnach, for six thousand crowns, they began the construction of the slide, and completed it in the spring of 1818.

The slide of Alpnach is formed entirely of about twenty-five thousand large pine-trees, deprived of their bark, and united together in a very ingenious manner, without the aid of iron. It occupied about one hundred and sixty workmen during eighteen months, and cost nearly one hundred thousand francs, or about twenty-two thousand dollars. It is three leagues, or forty-four thousand English feet, long, and terminates in the Lake of Lucerne. It has the form of a trough, about six feet broad and from three to six feet deep. Its bottom is formed of three trees, the middle one of which has a groove cut out in the direction of its length, for receiving small rills of water, which are conducted into it from various places, for the purpose of diminishing the friction. The whole of the slide is sustained by about two thousand supports; and in many

places it is attached, in a very ingenious manner, to the rugged precipices of granite.

The direction of the slide is sometimes straight and sometimes zig-zag, with an inclination of from ten to eighteen degrees. It is often carried along the sides of hills and the flanks of precipitous rocks, and sometimes passes over their summits. Occasionally it goes under ground, and at other times it is conducted over the deep gorges by scaffoldings a hundred and twenty feet in height.

The boldness which characterizes this work, the sagacity displayed in all its arrangements, and the skill of the engineer, have excited the wonder of every person who has seen it. Before any step could be taken in its erection, it was necessary to cut down several thousand trees, to obtain a passage through the impenetrable thickets; and, as the workmen advanced, men were posted at certain distances, to point out the road for their return, and to discover, in the gorges, the places where the piles of wood had been established.

Mr. Rupp was himself obliged, more than once, to be suspended by cords, in order to descend precipices many hundred feet high; and in the first months of the undertaking he was attacked with a violent fever, which deprived him of the power of superintending his workmen. Nothing, however, could diminish his invincible perseverance. He was carried every day to the mountain in a barrow, to direct the labors of the workmen; which was absolutely necessary, as he had scarcely two good carpenters among them all, the rest having been hired by accident, without any of the knowledge which such an undertaking required. Mr. Rupp had also to contend against the prejudices of the peasantry.

He was supposed to have communion with the devil. He was charged with heresy, and every obstacle was thrown in the way of an enterprise which the peasantry regarded as absurd and impracticable. All these difficulties, however, were surmounted, and he had at last the satisfaction of seeing

* Pronounced *Al'pnak*.

the trees descend from the mountain with the rapidity of lightning. The larger pines, which were about a hundred feet long, and ten inches thick at their smaller extremity, ran through the space of *three leagues*, or nearly *nine miles*, in two minutes and a half, and during their descent they appeared to be only a few feet in length.

The arrangements for this part of the operation were extremely simple. From the lower end of the slide to the upper end, where the trees were introduced, workmen were posted at regular distances, and, as soon as every thing was ready, the workman at the lower end of the slide cried out to the one above him, "*Lachez*" (Let go). The cry was repeated from one to another, and reached the top of the slide in *three minutes*. The workman at the top of the slide then cried out to the one below him, "*Il vient!*" (It comes), and the tree was immediately launched down the slide, preceded by the cry, which was repeated from post to post. As soon as the tree had reached the bottom and plunged into the lake, the cry of *Lachez* was repeated as before, and a new tree was launched in a similar manner. By these means a tree descended every five or six minutes, provided no accident happened to the slide, which sometimes took place, but which was instantly repaired when it did.

In order to show the enormous force which the trees acquired from the great velocity of their descent, Mr. Rupp made arrangements for causing some of the trees to spring from the slide. They penetrated, by their thickest extremities, no less than from eighteen to twenty-four feet into the earth; and, one of the trees having by accident struck against the other, it instantly cleft it through its whole length, as if it had been struck by lightning.

After the trees had descended the slide, they were collected into rafts upon the lake, and conducted to Lucerne. From thence they descended the Reuss, then the Aar to near Brugg, afterwards to Waldshut by the Rhine, then to Basle, and even to the sea when it was necessary.

In order that none of the small wood

might be lost, Mr. Rupp established in the forest large manufactoryes of charcoal. He erected magazines for preserving it when manufactured, and had made arrangements for the construction of barrels for the purpose of carrying it to the market. In winter, when the slide was covered with snow, the barrels were made to descend on a kind of sledge. The wood which was not fit for being carbonized was heaped up and burnt, and the ashes packed up, and carried away during the winter.

A few days before the author of the preceding account visited the slide, an inspector of the navy had come for the purpose of examining the quality of the timber. He declared that he had never seen any timber that was so strong, so fine, and of such a size; and he concluded an advantageous bargain for one thousand trees.

[Such is a brief account of a work undertaken and executed by a single individual, and which excited a very high degree of interest in every part of Europe. We regret to add, that this magnificent structure no longer exists, and that scarcely a trace of it is to be seen upon the flanks of Mount Pilatus. Political circumstances have taken away the principal source of demand for the timber; and no other market having been found, the operation of cutting and transporting the trees necessarily ceased.]

BLESSED BE THY NAME FOR EVER.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping —
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever !

Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blessed are they thou kindly keepest !
God of evening's parting ray,
Midnight's gloom and dawning day,
Rising from the azure sea,
Like breathings of eternity —
God of life ! that fade shall never —
Blessed be thy name for ever !

WATCHES were first invented at Nuremberg, in Germany, in the year 1477. The Emperor Charles V., in 1530, wore the first watch which bore any considerable resemblance to those of modern times.

From Sergeant's Standard Reader.

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

ILL does it become *me*, O, Senators of Rome! — ill does it become Regulus, — after having so often stood in this venerable Assembly clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive — the captive of Carthage! Though outwardly I am free, — though no fetters encumber the limbs, or gall the flesh, — yet the heaviest of chains, the pledge of a Roman consul, makes me the bondman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them, in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy; my honor is my own — a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment can not stifle, time can not dim, death can not extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms, — of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your general, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping, — I will not speak. For five years a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream — no more! But during that period Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies; she has taken unnumbered prisoners; she has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors, to sue for peace, and to propose that, in exchange for me, your former consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror — I know not what — impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and or-

phanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the senate-chamber. Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, No! Countrymen! — friends! for all that I have suffered — for all that I may have to suffer — I am repaid in the compensation of this moment! Unfortunate, you may hold me; but, O, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful! May the thanks I can not utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! there is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace. Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame — this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not, it shall not be! O! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews and enervated his limbs, he might pause — he might proudly think he were well worth a thousand of the foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now, alas! now, 't is gone — that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But, if he can not live, he can at least die, for his country! Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their

fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats. They will regard only his services to the republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily,—every well-fought field won by *his* blood and *theirs*,—will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regillus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe!

Conscript Fathers! there is another theme. My family—forgive the thought! To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name, no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom!

EPES SARGENT.

BREVITIES.

A poor widow was asked how she became so much attached to a certain neighbor, and replied, that she was bound to him by several cords of wood, which he had sent to her during a hard winter.

Spare minutes are the gold-dust of time; and Young was writing a true as well as a striking line, when he taught that "sands make the mountain, moments make the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are the gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to the garden of the soul.

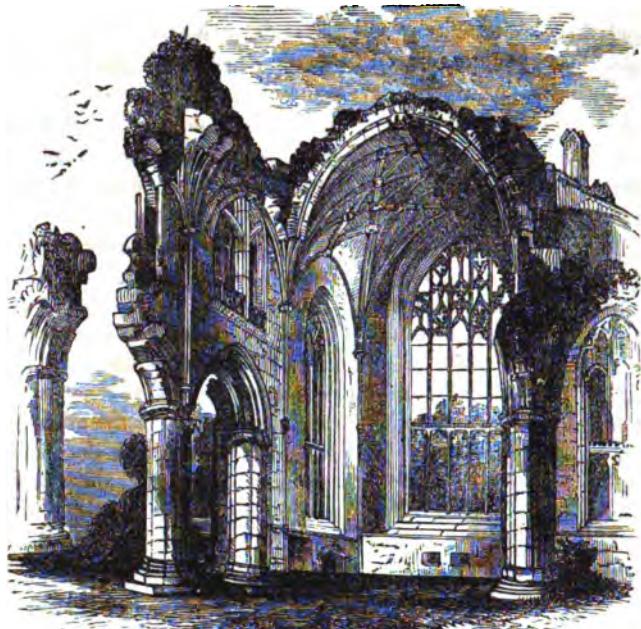
One of the most celebrated members of the Paris bar was consulted, the other day, by a young practitioner, upon an obscure point of law. "I can not give you a positive answer, young man," replied the advocate; "I have once pleaded one way, and once the other, and I gained my suit each time."

Live a great deal in a short time. Many a man has died old at thirty. Thousands do not die old, though they live to sixty.

That is a long life which answers life's ends. No life is long, unless it is the beginning of eternal life.

A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching-ground, where a poor woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church, what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She could not even tell the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preaching do you," said he, "if you forget it all?"—"Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass, you will see that as fast as ever I put water on it, the sun dries it up; and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

VENTILATION. — It is an ascertained fact, that, in the process of respiration, each individual gives off from the lungs a large quantity of air, loaded with carbonic acid; and also that every gas-light or candle causes a similar deterioration, so that a poisonous atmosphere is thus produced, in which, in fact, if any animal were closely confined, it would instantly perish. These circumstances, although well known to scientific persons, are either imperfectly understood or entirely discredited by those who are uninformed upon the subject; and it is, therefore, desirable to state that, so rapidly do the effects just described take place, that in a work-room thirty-two feet long, thirteen feet wide, and ten feet high, containing five gas-lights, and in which twenty young persons are at work, one-eighth of the whole air of the room will, if not prevented by some kind of ventilation, be changed into poison in an hour. To guard against such deterioration as this, by which the air becomes unfit for respiration and for health, it is estimated that there should be a change per minute of at least three cubic feet of fresh air for each person, and of fifteen feet for each ordinary gas-light, when burning, amounting, for the room above mentioned, to one hundred and thirty-five cubic feet per minute.



Ruins of an Abbey in Scotland.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

ON Tuesday, the 7th of February, 1587, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and demanded access to the queen; they read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary* heard them to the end without emotion, and, crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul," said she, "is not worthy the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and, though I did not expect that the Queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot;" and, laying her hand on a Bible which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life.

She then mentioned the requests con-

tained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favor, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind herself, but endeavored to moderate their excessive grief; and, falling on her knees, with all her domestics round her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude.

The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She

* See, on page 241, a picture of the castle in which Mary was born.

wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper, she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness. She drank to every one of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her duty toward them.

At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and, with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced toward the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendor which she had long lain aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck; her beads at her girdle, and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory.

At the bottom of the stairs, the two earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighboring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been seclued for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and, as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil; there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious

sufferings as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity toward Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honor, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood!"

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried; it was raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and, kneeling down, repeated a Latin prayer.

When the dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross, so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavoring to assist, she gently checked him, and said,

with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck on the block; and, while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair, already grown quite gray with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies," the Earl of Kent alone answered Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent and drowned in tears, being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.

Such was the tragical death of Mary, Queen of Scots, after a life of forty-four years and two months, almost nineteen years of which she passed in captivity. None of her women were suffered to come near her dead body, which was carried into a room adjoining to the place of execution, where it lay for some days, covered with a coarse cloth torn from a billiard-table. The block, the scaffold, the aprons of the executioners, and every thing stained with her blood, were reduced to ashes.

Not long after, Elizabeth appointed her body to be buried in the cathedral of Peterborough with royal magnificence. But this vulgar artifice was employed in vain. The pageantry of a pompous funeral did not efface the memory of those injuries which laid Mary in her grave. James, soon after his accession to the English throne, ordered her body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, and to be deposited among the mortal remains of the monarchs of England.

ROBERTSON.

THE OUTSIDE PASSENGER.

SOME years ago, a young lady who was going into a northern country took a seat in a stage-coach. For many miles she rode alone; but there was enough to amuse her in the scenery through which she passed, and in the pleasing anticipations that occu-

pied her mind. She had been engaged as governess for the grandchildren of an earl, and was now traveling to his seat. At midday the coach stopped at an inn, at which dinner was provided, and she alighted, and sat down at the table. An elderly man followed, and sat down also. The young lady arose, rang the bell, and, addressing the waiter, said, "Here is an outside passenger; I can not dine with an outside passenger." The stranger bowed, saying, "I beg your pardon, madam; I can go into another room," and immediately retired. The coach soon afterwards resumed its course, and the passengers their places.

At length the coach stopped at the gate leading to the castle to which the young lady was going; but there was not such prompt attention as she expected. All eyes seemed directed to the outside passenger, who was preparing to dismount. She beckoned, and was answered, "As soon as we have attended to his lordship, we will come to you." A few words of explanation ensued; and, to her dismay, she found that the outside passenger, with whom she had thought it beneath her to dine, was not only a nobleman, but that very nobleman in whose family she hoped to be an inmate. What could she do? How could she bear the interview? She felt really ill; and the apology she sent for non-appearing that evening was more than pretense.

The venerable peer was a considerate man, and one who knew the way in which the Scripture often speaks of the going down of the sun. "We must not allow the night to pass thus," said he to the countess; "you must send for her before bedtime." He reasoned with the foolish girl respecting her conduct, insisted on the impropriety of the state of mind that it evinced, assured her that nothing could induce him to allow his children to be taught such notions, refused to accept an apology that did not go to the length of acknowledging that her conduct was wrong; and, when the right impression appeared to be produced, gave her his hand.

LEAVES AT THE YEAR'S CLOSE.

The year is rapidly verging toward its close, reminding us of the flight of time, of the transitory condition of all earthly things, of all our joys and sorrows, and of the termination of our existence in the flesh. These and similar reflections, trite, no doubt, but trite because natural, passed through our mind, as we one morning strayed pensively about our garden; yet did they not so entirely absorb us as to prevent our noticing some of the phenomena passing around, and leading to other trains of thought, ending in the praise of the Almighty Power who "rules the varied year."

Let us look around. The garden, even in November, is not without interest. The sere and yellow leaves are falling in showers from the trees, and, drifted by the wind, strew the graveled paths, or are thrown into heaps in corners, cover flower-beds, and collect around the roots of shrubs and bushes. The flowers have faded, yet some there are which still "glint" bravely forth, as if struggling to the last against fate. Here and there a pale blossom of the monthly rose hangs upon its slender stem. The asters, the chrysanthemums, and the noble dahlia, yet hold out, though traces of decay are too visible on every flower. The barberry-bush hangs out its pendent streamers of wax-like, coral-red berries. Still green is the privet, and its bunches of berries are glossy black. The fruit of the vine has been gathered, and the few leaves which remain on the trained branches are stained with yellow and golden russet.

The leaves are falling! But these leaves have yet to serve an important purpose; they will cover the ground below as with a garment, and thus afford protection from the cold to the buried bulbs, and to the roots of other plants which need warmth during the winter. But this is not all; they serve another purpose: as the spring returns, with its mild showers and warm sun, they fall into decomposition, and afford a rich manure to the roots which they had protected during the severer season. They form a fine vegetable mould, a top-dressing

to the subjacent soil, and add greatly to its fertility.

Well does the gardener know the value of decomposed vegetable matter as manure; and one reason why many of our rarer wild-flowers, as the orchis, seldom flourish when introduced into a garden, is the deficiency in the soil of pure vegetable mould; for gardens are usually cleared, from time to time, of their leafy "litter," while in our woods and copses, our hedge-rows and rough spots under trees or bushes, the decaying foliage remains where it fell, and year after year adds a supply of fresh nutriment. Thus it is that nature, so to speak, carries forward a mighty work. It is thus that a thin coating of vegetable mould is spread over the surface of the rock, and added unto, year by year, till plants of a higher order succeed to the lichens which first began to creep over its once naked surface; while these again, in their turn, add to the increase of the fertile layer.

The leaves are falling! But here let us pause and ask, What is a leaf? Few, perhaps, have considered the subject. Every leaf is in itself a distinct individual; moreover, the blossoms themselves are but *leaves* modified and destined for a special purpose. A tree, like a compound zoöphyte, is a colony of individuals bound into a community or body corporate by means of the living bark, inclosing and producing a wooden skeleton. The leaves, like the pol'y-pes of the beautiful red coral, or the sea-fan, are distinct from each other, yet united by means of a living tissue of communication, which commenced its development in the seed, in the pip, in the acorn, or the beech-mast.

Again, as in the pol'y-pes of the coral, some are destined for nutrition, others for reproduction, so, in the tree or shrub, some of the leaves are destined as organs of respiration, and for the digestion of the fluids conveyed to them through the inner bark; these they convert into bitters or sweets, nutriment or poison, to man and animals. Other leaves are modified, and become what we term flowers, exhaling delicious odors or

repulsive effluvia. These flowers are destined for the continuance of the species. Professor E. Forbes says: "We are not in the habit of regarding a leaf as the individual: popularly we look upon the whole plant as an individual; yet every botanist knows that it (the plant) is a combination of individuals, and if so, each series of buds must be strictly regarded as generations."

No leaf falls until a provision is made for a successor. Let us take a twig, say of the lilac, and examine it. Now, at the *axil* of the leaf,—that is, at its inner angle of junction with the twig,—we behold a bud developed which was not there when the now fading leaf burst forth in its original freshness. This bud may expand at a future day into leaves only, or it may inclose the germ of that modification of leaves which we call a flower. Thus, then, during their prime, are the leaves provided with successors. Their work is over; they fall and perish. The tree now begins to hibernate; the bark sleeps, for, as there are no leaves, the activity of the food-bearing vessels composing the inner rind of the bark would be to no purpose.

With respect to the woody skeleton, it can scarcely be said to possess organic life. Of the pith we know little; yet, in the younger branches of such trees as the elder-tree, which inclose the pith in abundance, and at this time in a juicy state (though it becomes dry afterwards), it evidently subserves some important function. This pith is most vigorous and abundant in young and growing branches. Some have deemed it the seat of that irritability which many plants so remarkably display; others have supposed it to be a reservoir of moisture, forming a supply to the leaves, whenever an excess of perspiration renders such assistance necessary. Mr. Knight states that

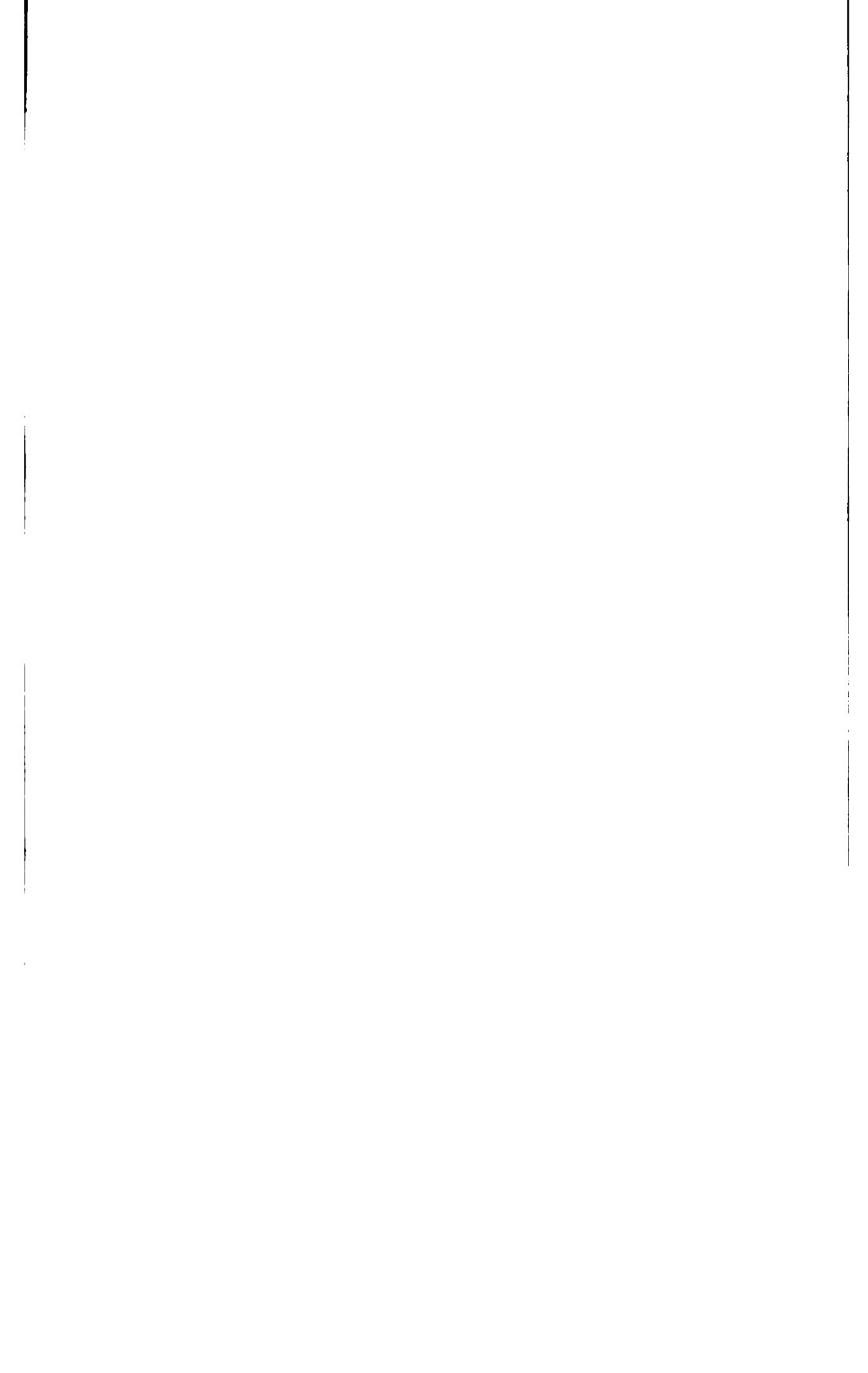
he has actually traced a distinct communication by vessels between it and the leaf. "Plants," he says, "seem to require some such reservoir, for their young leaves are excessively tender: they perspire much, and can not, like animals, fly to the shade or brook. In aquatic beings, like the corallines, or zoophytes, no such reservoir is needed."

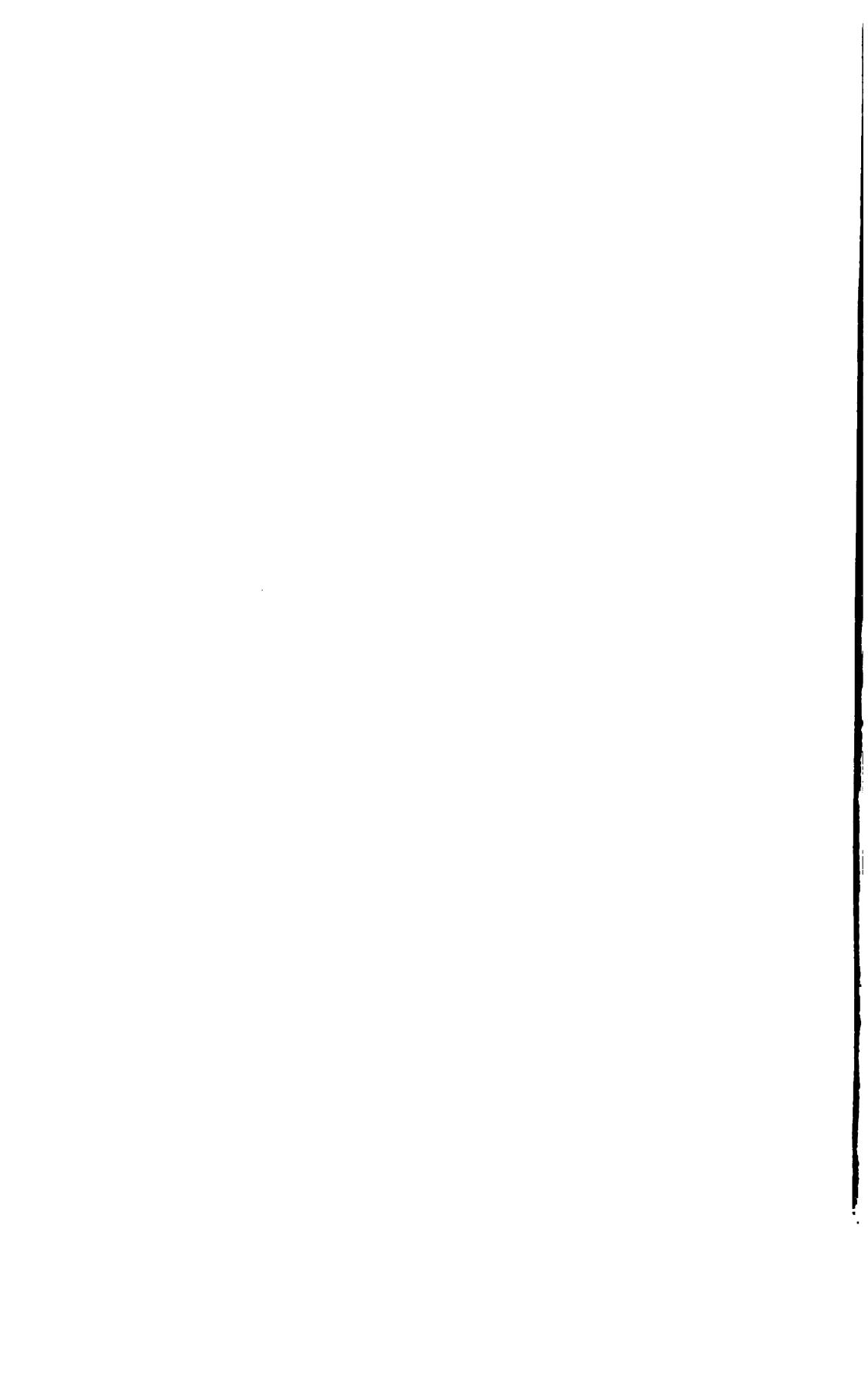
On the contrary, Dr. Smith observes that all the pith in a whole twig is in some cases too little to supply one hour's perspiration for a single leaf. "I can not find," he adds, "that the moisture of the pith varies, let the leaves be ever so flaccid; I incline, therefore, to the opinion that the pith is rather a reservoir of vital energy, even in those bulbous-rooted grasses, in which, as in the common cat's-tail, it is peculiarly observable." It is a singular fact that the common cat's-tail (*Phleum pratense*), when growing in pastures that are remarkably moist, has a *fibrous* root; but that in dry situations, or such as are only occasionally wet, it acquires a *bulbous* root, the inner substance of which is moist and fleshy, like the pith of the young branches of trees, as if it were a provision by way of securing the plant against the too sudden privation of moisture from the soil.

The leaves are falling! Having fulfilled their duties, like all organic beings, they lose vitality, and are scattered by the winds from off the bark or rind, between which and themselves a line of demarcation is drawn: at that precise point the sap-vessels have become obliterated. Thus deprived of all supply, they wither and perish.

"Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
So generations in their turn decay;
So flourish these when those have passed away."









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